North Hastings Review

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Established April 6, 1877—No. 6 Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Wednesday, February 7, 1923 Postage Prepaid

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J. V. WALSH IS WARDEN AFTER A HARD FIGHT

(The Deseronto Post)

Mr. James W. Walsh, reeve of Tyendinaga was elected warden of Hastings County at three o'clock last Wednesday afternoon after one of the longest and probably the most complicated contests for the honour.

When the council opened on Tuesday afternoon County Clerk Nugent called for nominations for warden. As this was the year the Liberals had the choice, the Conservatives making the selection two years out of three, Mr. John L. Newton nominated Reeve C. Ballard of Monteagle and Herschel, seconded by Mr. Vermilyea.

"I rise for the purpose of announcing myself a candidate for warden," stated Mr. Jas. V. Walsh of Tyendinaga, the Liberal who did not associate in the caucus with the alleged U.F.O. merbers. He claimed he had been a member of Tyendinaga council for seventeen year and of Hastings County Council for ten years. "My opponent is not a Liberal. He is a member of the U.F.O. caucus. Mr. Ballard is not numbered among the Liberals of East Hastings." Mr. Walsh went on to state that he himself was a member of the Liberal Executive of Eastern Ontario.

Under the arrangement of the council, there was no provision made for United Farmers wardens.

Then Deputy Reeve John G. Campbell of Tyendinaga and Reeve C. W. Thompson of Rawdon, both well known Conservatives nominated Mr. Walsh.

Dr. Embury of Bancroft suggested a way out by a vote to defer the election until Wednesday. "In the old days, I understand, there used to be days before they chose a warden said he, moving that the matter be laid over, Mr. Ballard seconding the motion.

The Clerk said he could not receive such a motion.

Mr. Ballard arose "I would like to deny that charge about being a member of the United Farmers. I have never been anything but a Liberal. Ever since I came to this council the Liberal caucus met outside here, and I understood it was a Liberal caucus."

But a motion to adjourn could not be refused by the clerk and one was made by Dr. Embury, seconded by Mr. Jos. Burns, and carried.

When Council resumed on Wednesday, the question of the choice for warden came up in open council when the Conservatives voted for Mr. Walsh, and all Liberals except himself voted Ballard.

The final result was:

For Ballard—Vermilyea, Newton Sills, Clare, Windover, Ballard—6.

For Walsh—Thompson, McGuire, Ketcheson, Embury, Airhart, Cranson,, Wiggins, White' Green, McKenzie, Turiff ,Reid, C. Rollins, S. Rollins Kelly, Campbell, Walsh, Moore, Haggerty, Murray, Burns, Wright—22.

AN OLD COOPER BOY HONORED

The many friends of Mr. Wesley McKnight will be pleased to hear that he is now Mayor of New Liskeard. This is what the New Liskeard Speaker has to say of him:-

The citizens are indebted to Mr. McKnight for assuming the responsible duties of Mayor, and should give him all assistance possible. He has had experience on the Town council and for a number of years has been President of the New Liskeard Board of Trade. Few men in town have more energy than the Mayor elect and it is expected he will be the same "live wire" in the carrying on of the new duties as he formerly was when holding the position of chairman of the Board of Trade.

A couple of St. Thomas citizens who were in the habit of filing horses teeth were up before the magistrates and were fined but not being able to pay the fine were sent to jail.

HOCKEY

Madoc 7 Tweed 5

On Thursday evening Madoc Boy Scouts won their first game of hockey of the season, by defeating the Tweed Boys by a score of 7-5. The game from beginning to end was very close and exciting. At the end of the hours play the score stood 3-3. After playing twenty minutes over time Madoc managed to score four more and their opponents only two. Norman Whytock and Gyp Brady were the outstanding players for Madoc, Whytock scoring three goals Brady two and Tufts two.

"Mens sana in corpore sano" The above Latin expression translated in to English reads thus—a sound mind in a sound body. We cannot have sound bodies without physical exercise. Sound minds and sound bodies are necessary to clear thinking on spiritual matters. We thus see the relation which exercise bears to the above conditions.

Hockey is almost the only organized form of exercise in this village The High School team is the best exponent of this organization. These boys are not receiving the support from the citizens that they should receive. They should be supported for the reasons above stated. They should be supported for the quality of the hockey they play. Every citizen should take a civic pride in this seasons record of the H. S. team and should show it by their presence at their games. To date they have not lost a game. They are advertising Madoc. They are putting Madoc on the map and they are putting it on the map in the way that we all approve.

The boys play their next game on the 14th. Come and cheer them on to victory.

On Friday the Tweed High School hockey team played their second scoreless game, when they were defeated in Marmora by a score of 6-0.

A BIT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS HUMOUR

One day last week a gentleman from a nearby country being in the village of Madoc tarried thereby for awhile and entertained himself by looking at the displays in our shop windows. Coming to a large window facing the east kept by a merchant Moorcroft by name, he saw therein a fine display of under garments and on looking more closely to ascertain the selling price he beheld to him these uninterpretable words, "A Social Evening at the Methodist Church".

FARM HELP

The Bureau of Colonization and Immigration expects a large number of first class men from the Old Country during the latter part of March and succeeding months, some experienced, some partly and some inexperienced young men, and experienced married men and partly experienced married men with and without families. Farmers with vacancies will kindly write H. A. Macdonell, Director of Colonization Parl. Bldgs, Toronto, or to their Agricultural Representative for information and application forms. Application will be dealt with as far as possible in the order in which they are received, preference being given yearly engagements.

Ray Atkin,
Agricultural Representative.

TRENT VALLEY SENIOR HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Feb. 7—Stirling at Marmora
Feb. 9—Havelock at Norwood
Feb. 12—Tweed at Stirling
Feb. 16—Marmora at Tweed
Feb. 19—Norwood at Havelock
Feb. 22—Tweed at Havelock
Feb. 26—Norwood at Tweed
Feb. 28—Havelock at Marmora

The Women's Institute will hold Progressive Euchre in the Town Hall, Tuesday Feb. 13. Refreshments served. Admission 25c.

Stock-taking

See our

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SALES AND SERVICE

Truck Utility--Car Speed

The regular Ford Car Chassis gives you Ford Car speed—the box body gives you the facilities of a truck. For handling light merchandise—for retail delivery purposes—for carrying the tradesman, his tools and materials to a job; for running in to market with farm produce, no outfit is so convenient or so economical as the Ford Rapid Delivery Runabout.

We will make it easy for you to own one of these business builders. No red tape. Just a moderate initial payment and the Ford Rapid Delivery Runabout is yours. You can take a year to pay the balance in equal monthly instalments,

FRANK SMITH

FORD DEALER MADOC

TRUCK SERVICE

We are now in a position to ship our orders to Madoc and surrounding territory by our own truck. This gives quick service and delivers the goods to your door.

If Requested We Will Quote Delivered Prices.

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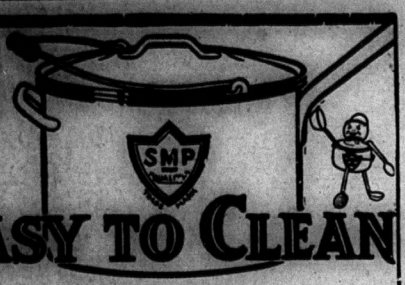

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Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining; Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal blue edging.

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Anyone over the age of 5 years resident or domiciled in Canada may purchase.

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TROUBLE WITH SWEET CLOVER.

Seed Should Be Scarified to Insure Through Germination.

One of the chief causes of sweet clover giving trouble by occurring in large quantities in succeeding crops is due to the fact that it produces many hard seeds which, if unscarified, do not germinate at the time of sowing, but may come up a year later.

This information may be worth while to the farmers who have refrained from sowing sweet clover because of the experience of neighbors who have found this legume a source of annoyance when it came to handling a hoed crop put in next in rotation to sweet clover, hay or pasture.

Recently a farmer, who is new at the game, announced his intention to sow sweet clover with oats; his idea being to harvest the grain, pasture the sweet clover that followed in the same season, plough down whatever part of the crop the stock had left the same fall. As he figured, would be a good way to maintain fertility and improve the mechanical condition of his light soil. But he was almost dissuaded by a neighbor who harped on the subject of sweet clover as a weed in the hoed crop.

However enquiry at the Department of Field Husbandry, O. A. C., Guelph, Ont., elicited the information that the Department had grown biennial white sweet clover with oats in a temporary pasture mixture and had never had any trouble with the sweet clover coming up the following year. This pasture mixture is closely pastured and as soon as the animals are taken off in the fall it is ploughed down.

This is the important part—"The sweet clover seed used is scarified." This insures an almost complete germination of all the seeds planted.

Chopped Stuff.

"The secret of success with alfalfa is largely the matter of supply of lime in the soil," says Hoard's Dairyman.

One sure way to reduce the cost of farm implements is to take proper care of the implements you already have.

At Penrith Shorthorn sale in Scotland 29 heifers averaged £116 18s 11d. At the same sale last year 60 heifers averaged £172 7s 10d.

In Denmark 85 per cent. of the pork-packing business is in the hands of co-operative packing plants, and far more than 85 per cent. of the butter industry.

More than half the bacon exported from the United States during the year 1918, 1919 and 1920 went to the United Kingdom.

Heavy imports of canned and dried milk into England are said to have reduced the per capita consumption of fresh home-produced milk to less than a quarter of a pint per day.

Nearly five and a half million barrels of apples were reported in cold storage in the United States on November 1. This is the largest volume ever reported at the same season, and compares with 3,643,000 barrels at the same date last year.

It is estimated that Western Canada's wheat crop last year will bring in a profit of $45,650,625, divided as follows: Manitoba, $8,198,750; Saskatchewan, $28,777,250, and Alberta, $8,654,625. These figures are based on the last Government estimate of return.

At the end of October, 1922, 28,680 returned soldiers had been established on the land, according to a statement made by Major John Barnett, chairman of the Soldier Settlement Board. Of this number 22,281 secured loans, amounting in all to $92,336,442.

Argentina and U. S. Lead World.

Approximately 80 per cent. of the corn entering into world trade comes from Argentina and the United States. In 1921 shipments from the United States exceeded those from Argentina by 21,000,000 bushels, but prior to that year Argentina was usually the larger shipper, average exports from that country before the war (1909-1913) having been between one-third and one-half of all corn entering into world trade and about two and one-half times the quantity exported by the United States.

Exports of corn from Argentina in 1921 totaled about 112,000,000 bushels, or 4,000,000 less than the pre-war average exports and about 62,000,000 bushels less than the exports of 1920. On the other hand, exports from the United States in 1921 were 132,000,000 bushels, which was 111,000,000 bushels more than in 1920 and about 87,000,000 bushels more than the pre-war average.

Dodder Will Harm Alfalfa.

If you are planning to let alfalfa stand for seed look your field over for dodder. Once is not enough. It should be done several times before cutting. Alfalfa seed containing dodder seed is unsalable in some states and is discriminated against in all markets. It is impossible by any known method to free alfalfa seed of the large-seeded dodders. The only practical procedure is to see that the field is free from this pest.

Westerners Win.

To Alberta and Saskatchewan go big winnings in the seed department of the International Show. Alberta exhibitors captured the championship in oats and first place in rye. Saskatchewan has the championship for hard spring wheat. Nineteen out of 25 wheat awards went to Canadian growers.

Profit In Hogs.

A profit of over $1,200 on one carload of hogs was realized by Joseph Tesar, near Grande Prairie, north of Edmonton. There were 84 hogs in the shipment, the average weight being 172 pounds and the top price being $9.50 per hundred.

MARQUIS IS LEADER.

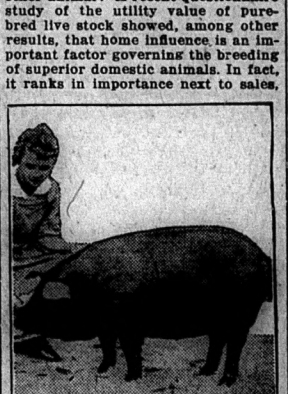
Outyields Any Other Hard Wheats Grown Commercially.

Marquis, the famous variety of spring wheat originated at Ottawa, is credited by J. Allen Clarke and John H. Martin, agronomists, of the United States Department of Agriculture, in a departmental bulletin just issued, with being the leader of 24 distinct varieties of hard red spring wheat commercially grown in the United States. Since its introduction into that country in 1913, Marquis wheat has been more widely grown than all other varieties of spring wheat. "It has outyielded all other varieties, due principally to its earlier maturity and flour," the authors of the bulletin declare.

It is pointed out that the varieties of hard red spring wheat grown in their yielding ability, rust resistance, earliness, and milling and baking value, as well as in their external appearance and in their adaptation to local conditions. Of the new varieties recently developed, the Kota is the most promising, say the investigators. In North Dakota it has outyielded the Marquis in seasons when rust is prevalent, and limited experiments show it to be best adapted to the eastern and southern parts of that state, where stem rust is often a serious factor in wheat production. The Preston variety yields only slightly less than the Marquis in the Minnesota and Red River valleys, but considerably less in other sections. The Red Fife and Power varieties are best adapted to northwestern North Dakota and northeastern Montana.

Children and Stock.

In selecting birthday gifts for children in rural communities, why not give a pure-bred pig, calf, or other animal? A recent questionnaire study of the utility value of pure-bred live stock showed, among other results, that home influence is an important factor governing the breeding of superior domestic animals. In fact, it ranks in importance next to sales,



A Club Girl and Her Prize Pig.

fairs and shows, taken collectively. When parents show their interest in good stock the children are more likely to do so.

One breeder told of receiving some pure-bred live stock as a wedding gift from his father-in-law. That beginning was an important influence, which resulted in an entire herd of well-bred, profitable animals, a practical influence in the couple's prosperity and happiness.

Gifts of good live stock, the Department points out, are not only acceptable in themselves but with proper handling multiply and give pleasure, satisfaction, and financial benefits for an indefinite period.

Best Storage of Potatoes.

If best results are expected by storing potatoes, only potatoes of good quality should be stored. Potatoes will not improve in storage but are more liable to go down in quality. Many storage troubles are the result of poor field conditions. Potatoes should be left in the field a few hours after digging to permit them to dry. Immature potatoes will have to be handled and watched carefully.

Potatoes may be stored in open bins in a cool cellar or buried in the ground. If stored in a cellar, they should not be piled more than a foot deep. When stored in layers deeper than this or in sacks, there is more danger of loss from decay.

Potatoes may be buried in the ground over winter. A shallow hole about 6 to 12 inches deep should be dug and lined with about two inches of straw. The potatoes should be placed in the hole and covered with straw and four or five inches of soil. Ventilation should be provided in the same manner as for storing other root crops. As the weather gets colder, place another layer of straw on the mound and add sufficient soil to prevent the tubers from freezing.

Pork Production.

In the past two years the Agricultural College at Ames, in co-operation with Iowa Farm Bureau, has carried out some experiments on a group of farms for the purpose of determining the extent to which the cost of pork production can be reduced by free use of pasture as part of the rations. The work was greatly interfered with by cholera outbreaks, which decimated some of the herds, but the general results indicate that by a judicious use of pasture the cost of making pork can be reduced by from 25 to 35 per cent. as compared with straight pen feeding.

Riddins Stable of Hens.

The chore boy can give several good reasons for keeping the hens out of the cow stable, but there is one absolutely sufficient reason that he is likely to overlook, namely, the danger of the spread of tuberculosis from chickens to cattle through the former roosting on the mangers. Dairy cows infect human beings through raw milk.

Germany's Sugar Crop.

Sugar production of Germany for the year 1922-23 is estimated at 1,839,000 short tons, from a beet harvest of 10,890,000 short tons.

THE FARM FLOCK.

Sheep Pens Must Provide Shelter, But Need Not Be Warm.

Successful winter management of the farm flock is a problem worthy of the utmost consideration. Warm buildings are not necessary, but the pen must be sheltered from the elements, and, above all, dry under foot and overhead, well-ventilated, and free from drafts. Another major factor in the health of sheep during the winter months is sufficient exercise. This is essential both for the health of the flock and to ensure a strong crop of lambs the following spring. It is not a good plan to allow the flock to mingle in the yard with other stock, and therefore they should have a run of their own, preferably a yard with a southern exposure where they may be allowed their freedom on every fair day. Frequently it is advisable to feed the flock at a distance from the pen, thus ensuring sufficient exercise for the breeding stock. Divide a large flock into separate pens.

The cost of maintenance of the flock throughout this season will depend largely on their condition when taken off grass. If the ewes are in poor shape, it is very necessary to feed a liberal amount of grain in the ration in order to get them in good flesh before lambing. On the other hand, sheep can be carried throughout the winter on very little grain, provided they carry a reasonable amount of fleshing, are free from ticks and lice, and are fed roughage of good quality. It can readily be deducted that it is more economical to install the flock in their winter quarters in good flesh secured by good autumn rape or clover pasturage, than to attempt to do it throughout the winter months by grain feeding.

If the flock comes off the pasture in good condition, and the ewes are not due to lamb till March or April, the winter feeding problem is easily solved. The cheaper, bulky feeds such as alfalfa, clover, hay or well-cured pea-straw, or even good quality oat straw, in liberal quantities and fed in racks to eliminate unnecessary waste, may be fed twice a day, in quantities that will be cleaned up before the next feed. Timothy hay is unsatisfactory for sheep as it is constipating, and is neither nourishing nor palatable. Some succulent feed is necessary in the well-balanced sheep ration, and turnips are here recommended as they may be fed to sheep of all kinds, are very succulent, and are commonly grown on Ontario farms. Sugar beets and mangels are dangerous to rams and wethers, as they have a tendency to form stone in the bladder. Up to a bushel of turnips per day may be fed to a flock of twelve sheep, preferably pulped or sliced. Corn silage is a satisfactory substitute for roots, provided it is of good quality. The ewes must, however, be kept in good condition and a light grain ration of from two to three parts of oats to one part of bran may be fed judiciously. Oats are high in hulls, and are a safe and palatable feed for sheep at all times.

Improving Our Cheese.

The proposal of the new Co-operative Dairy Company to provide, among other things, for the manufacture of one to ten pound cheese for the home market is an exceedingly sensible one. A 60 or 80-pound cheese is as unsuitable for the best domestic trade in this commodity as is a three-bushel barrel for the most profitable domestic trade in apples.

Consumption of cheese in Canada will, however, not reach its maximum until there is a decided improvement in the quality of the product offered as well as in the form in which it is put up. The first step in the improvement of quality should be to see that no cheese is placed on store counters until the process of curing has been completed. Nothing has done so much to lessen consumption of this food product in Canada as neglect in this particular. There is as much difference between a green and well-matured cheddar, in so far as palatability is concerned, as there is between a Spy apple in early September and the same apple when at its best. Of almost equal importance in the matter of curing is the proportion of fat in the milk from which cheese is made. If the company which Hon. Manning Doherty is fathering will see that only well matured full cream cheese is offered for sale to home consumers domestic consumption per capita will soon be doubled and even trebled.

U. S. May Reduce Tariff.

The new tariff law of the United States, a Washington correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman says, gives the President power to change the rates 50 per cent. either up or down. In accordance with this provision dealers are said to contemplate an application for a reduction in the rate on butter from eight to four cents per pound, in order to facilitate the importation of supplies from New Zealand. Before this concession can be granted, however, the correspondent adds, inquiry must be made in New Zealand as to costs of production there and a comparison made with costs in the United States and this would involve sending experts abroad to get at the facts. Because of all the difficulties, expense and time involved, and the opposition sure to be aroused, the correspondent does not expect any early change in the butter tariff.

Will Pool Market Cattle.

At a meeting of the United Grain Growers' delegates, representing Western Canadian farmers, it was unanimously decided to go ahead with a co-operative cattle marketing scheme which embraces the valuing of cattle offered for sale, payment in advance on a basis of 70 per cent. of the current value, sorting of cattle to make up uniform loads, pooling receipts of cattle at the end of one week, distribution of proceeds and distribution of expenses.

STORAGE OF MANURES

IT IS ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE FARM.

Not Always Convenient to Haul Fertilizer Directly to the Fields for Distribution—No Material Loss Is Sustained Where Concrete Pits Are Used—Danger of Heating.

In providing for the storage of manure during the periods when it is impractical to take it directly to the fields for distribution the choice rests between some form of shed, or overhead shelter, and some kind of a pit, or reservoir. It may seem that these quite different forms of storage imply different theories in regard to handling the waste, since one leaves the manure exposed to the elements while the other shelters and shields it from rain and weather.

In making provision for temporary storage of manure two things are sought. The first is to prevent the leaching away of soluble portions; the second is to eliminate heating in the manure pile by crowding out the air with moisture so that the bacteria

Don't Leave Manure In Piles Exposed to Weather and Conditions Favorable to Loss by Washing.

which cause heating will be denied air from which they derive the oxygen necessary for their work. Both the pit and the overhead shelter accomplish the first of these. When a concrete pit is used it makes no difference whether the manure is under cover or not so far as leaching is concerned. The soluble portions cannot get away in either case. When an overhead shelter is used, there will be scant loss from leaching even if the manure is not stored upon a concrete floor, since the litter will retain the liquid portion of the excrement, while the roof overhead will keep off the rain which would cause the pile to leach.

As for the second objective—that of controlling the heat of the pile—the pit is supposed, theoretically, to take care of this automatically through the rain that falls upon its exposed surface. To eliminate heating it is only necessary to crowd out the air in the waste by moisture. Sometimes, however, the amount of rainfall is not sufficient to keep filled the interstices of the pile. In such cases heating ensues and loss of ammonia takes place. We have seen badly "drefianged" manure in open pits. However, this was due to neglect on the part of the owner and might have occurred had the manure been held under cover. The chief virtue of this last form of storage is that it permits one to regulate at will the amount of moisture that manure contains. In either case, the result will be the same if the manure is not permitted to dry out.

With the pit and the overhead shelter making for the same results the choice between them lies in other factors, chief of which is the matter of handling the manure when it is removed. Unless a pit is provided with an underground cistern into which the liquids can pass the task of removing the manure is apt to be anything but agreeable or easy at certain times. It is easier, also, to load manure into a spreader when it does not have to be elevated from a pit sunk below the surface of the earth. However, some pits are so constructed that the spreader can be driven into them. Some will see in the extra equipment necessary for handling of liquids an objection to the pit equipped with a cistern. On the other hand the use of liquid of this kind on early crops is sometimes an advantage. All in all, while the ends served are the same, the choice between a pit and an overhead shelter, either in the form of a simple roof covering or a more elaborate manure house, is one of personal choice.

A New Huller.

J. P. Brett of North Grey adopted a new plan in handling his sweet clover crop for seed purposes last year. He clipped it the first week in June, thereby preventing the usual rank growth and making the work of harvesting somewhat easier. Then, after threshing, the seed was blown with a power blower through a pipe lined with rasps to hull it. The cost of hulling with this machine, the product of the owner of a local threshing outfit, was only 10 cents a bushel. This huller has a capacity of 200 bushels per day, Mr. Brett says.

Land Costs Lowered.

Wallace's Farmer says that farm lands in Germany could be bought to-day for from one-fifth to one-tenth the price, measured in dollars, that they could before the war. Of course these lands have been much run-down because of the lack of labor and imported fertilizers during the war, but it does seem strange that land should be so much reduced below pre-war levels, while other commodities are about at pre-war levels as measured in dollars.

JUST FUN

THE BEST AVAILABLE

The new servant had presented her references, and the lady of the house read them over with a doubtful eye.

"I'm not quite satisfied with these, Bridget," she said.

"Nayther am I, mum," returned Bridget angrily, "but they're the best the ould fool would give me."—American Legion Weekly.

Confidence.

"You know this movie didn't cost $1,000,000."

"I'm not prepared to argue that question," replied the eminent producer.

"But—"

"Say no more. My publicity director says it cost that much, and I'm the last person in the world to doubt his veracity."

Vicarious Exertion.

"Are you still taking exercise to music?"

"No," said Dubwaite, "I'm taking it by proxy."

"How's that?"

"I sit in a cabaret and watch the leader of a jazz orchestra call on the saxophone players."

Ma Butts In.

"Pa, what do they mean by going from the sublime to the ridiculous?" asked Clarence.

"It means a girl dreams of marrying some wonderful prince and then goes and ties herself up to a boob like your father," snapped ma.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Spoiling His Plans.

Green (new to country life))—Where are those duck eggs I brought home yesterday?

Mrs. Green—I put them under the hen.

Green—Under the hen? Good heavens! And I wanted to hatch out ducks from those eggs.

CHILDHOOD GAME

Brother Tom—How do you get the kids to Fletcherize so nicely.

"By making a game of it."

"I see. Playing chew-chew."

Contributed Verse.

A motorcyclist, wildly fleet,
Ran into Deacon Brace.
The cyclist fell some twenty feet,
The deacon fell from grace

Defined.

The visitor was examining the class.

"Can any little boy tell me what a fish net is made of?" he inquired.

"A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing bright boy.—Wesleyan Advocate.

Improved Machinery.

"I haven't heard any evidences of a political machine in your campaign."

"I have one, just the same," said Senator Sorghum. "The new models are more nearly noiseless than the old-fashioned kind."

Not to Be Laughed At.

"Has the American woman a sense of humor?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "But the American man is so estimable and well meaning that her sense of politeness overcomes it."

Part of It.

Binks (in girl and music show)—Nice song, eh? Do you know the chorus?

Jinks—Not so loud, my wife is with me. I know that little blonde on the end.

Service.

"Not many old-fashioned housekeepers left," declared the grocer.

"No?"

"No. Some of our customers expect us to supply dyed eggs for them."

Diversion.

"Do you subscribe to the agricultural publications?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "We've got to have a little somethin' to take our minds off of politics."

Poor Mary.

"Mamma, why do they wax people?"

"They don't; where did you get that idea?"

"I heard uncle tell papa that at midnight the party waxed Mary."

Keen Housekeeping.

"Twas, on Sundays we rise late. Then we don't need much breakfast, because it is so near lunch time and we don't need any lunch because we've just had breakfast."

MIGHT PREFER OTHER PLACE

"Do you suppose jazz musicians will go to heaven?"

"Maybe so," replied Mr. Grumpson. "According to the modern idea, nearly everybody is going to heaven, but I won't present my credentials to St. Peter until I find out whether or not they'll have to check their horns at the gate."

Hard Labor.

"Well," said the shoe drummer, "what's going on in Chiggersville today?"

"Heard about Zeke Dawle?" asked Squire Witherbee.

"No. Has he gone to work?"

"Yes. Quite a number of our citizens were on hand to see him accept a position. In fact, the courtroom was crowded."

Poor Chance for Him.

He—What would your father do if I told him I wanted to marry you?

She—He'd refer the matter to me.

He (hopefully)—And what would you do?

She—I'd refer the matter to Mr. Smart, who proposed to me and was accepted while you were trying to make up your mind.

INEXPERIENCED

"What kind of coal do you wish, mum?"

"Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?"

"Oh yes. We have egg coal, chestnut ——"

"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

Swat!

The skeeters sing on airy wing
As they linger hungrily by,
But oft their song, like that of the swan,
Is the last before they die.

Named Fifi.

"The baby specialist is in high dudgeon."

"What's wrong?"

"A woman of fashion summoned him to attend her 'baby.'"

"Well?"

"The cute little animal has four legs."

A Bit Previous.

First Prisoner—Well, pardner, what are you in for?

Second Ditto—Found some jewelry.

F. P.—Why, they wouldn't send you up for that, would they?

S. D.—Found it before the owner lost it.

Going It Alone.

"I've called with a plan to make you a very rich man," said the stock salesman.

"That's very nice of you," replied the prospective customer, "but I've decided henceforth to earn my own fortune and dispense with outside help."

Specimens of Magnificence.

Teacher—The word "grand" is used in the sense of "splendid, sublime, noble," and the like. Can you give an example of such use?

Little Bobby—Yes'm. Grand dukes and grand larceny.—Judge.

Proof Aplenty.

"How'd you get the black eye?"

"Well, a girl told me she kissed."

"Yes?"

"Being doubtful, I thought I would see if she lied."

"Well?"

"She did."—Octopus.

Just So.

"The men have gotta quit hammering at the way the women get themselves up. The limit has been reached."

"I see your point. Paint and sawdust won't stand it."

FORCED TO IT

Mr. Thurston: Old Guzzle's been drinking like a fish ever since the country went dry.

Mr. Wetmore: Put me next. Where does he get it?

Mr. Thurston: From the same source where the fish gets his drink.

Hoping.

If I survive to ninety-three,
Or even ninety-seven,
I'll live in hope that there will be
No saxophones in heaven.

Progress.

North—Do you think infants are burdened with original sin?

West—No; but they're saddled up with considerable war debt.

Just So.

"How about an itching palm?"

"An itching palm is all right if a man is willing to scratch for a living."

A Heavy Burden.

Ethel—Stella carries her age well, doesn't she?

Clara—Yes. It's a wonder she doesn't grow tired of the burden.

POWER OF AN ERUPTION

RESEARCH IN THE VALLEY OF TEN THOUSAND SMOKES.

Scientists Have Been Examining the Aftermath of One of the Most Tremendous Volcanic Upheavals of Modern Times, When the Top of Mount Katmai Was Blown Out.

How much volcanoes mean in the lives of all human beings, even though they have never been within sight or hearing of one, is told in a new volume just issued by the National Geographic Society. The publication is the first complete summary of the findings of six expeditions sent to the region of Mt. Katmai and the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes in Alaska, by the Washington society, and of the results of several years' careful study of observations made by the expeditions.

The book, "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," was written by Dr. Robert F. Griggs, [illegible] Geographic Society, and describes a great fund of new information on this little developed field of science. Within recent years the fascination and romance of science have begun to capture popular imagination, and this book adds a chapter to the wonder story of modern explorations and scientific study.

A tremendous volcanic upheaval that could blow from the top of a great mountain forty times the amount of earth and rock dug out of the Isthmus of Panama to build the Panama Canal, leaving a hole large enough to contain all the buildings in fifteen cities the size of New York, is worth studying. Such a cataclysm occurred when the top of Mr. Katmai was blown off in an eruption in 1912. Climatic effects circling the world resulted from the explosion, and the volume deals with these phenomena as well as those of the great seething steaming valley from which it derives its title.

In addition it describes the Alice-in-Wonderland phenomena in the wake of the eruption—such as a temporary gigantic river that cruised along the top of a ridge; of streams that shifted their courses; ash showers that formed great thermal blankets to preserve deep snowdrifts, and a flood that had a million times the destructive power of the Johnstown damburst.

An amusing instance of the careful checking up of facts is related by D.r Griggs, who tells how a skeptical chemist, after learning of the proposed name for the valley, set out methodically to count the columns of hissing steam, for fear the name was an exaggeration. He returned to camp to report soberly that the name had really been in error—the name, he said, should have been the Valley of a Million Smokes.

The explorer-author relates in matter of fact fashion how members of the parties walked over acres where a misstep would have plunged them to a parboiled death in the seething cauldrons of the valley, with the ever-present fear that a chance gust of wind might snuff out their lives with some gas that was more deadly, if less odorous, than those, among which they advanced.

And yet, it is added, the region, now that it has been studied, would seem safer than a city street, for not a single member of the several parties was lost.

The writer, after apologizing for his necessary use of superlatives, admits the fear that he, like Jim Bridger, who heralded the Yellowstone's marvels, might be set down as a Munchausen until future generations should vindicate him. He adds:

"Many times also have I been thankful for the tools which modern invention has placed in our hands. With kodaks and halftones and motion pictures to record our discoveries, our advantage over the old time explorer, who could supplement his accounts with nothing better than sketches, was enormous."

Ballrooms for All.

The floor of an ordinary house can be turned quite easily into a good dancing surface.

First brush the floor thoroughly with a stiff broom to remove all dirt and dust. Then go over it to see that there are no nails or other obstructions. Sprinkle the surface with a floor composition and go over it with a soft brush until the preparation is evenly distributed. The dancers will do the rest, and before long you will have a splendid ballroom.

With the aid of a gramophone the problem of music is soon settled, and you can give a small dance in your home at little expense.

If you think decorations are needed you can obtain colored streamers of paper for a few cents, and the effect will add gaiety to your party.

Substitute for Lumber.

Bagasse is the residue of the sugar cane after the cane has been crushed and the sugar-containing juice has been squeezed out of it. In a mill recently erected at New Orleans bagasse is treated with chemicals, pulped and then rolled into boards that, when dry, make an acceptable substitute for lumber. Since one ton of bagasse, which is very light, makes three thousand feet of lumber, the waste from the cane fields of Louisiana alone would yield more than a half billion feet of synthetic lumber a year.

Men of the People.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, and Challapin, the newest great discovery in the operative world, were brought up in the same poorer-class street in Kazan, the capital of an eastern province of Russia.

Owen Wister.

Owen Wister, author of "The Virginian" and other novels of American life, is a great-grandson of Charles Kemble, the famous Shakespearean actor.

RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO
NEURITIS vs. T.R.C.'s
SCIATICA

Have you given up? Have you resigned yourself to that old, gnawing pain that nothing seems to relieve? Do you think because you can't go to Hot Springs or take some expensive treatment that you have no other alternative? We have many cases considered hopeless, tried everything, baths, serums, electricity, who found recovery in using T. R. C.'s. (Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules). We have thousands of letters that prove beyond doubt T.R.C.'s to be the most practical and successful Rheumatic remedy sold. At druggists, $1.00 per box. For Free Trial write Templeton, Toronto.

A NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.

Efficiency Man Has Adopted Ideas of Factories.

A school structure, an innovation in buildings for schools of higher education and said by the Carnegie Foundation investigators to be "a real contribution to the educational world," is nearing completion in Terre Haute, Indiana. It is the Rose Polytechnic Institute, an endowed school for young men and of which Dr. Philip Woodworth is the head. The building at once combines the simplicity that factory plans would call for and the artistic bearing of a hall. It is thought to be the first of its kind in the country.

When Dr. Woodworth was brought to Terre Haute more than a year ago to see what could be done concerning the new building plans he found at first glance that they called for an outlay of $3,000,000. He began immediately a cost-reducing campaign by eliminating the ornateness of the several buildings as well as recommending that they all be arranged under one roof.

In suggesting to his board that simple lines be carried in the structure, the school president said: "Young men who are learning to be engineers should have the proper background for the pursuit of their studies. It would seem unfit for overall-clad boys to appear in a drawing-room." Thus it came about that the revised plans of the Rose Polytechnic were along factory lines with the simplicity thereof, and when completed it will have cost one-tenth of the original plan.

Carnegie Foundation took note of all the mentioned arrangement, making comment that the institute can furnish good working space, capable of being developed into the best technical laboratories with a housing cost of approximately $3 per square foot of floor space. The price represents one-fourth of the average brick building construction, and it is exactly one-tenth of the same floor area designed on the types of the Princeton buildings by famous New York architects.

Educators from many parts of the country have been attracted already to Terre Haute for inspection of the building. A number of captains of industry have written letters to the Rose Polytechnic president, congratulating the school on its unusual environment, expressing the belief that young men trained in such an environment will have the advantage over men trained in institutions where the surroundings are essentially academic and classical and where the engineering work has to be squeezed in.

Lamp That Cries Danger.

Amongst all the perils that the miner must face none is more terrible than the dreaded firedamp, which is the cause of the majority of colliery disasters, large and small.

This gas is most difficult to detect. It is almost odorless, and its heavy nature makes it cling, when it first occurs, to the bottom of the shafts. Thence it rises gradually like water in a reservoir. Its presence is sometimes not discovered until it is there in large and dangerous quantities.

The latest device for protecting the miner is a safety lamp which begins a loud singing noise as soon as firedamp occurs. It has been known for a long time that a flame contained in a narrow tube will sing under certain conditions.

HEALTH MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

Take "Fruit-a-tives" And Make Yourself Well

"Fruit-a-tives", the marvellous *medicine made from fruit juices* and tonics, is the most beneficial medicinal agent that has ever been given to mankind.

Just as oranges, apples, figs and prunes are nature's own medicine, so "Fruit-a-tives"—made from these fruit Juices—but concentrated and intensified—is *the greatest Stomach and Liver Medicine, the greatest Kidney and Bladder Medicine—the greatest Blood Purifier—the greatest remedy for Headaches, Constipation, Indigestion, Nervousness and Bad Complexion—in the world.*

To be well, take "Fruit-a-tives"

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The new lamp has its flames surrounded by a metal pipe. In pure air the flame burns steadily without making any sound, but should firedamp be present the burner is thrown out of adjustment and a loud singing note is at once produced.

Have You "Extra Bones?"

People, like fish, do not all have exactly the same number of bones, observes a recent writer in a scientific journal. The variations occur in the wrists and ankles, where there are half-a-dozen or so small "extra" bones. One of these, which some persons have and others don't, is a survival from prehistoric man; it is a regular and proper bone in the wrist that all lower animals have up to the monkey. In X-ray photographs the extra bones may so closely resemble the result of a fracture as to lead to wrong conclusions, but the question between the fracture and extra bone can be settled by examination of the other wrist, as the extra bones are nearly always present in both.

A Brilliant Woman.

Mrs. Grafton Minot, the brilliant granddaughter of Henry Cabot Lodge, is manifesting her heredity of five generations of political pedigree. Two years ago she took a course in public speaking in the interests of her frequent addresses before the voters of the Bay state, and she has recently matriculated in a school of political economy and civil government. She is rarely absent from either Senate or House gallery when a notable speech is announced and is a devoted reader of the U. S. Congressional Record.

Rubber-Seed Oil.

An oil similar to linseed oil is extracted from the seed of rubber trees and the residue used as fodder. A mill has been set up in Malaya and small consignments have been sold in Europe at good prices. Under present conditions on the rubber plantations, seed for this purpose is easily secured.

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds.

All orders promptly attended to.

THE REVIEW

Phone 49

Marmora vs. Madoc, Wednesday, Feb. 14

We have what people have been waiting for

Durant and Star Cars

It has been an old saying that the best is saved until the last—and that's true.

Just think, that at last you can buy the latest and most accessible light weight car on the market, delivered for **$710.00** Tax and Delivery Charges Included

Special Features of the STAR Car

Red Seal Continental Motor
Water Pump, Oil Pump
Gas Tank on rear
Vacuum Feed
Semi-Elliptic Springs
Streamline Body

and last but not least, a real Lock Steering Gear, which is so essential to insure comfort in driving on sandy or muddy roads, etc.

You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

WELLMAN & ELLIS - Madoc

Winter and Your Battery

Any battery standing idle loses its charge. You are not safe in assuming that your battery will not freeze even if it is fully charged when you lay it up for the winter. Keeping it in the pantry or cellar means sulphated plates and a less efficient battery.

Bring Your Battery to Us for Storage

W. L. SMITH - MADOC

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

Exide
MADE IN CANADA
BATTERIES

Autos Painted

Get your autos brightened up for the coming season.

We have for sale a large and varied assortment of

Paints, Oils and Varnishes

always on hand.

We have also the very finest quality of

WALL PAPERS

that we have ever handled, at prices to suit all purchasers. Wall Paper samples may be seen at my shop, first door east of grist mill, or at Dominion Express Office.

A. ROBERTSON

Phone 91 **Painter and Decorator**

Paint Your Auto with

Carmote Auto Color Varnish

A Practical Product for the Automobile Owner
Ready for Immediate Use
Sets slowly, permitting even the novice to secure an even, satisfactory job.
Dries in about 24 hours with a beautiful lustre that will stand weather and wear
Comes in 10 Popular Colors. Put up in Quarts, Pints and Half-Pints. Ask for Color Card

FRANK DAFOE

Sir H. Drayton Saved Britain

Sir Henry Drayton, who is deskmate of the leader of the official Opposition in the House of Commons, has had the misfortune during recent years of being regarded as a sort of national target of criticism. Yet the Canadian public has never been told the story of the time during the war when, Britain having only ten days' rations for her people and every ship on the Atlantic was needed, Sir Henry proved himself the biggest kind of a man in that crisis—by knowing what to do, and having the nerve to do it. He has never referred even privately to the part he played—and only a few in the Dominion know. The initiates are men high in our transportation systems.

It was Sir Henry who once prevented us from losing the war by keeping England from starving. It was round about Christmas time in 1917 that confidential advice came to Ottawa that by careful rationing the people of England could live for another ten days. All the ports of the United States were blocked up, mile after mile of box cars filled with foodstuffs could not reach the ships which jammed the harbors.

There were the thousands of full cars and the hundreds of empty ships—and millions in the Motherland were facing starvation because the neck of the funnel was choked.

Drayton was chairman of the Railway Commission. Sir Robert Borden was not in Ottawa when the crisis was reported, so Sir Henry, sensing the gravity of the situation to the whole allied world, took it upon himself to exercise for the first time the wide powers with which he had been clothed as Commissioner. The manner in which he proceeded and the immediate results proved him a man of brain power and nerve.

The first difficulty encountered was the fact that railways are primarily operated for the purpose of paying dividends to stockholders, not for winning a war in England, or any other place. The railways had been competing, not co-operating — hence the choked ports. Now the Canadian ports in December, 1917, were comparatively open. The Canadian railways were chiefly concerned in keeping their own cars and hauling their own freight to its destination.

Sir Henry called all the operating chiefs of the railways and the directors of the various Government boards together. Then he delivered his ultimatum.

"Either you will place all your rolling stock, equipment and motive power at my disposal or I'll put an order-in-Council through under the War Measures Act, and take them all away from you," he said.

The representatives of the railways squealed like youngsters who get their fingers caught in the door jamb. They pointed out that their roads had contracts to carry goods over certain routes to specified destinations—and that they might be sued if they broke the contracts and allowed the foodstuffs to be shipped to England via Halifax instead of via New York.

"Give me the cars and equipment," insisted Drayton. "The shippers cannot sue me."

The result was that in less than forty-eight hours a regular stream of flour and foodstuffs was shuffling as fast as steam could take it to Canadian Atlantic ports.

The people in Canadian cities did not know that in reality they were being rationed. It happened in this manner. If the figures of the Food Control Board showed that five train loads of flour were billed for a small town in Nova Scotia where only one was needed, Sir Henry would order the four extras diverted to the waiting ships in the Halifax harbor. Then later on when the ships had been despatched, he would give back the four he had "borrowed."

In a terrible emergency which could not be made public during the dark days of 1917—Sir Henry on his own initiative dared to do the right thing. He did it so successfully that his fellow-citizens never knew that the gravest crisis had been met.

However, it seems to be Sir Henry's fate of late years to be pilloried by the public. It will be recalled how he was assailed when he sponsored his sales and profit tax which he asserted was essential taxation if the war debt was to be paid.

It must comfort Sir Henry to think of the good old days when he was city solicitor of Toronto. Then it was that bouquets came his way for his most excellent administration of his office. In all his dealings with the Toronto Street Railway and Mackenzie and Mann, he always was true to his brief for the people whose servant he was.

It was largely because of his administration in capacity of city solicitor that he was made chairman of the Board of Railway Commissioners. That was his first thankless task. There was the public on one hand, and the railways on the other. The Devil and the Deep Sea. What would please the people, made the interests wrathy.

Then the Union Government deliberately chose him Minister of Finance—the man who had to devise ways and means of paying for the cost of current government and incidentally for our share in the war. Now he sits in the shades of opposition, still a young looking man.

Review Ads Bring Results

THE DOMINION BANK

At the Fifty Second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of The Dominion Bank, held at the Head Office, in Toronto, on 31st January, 1923, the following statement of the affairs of the Bank as on 30th December, 1922, was submitted:

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in		$6,000,000 00
Reserve Fund	$7,000,000 00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	758,163 38	
Dividend No. 161, payable 2nd January, 1923	180,000 00	
Bonus, one per cent., payable 2nd January, 1923	60,000 00	
Former Dividends unclaimed	1,474 00	
		7,999,637 38
Total Liabilities to the Shareholders		$13,999,637 38
Notes in Circulation	7,571,461 00	
Due to Dominion Government	4,500,000 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	$20,119,809 95	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	78,234,187 60	
	98,353,997 55	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	1,214,303 98	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	3,017,246 72	
Bills Payable	184,240 00	
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	735,365 06	
Liabilities not included in the foregoing	488,112 73	
Total Public Liabilities		116,064,727 04
		$130,064,364 42

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	$2,075,673 45	
Dominion Government Notes	13,651,168 25	
Deposit with Central Gold Reserves	1,700,000 00	
Notes of other Banks	987,087 10	
Cheques on other Banks	8,465,160 00	
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	45 72	
Balances due by Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	2,344,978 10	
	29,224,112 62	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	11,895,645 24	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	1,808,367 26	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value	1,847,062 57	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	5,808,605 24	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada	6,460,938 08	
		$57,044,731 01
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	63,912,230 47	
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	1,322,556 53	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra	735,365 06	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	36,449 37	
Overdue Debts, (estimated loss provided for)	208,701 46	
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	6,151,885 62	
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	304,500 00	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold	22,170 71	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	325,774 19	
		73,019,633 41
		$130,064,364 42

E. B. OSLER, President.

C. A. BOGERT, General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO SHAREHOLDERS

We have compared the above Balance Sheet with the books and accounts at the Chief Office of The Dominion Bank, and the certified returns received from its Branches, and after checking the cash and verifying the securities at the Chief Office and certain of the principal Branches on December 30th, 1922, we certify that, in our opinion, such Balance Sheet exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of our information, the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.

In addition to the examinations mentioned, the cash and securities at the Chief Office and certain of the principal Branches were checked and verified by us at another time during the year and found to be in accord with the books of the Bank.

All information and explanations required have been given to us and all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank.

G. T. CLARKSON
R. J. DILWORTH
(Of Clarkson, Gordon & Dilworth, C.A.)

Toronto, January 18th, 1923.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

New hay, per ton	$11 to $12
Live hogs, per cwt.	$10.00
Young chickens, per lb.	30c.
Fresh eggs, per dozen	35c
Butter, per lb	45 to 48c
Beef hides, per pound	9c
Calf skins	10c
Horse hides	$1.75
Sheep hides	40c
Beef, hind	10 to 11c
Deacons	50c
New potatoes per bag	$1.00
Flour--	
First patents	4.25
Second patents	4.00
Pastry Flour	$3.60 to $3.75
Graham flour	3.75
Cereals--	
Rolled oats, 20 lbs	.80
Rolled oats, 90 lbs	3.75
Oatmeal, 98 pds	4.20
Gold Dust cornmeal	2.00
Feed--	
Bran	$1.25
Shorts	1.40
Middlings	$1.65 to $1.75
Feed Flour	2.00
Ground barley	2.00
Oatchop	2.00
Crushed oats	2.00
Corn chop	1.75
Barley and oat chop	1.85
Prices at mill	
Old wheat	$1.00
New wheat	90c
Wheat screenings	$1.75 to $1.80
Mixed grain	2.00
Oil cake	2.00
Special hog feed	1.80
Corn per bushel	1.00
Bulk Grain--	
Rolled oats 40 lbs	1.80
Barley	.50
Oats	45c
Buckwheat	60c

HARTS FARMERS' CLUB

This Club will meet in Harts School House on the second Tuesday of each month.

NOT ALL DUE TO COMEDIAN

Part of Laughable Entertainment Was Being Furnished by Original Tenants of Barn.

Speaker Sweet said the other day in the New York state legislature at Albany:

"Because an agitator gets a lot of newspaper space it does not necessarily mean that he is a great man. Newspaper space may mean something else. It reminds me of a story.

"A rich man hired a comedian to entertain the workers on his estate one evening. The entertainment was staged in the barn, and it went well, almost too well. The comedian, in fact, had hardly got under way when the barn began to shake with shouts of laughter. Soon the laughter became so uproarious that the rich man rose and said:

"'Friends, I know how difficult it is to restrain our mirth when Mr. Backchat is on the stage, but really, you know, if we don't hold ourselves in just a little the performance will hardly be over by midnight.'

"Then a burly plowman rose in his turn.

"'Excuse me, boss,' he said; 'it ain't Mr. Backchat we're laughin' at, but somebody left the door open and all the pigs have got in, and they're nearly pushin' us off our seats!'"

Hear

The City Symphony Orchestra of New York

The Philharmonic Orchestra of New York

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra

The John Wanamaker Pipe Organ

IN YOUR OWN HOME

Let us show you how.

EMPIRE RADIO SHOP Empire Theatre MADOC

FOR SALE

5 h.p. gasoline engine "Magnet" and circular saw for sawing wood. $250.00 delivered. For further particulars apply to Maxwell & Reynolds, Bancroft.

FOR SALE

Span of well matched Clyde mares sound and active, 6 young reg. Holstein cows and 8 large yearling bulls from a sire whose Dam produced 26000 pounds of milk.

F. A. Comerford.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale, Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon known as the W. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc, and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross, Barrister Madoc.

January 30.h, 1923.

FARM TO RENT

¾ of Lot 11, Con. 1 Madoc Tp. This property is 7 miles from Madoc, well cultivated, fenced and has good buildings, convenient to school, church and telephone. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to John E. Craig, Belleville R.R. No. 6 or Edmond Plane, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair, good garden space with fruit trees. For terms Apply Gavin. M. Wallbridge, Madoc.

FOR SALE

At G. A. Rollins, Madoc, one cook stove at $15. One cook stove $20. One range, with high shelf $35

FOR SALE

A solid, 8-room brick house, 2 lots good well, furnace, now occupied by J. Whytock. For further particulars apply to J. Whytock.

FOR SALE

Any person wanting to buy apples would do well to see James H. Parks as I can supply them with the best varieties in bushel hampers on short notice. James H. Parks, Madoc, Box 151 tf

McINTOSH BROS.

10 Days **FEBRUARY** 10 Days

WHITEWEAR SALE

10 Days **FEBRUARY 8th to FEB'Y 17, inclusive**

McIntosh Bros. Promise Big Things For This Ten Day Whitewear Sale.

Hemstitched Sheets, 11-4 regular $2.25
Sale $1.98

Canton Flannel, 27 inch, good quality
21c yd.

Extra heavy unbleached Sheeting, 36 in.
Sale 3 yds. $1

Bed Spreads, large size, extra good quality, range in price for Sale
$2.95 to $6.98

Crash Toweling coming down with a smash, every width, many patterns to choose from
15c up A Real Snap

White Flannelette, 36 in. at this Sale
4 yds. 98c
Every line will be reduced accordingly

Middy Twill, 36 inch
4 yds. for $1
Other lines, extra fine
Sale 30c

42-inch Pillow Tubing
3 yds. for 98c
Other lines range in price
4 yds. $1.75

48-inch Pillow Tubing at this Sale
49c yd.

SPECIAL—Any regular 10c Handkerchief
4 for 25c

Bath Towels, neat patterns in mauve, pink and blue, Special for Sale
$1.18 pr.
Every line in Towels greatly reduced

Fancy Whitewear

Tea Aprons, cute, from 25c up.
Cotton Drawers, embroidery frill, reg. $1, Sale 59c.
Hemstitched Frill 39c.

ALL WHITEWEAR GREATLY REDUCED

OTHER SNAPS ON DISPLAY

McINTOSH BROS.

Phone 23 — Prompt Delivery

Local and Personal

A progressive Euchre will be held in the town hall under the auspices of the Women's Institute, Feb 13th.

Mr. Ghent, of Havelock, died on Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Thompson is spending a few days in town.

Mr. William Hughes, of Marmora passed away a few days ago.

Miss Ashley of West Huntingdon is visiting at Mr. Miles Smith's.

Miss Robinson died at Bowmanville, Tuesday, after a long illness.

Reserve February 24th for hot supper, of Presbyterian Missionary Society.

Mr. Carnew, County Crown Attorney died after a few days illness.

Mrs. L.T. Nickle, left on Tuesday for Havelock to attend the funeral of her brother-in-law, Mr. Ghent.

Annual meeting of Moira Chapter I. O. D. E. will be held on February 12, at 3 p.m. Will all members please attend.

We had a very pleasant call last week from Mr. W. T. Dockerill of Toronto Travelling Passenger Agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A progressive Euchre will be held in the town hall under the auspices of the Women's Institute, Feb 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Carman Foster of Moira paid a flying visit to their parents Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

Mr. Thompson M.P. accompanied by his wife left last Friday to attend the opening of Parliament.

Men's, 3-hole Gum Rubbers, 9 and 10, $1.98; 3-hole, red sole, size 6 $2.50; 4-hole, all white, 6 7 8 and 10, $3.25. Saturday for cash only. W.S. Ludbrook.

Mrs. Charlie Parker (nee Frank Ross) died at Toronto Hospital, the funeral took place at Stirling last Friday.

The death occurred on Tuesday, January 20, at Hospital for Sick Children, James Beverly, beloved only child of E. Phoebe and the late Beverly M. Sargent, aged 11 years.

20% discount on Men's Felt Storm Oversnoes, Men's Women's and Children's Skating Boots and Beuroom Slippers. Saturday, for cash only. W.S. Ludbrook.

Don't forget Progressive Euchre, at Town Hall February 13. Institute members requested to donate cake and sandwiches.

It is reported that a recent inspection of the pupils of Marmora school had revealed an abnormal mental development, many of the pupils having been declared up to the scratch. As the result of the inspection the school will be closed for a few days.

Thursday evening of last week the Young People's Association of St. Johns Church were entertained by the Misses Tanner of, Ivanhoe. An exceedingly pleasant evening was spent in card playing, dancing, music, a radio entertainment and in refreshments. The young people wish to tender a very hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Tanner for the enjoyment of a very pleasant evening.

Attention Mr. Wallbridge. The council of Madoc have in operation a by-law entitled "The Transient Traders Act", the purpose of this act is not to protect the consumers from cheap purchases put to protect the merchants from unfair competition. Now, we think tha. The Review is entitled to the same protection as the Merchants. The Review pays in to the coffers of the Municipal estate, the Review is by the operation of The Transient Traders Act prevented from cheap purchases, yet the Review is exposed to the competition of Commercial Travellers from the cities who sell the products of the printing press to the merchants who are protected by the operation of the Transient Traders Act. The Review is exposed to the competition of the Madoc posting service, the Review is exposed to the competition of the Telegraph and Telephone posting pole service, now we think that in the spirit of fair play and in justice to all citizens an assessment of the property and a business tax should be levied on these competing industries Whether the general public would be losers or gainers through the loss of these unconscious bits of humour we are not prepared to say, but Mr. Wallbridge I believe you promised to exert yourself to secure even handed justice to all tax payers of the community.

Change of Business

I wish to inform the public that I have purchased Mr. Herrington's Electrical Supply business and will keep on hand a full supply of Electrical Goods.

A. S. COCHRAN

THE DOMINION BANK

Fifty-Second Annual Report

Increased Profits.

Strong Liquid Position

In reviewing the report of The Dominion Bank for the twelve months ending December 30 last, which was presented to the shareholders at the Annual Meeting in Toronto on the 31st of January, one is impressed with the remarkable showing of this institution. The year 1922 was admittedly a year that presented many and varied difficulties in all lines of business. Business generally was on a restricted scale and yet the Management of the Dominion Bank was able to bring down one of the best reports in the history of the bank.

Viewed from every standpoint the experience of The Dominion Bank in the year 1922 has been distinctly satisfactory. Not only does the financial statement for the year show a substantial increase in profits, but commercial loans are higher. Deposits, too, show only a nominal reduction of less than one-half of one per cent. Further, the Bank has maintained its strong liquid position, with cash assets at December 30th totalling $29,224,112, equal to 25.18 per cent of the liabilities to the public, while quickly available assets at $57,044,731. were equal to 49.15 per cent of the liabilities to the public. Total assets stand at $130,064,000.

Net profits for the year were $1,175,478. which figure compares with $1,125,181 for the previous year, an increase of $50,296. To this sum is added the balance forward from the previous year's account of $715,480., a total of $1,890,958. disposed of as follows,- Dividends at the rate of 12 per cent, and a bonus of one per cent, $780.000. contributed to Officers' Pension Fund $45,000. Government Taxes $157,795. written off Bank Premises '150,000. leaving a balance of $758,163. or $42,682. more than in the previous year, which is carried to the Profit and Loss Account.

A special feature of the report is that the commercial loans in Canada totalling $63,912,230. show an increase of approximately $200,000. over the previous year's figures. The fact that in spite of existing business conditions an increase in commercial loans is shown must be very gratifying to the Shareholders Deposits to the public stand at $98,353,997. Notes in circulation total $7,571,461. an increase of $250,000 and attributable to the heavy demands upon circulation during the crop moving period of the fall.

Too Busy to Get Up.

Pleasant dreams have a feeling of dissatisfaction with cold, everyday facts. The contrast between the romance of unfettered imagination and the world as it is frequently proves distressing, remarks the Portland Oregonian.

Two young bank clerks room together. One of them awoke and began preparing for the day, but hesitated to arouse the other—he slept with such a pleasant smile. Finally the order could not be postponed any longer and the sleeper was subjected to a rude series of shakes.

"G'way, I can't get up yet. I must go back to sleep," was the drowsy protest.

"But it's tomorrow morning, we got to be at work in half an hour."

"You go—leave me alone! I'm bicycle riding with a pretty girl and she is just giving me her address, so I can call. And I lost my hat and I have to go back to sleep and find it."

To Aid Ribbon Industry.

The ribbon manufacturers of the United States are organizing a "Make It of Ribbon" campaign in order to further the interests of the industry which represents an investment of $20,000,000 and an annual business of $60,000,000.

Good Mixers.

"Your recent attitude has been somewhat ponderous and aloof," remarked the solicitous friend.

"Times have changed," replied Senator Sorghum. "In politics the 'good mixer' has gone out of date, along with the bartender."

PAINTED THE PRINCE.

Canadian Artist Has Told Her Impressions of Future Kings.

The English Strand Magazine contains an article entitled "Painting the Prince," in which is recorded intimate impressions of the seven artists who have had the privilege of putting on canvas, from personal sittings, portraits of His Royal Highness of Wales.

This is of especial interest here, as the only woman included in the article is a Canadian—Mrs. E. Dorothy McAvity, of Halifax, N.S., who at the age of sixteen did her first portrait, that of a ship-builder's child, having a background the young artist knew and loved so well—the sea.

Mrs. McAvity's portrait of the prince, which shows him in naval officer's uniform, is reproduced in colors, in the Strand, with the artist's impressions of her royal sitter. Her own words follow:—

I first met the Prince of Wales at a party at Government House, Halifax, in 1919, but it is not to be wondered at that he did not remember me when I was introduced to him by Sir Godfrey Thomas last year at St. James' Palace at the first sitting for his portrait.

I must confess that I had half expected the prince to be formal, but, after the two sittings which he gave me, my lasting impression is of his perfect naturalness and desire to make me "feel at home." I'm sure he was bored stiff at the idea of being painted, but he was making the best of it.

The sitting was given in his private room, and the easel for my canvas was provided by the palace authorities, and was one with whose working and arrangement I was not familiar. In preparing to start the preliminary sketches, therefore, there was some delay, for I could not erect the borrowed easel. The prince immediately came to my rescue and struggled with the refractory easel himself, and eventually got it into position for me.

During the whole of the sitting the prince smoked his pipe, but I left the pipe out of the finished picture.

I was particularly anxious that the prince's hand should appear in the painting, but he, apparently, seemed to prefer the more sailorlike, but less artistic, pose of the closely folded arm, and I had occasionally to alter the pose for him.

A rather pathetic incident occurred when I was finishing the painting at my studio. It was necessary to obtain a model of more or less the same stature as the prince, who had lent me his naval uniform and ribbons in order that I might paint them correctly. Near the studio I had noticed a young demobilized soldier who was obviously "down on his luck," and, although he was not a professional model, I asked him to pose for me. This, arrayed in the prince's splendid naval uniform, he did. I had not been at the picture more than five minutes before my model collapsed on the studio floor. He had been without food for so long that the strain of posing had almost immediately been too much for him. Fortunately, I had a kindly landlady at the studio, and after the food she provided he recovered and was able to finish the pose.

When the picture was completed, I took it to St. James' Palace, wrapped carefully in brown paper and tied with string. The prince's natural gaiety was again very obvious. No one but he was allowed to undo the parcel; he wanted to be the first to look at the picture. He soon stripped off the paper and held up the picture. "Oh, I say—that's jolly good!" he remarked, and I felt I had won the highest award. He was especially interested in the rows of orders and decorations, and said it looked as though they were really there themselves.

Always Youthful.

As a librarian Dr. George H. Locke, chief librarian of the City of Toronto, looks like a newspaperman. He would deny it with emphasis and wit, but the fact remains that his office looks like a newspaper office. He believes in efficiency but not in the efficiency that always keeps desks looking as if everything had been completed—or else tucked away inside drawers and filing cases without being completed. When work is in progress Dr. Locke does not object that an office looks busy.

And then when play is in progress, let the play go on. The joy of living finds a friend in this man, the perfect antithesis of the traditional book-worm librarian. He dearly loves to get out with those mildly riotous persons, the Arts' and Letters' Club, when they are hoeing onions in a war-time garden or when they are creating a wordy war of their own around the hearth. He also loves to get back to college and share the frolics of college life. Almost his first public appearance on return to Toronto as librarian, after years spent in academic circles abroad, was at a burlesque meeting of the literary society at his alma mater, Victoria College. His part in the mock parliament was as unstudied as it was jubilant and effective.

The Mischievous Darlings

By ROSE BAKALAR

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It started all wrong in the morning. Mrs. Merey awoke late with a headache, got out of bed on the left side, and put her stockings on wrong side out.

Her husband had left, breakfastless. She heard the twins scrapping in their bedrooms. Suddenly it was supplemented by blows, thuds, and wails in chorus. Mrs. Merey hastened to the battle scene. On the bed, nightgown-clad, were seated the three-year-olds—Timmy, audibly nursing a rapidly rising, discolored lump on his forehead, and Pat, catching slowly dripping rose-colored drops from her nostrils. Two mangled tin engines revealed a martial short story.

"My angels," soothed the mother. "Didn't I tell you never to fight?" she reminded, as she pressed the flat side of a silver knife blade to Timmy's painful acquisition. "Never to fight," she repeated, automatically, as she washed Pat's sensitive little nose. "Now come and eat your breakfast."

During the meal they squirted orange juice at each other, forked the buttered mashed potatoes into fancy shapes, which they overturned on the clean tablecloth. In sky-high glee they hilariously stirred their cocoa, splattering wide areas.

"Stop that, or mother won't give you any cookies," at which threat they subsided somewhat until the end of the meal.

Then the twins took possession of the den, next to the kitchen. In spite of the fact that a china closet, full of fragile porcelain, a movable family album and the clean wall paper were in the same room with the twins, Mrs. Merey let them stay there because she thought she could keep an eye on them.

She was shoving a water-filled brown pot of soaked pea beans into the oven when Timmy ordered: "I wanta dwinka wata." She catered to his needs.

That reminded Pat. "I'm hungwy, too."

"But you just had your breakfast, dear." Nevertheless, Pat stood pat. She had made up her mind that she was "hungwy."

"What do you want? Orange?" Mrs. Merey was beating eggs for the cake.

Pat shook her golden curls in denial. "Apple? Bread and butter? Baked potato? Well, what do you want?"

"I wanta dwinka wata."

Again Mrs. Merey went to the sink. "There, now. Don't bother mother any more."

The innocents trotted away.

Taking advantage of this brief respite, Mrs. Merey swept the kitchen floor, washed the dishes, put the pan of sponge cake mixture into the oven and began to knead the dough for the cookies. Absorbed in her work, with her back to the twins, she untimely rejoiced in this welcome quiet.

Immediately an awful crash, accompanied by a heart-rending howl, issued from the den. Her heart jumped. Rolling pin in floured hands, she ran toward that distressed yell. In the midst of a shattered chinaware heap sprawled bawling Tommy. An overturned chair, minus a leg, lay near the open closet door. Anxiously she flew to her precious. Having assured herself that her jewel sustained no injuries, she whipped him so soundly that the flour flew from her hands.

Then she became aware that Pat was far from idle. As the full meaning of Pat's activities penetrated her senses, she froze stiff. It seemed that all of the white-flowered wall paper border was covered with pitch-black, meaningless scrawls and hieroglyphics. Blissfully Pat continued hiding any white spaces left.

"Stop that!" the excited woman almost shrieked. "Give mother that crayon."

With a seraphic smile, Pat deposited the waterproof crayon into her mother's outstretched hand.

"Why did you do that?"

"Tommy do pitcher book," pointing to the cherished family album on the floor.

The shocked woman hastily picked it up. Mad—stark, staring mad—she surely was going. Her venerable grandfather's stern countenance flaunted midnight nose and earrings. Her dear grandmother's frank gaze was hidden by a pair of powerful black eyes. A swarthy beard hung from an aunt's dimpled chin. Uncles, cousins, friends, all displayed Timmy's hideous jet seals of approval. The frantic woman clutched her throbbing temples, dropped into a near-by chair and cried, long and bitterly.

After a satisfying deluge she looked up and sniffed—tearfully and suspiciously. A strange odor pervaded the room. With a sickening realization she rushed into the kitchen and threw open the oven door. A volume of thick smoke greeted her flushed face. The sponge cake was a flattened charcoal mess. She dumped it into the bucket and mourned: "I knew that jinx would follow me today."

Returning to the den, she missed the twins. Boisterous cries coming from her bedroom indicated their whereabouts. She traced them. They were having huge fun playing pitch and catch with her laundered linens that were kept in the supposed-to-be-locked bottom bureau drawer. The weary mother replaced the rumpled and soiled linens for future inventory, fed the children and put them to bed.

During their afternoon nap she baked, cooked and cleaned.

While she was dressing in her bedroom she heard a sound which told her they had awakened. Then followed a suspicious silence. With hair half coiled and hairpins between her lips, she went to investigate. The twins were not in their room. Slightly alarmed, she hurried to the parlor. Her hands, coil and hairpins dropped! Strewn over her newly swept, painstakingly cleansed thick carpet were minute paper snowflakes, infinite in variety, number and design.

The twins were on the floor, absorbedly shearing creations of an indoor imitation snow tempest. She helplessly watched them, not caring whether or not they continued until doomsday. Not until Pat started manufacturing rug-colored flakes did the harassed woman rouse to righteous action.

At 6 the head of the family breezed in, joyfully greeting his clean-pinafored possessions.

"Heigho. My little pets!" He swung one on each knee. "Were you good children today?" A searching gaze into their serious, chubby faces convinced him of their saintly behavior. They looked incapable of annoying a ticklish flea.

After a light supper they were put to bed. At the dining table Mr. Merey looked keenly at his tired wife. "You look as if you'd been crying."

"Well, I guess you would too, if you had such exasperating devils in the house."

"Devils?" murmured the hungry man, devouring the deliciously browned baked beans. "What could they do?"

"What couldn't they do?"

"Muvver," called the twins from their room.

"Even now they don't let me rest." She answered their call.

They twined their short, dimpled arms around her neck and pleaded in eager whispers. She crushed them to her breast, then tucked them in warm.

"Their goodnight kiss," she gently replied to her husband's querulous look.

"What was that you were saying about devilish?" resumed the father, who had his own worries.

"Oh, nothing. They're only children." The wise wife dropped that subject. She thought of something, and smiled quietly.

"The darlings."

BESTOWED BY GREAT SPIRIT

Indian Legend of the Origin of the Calumet, Better Known as "Pipe of Peace."

When the North American Indians made peace or formed an alliance, the high contracting parties smoked together to ratify the arrangement.

The peace pipe was about two and a half feet long, the bowl was made of highly polished red marble, and a stem of a reed, which was decorated with eagles' quills, women's hair, etc.

Legend has it that the Great Spirit at an ancient period called the Indian nations together, and standing on the precipice of the red pipestone rock, broke off a piece which he moulded into the bowl of a pipe, and fitting it on a long reed, filled the pipe with the bark of red willow, and smoked over them, turning to the four winds. He told them the red color of the pipe represented their flesh, and when they smoked it they must bury their war clubs and scalping knives. At the last whiff the Great Spirit disappeared.

To present the calumet (peace pipe) to a stranger was a mark of hospitality and good will; to refuse to offer it was an act of hostile defiance.

Machines Met Opposition.

Like all other great inventors, Elias Howe found that when he had completed the sewing machine his difficulties had but begun. After he had brought the machine to the point of making a few stitches, he went to Boston to get a tailor to come to Cambridge and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion as to the quality of work done by the machine.

The comrades of the man to whom he first applied dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the whole fraternity of tailors to beggary. And this proved to be the unchangeable conviction of tailors for the next ten years.

It is probable that the machines first made would have been destroyed by violence but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, that the machine would not really answer the purpose for which it was intended.

Collecting Cobwebs.

One of the most interesting and most novel pastimes is the collecting of cobwebs.

Each kind of spider spins its web in a different manner, and specimens can easily be secured and preserved in their natural shape. To do this you need an atomizer such as is commonly used for spraying. Fill the reservoir with artist's shellac, and select a well-formed web from which the rain or dew has dried away.

Then go over every part of the web with the atomizer, so that it is well coated with the shellac. When you have done this, obtain a piece of polished glass about the same size as the web. Before the shellac has time to dry press the glass against the web so that every strand sticks.

With ordinary care webs treated in this manner will keep indefinitely. The webs are best seen when a piece of dark material is placed behind the glass.

Dr. Karl Wirth Talks of Selfishness of United States.

An alarming picture of internal conditions in Germany in consequence of the poor harvest and the "unfulfillable demands" of her late enemies is drawn by Dr. Karl Wirth, in an interview with the Berlin correspondent of the Westminster Gazette.

"The hunger which is feared owing to the bad harvest," he said, "creates an extremely dangerous situation and causes grave fears for the immediate future. There is danger of internal disorders should the misery continue."

After reiterating his views on the reparations demands and denouncing the attitude of the allies he continues:

"Any one can see for himself the terrible sufferings of our middle class, which to-day runs the risk of annihilation. Indeed, one can say it is already ceasing to exist. We have done all possible and now are at our wits' end. There is serious discontent among the workers.

"The poverty in Germany is appalling and there is a real social revolution [illegible] position is understood even by the hostile foreign circles. Nevertheless, methods of pressure continue to be accorded first place.

"There is still left some hope. America, which has been standing aside so long, now perceives that the reconstruction of the world is impossible without her assistance. Indeed, it is time she took steps in this direction; otherwise it will be too late."

An American Explorer.

Hiram Bingham, recently elected Governor of Connecticut, is one of the best known of American explorers. The son of missionaries, he was born in Honolulu in 1875, educated at Yale, the University of California, and Harvard, and has taught at Princeton and Yale. Mr. Bingham explored Bolivar's route across Venezuela and Colombia, 1906-07; the Spanish trade route, Buenos Ayres to Lima, 1908-09; the ruins of Machu Picchu; and directed the Yale Peruvian expedition in 1911 and the Peruvian expeditions of 1912, '14, and '15 under the auspices of Yale University and the National Geographical Society. Prof. Bingham also located Vitcos, the last Inca capital, and made the first ascent of Mount Coropuna, a 21,702-foot climb. Needless to say, he is the author of many volumes on the results of his travels. Mr. Bingham was in the air service during the war, where he held various posts, including chief of the Air Personnel Division and commanding omcer of the Aviation Instruction Center, Issoudun, France, which was the allies' largest flying school. Prof. Bingham's discovery of Machu Picchu, the great stone city of the Incas, has been called "the greatest archaeological discovery of the age." Buried beneath the jungle, its site inhabited by only three families of wandering Indians, Machu Picchu was found in a state of good preservation, temples, homes, streets and burial caves bearing witness to an extinct order of high civilization.

Air Swallowing.

Many persons suffer for years from flatulent dyspensia which is often caused by air swallowing. This may occur only at meal-times, or it may occur at any time. When air is swallowed at meals the trouble will begin very soon, sometimes even before the meal is finished or indeed scarcely begun. The sufferer will feel "full" and perhaps will accuse himself of having over-eaten when really he has eaten little. The condition that air swallowing causes may be distinguished from true flatulent dyspepsia or from ulcer of the stomach by its occurring immediately after or during the meal; whereas real indigestion, whether from ulcer or from other cause, comes at an appreciable interval after eating. In addition to the distress of the stomach air swallowing may cause serious heart disturbances such as an irregular pulse, pain over the heart, palpitation and even false angina pectoris. The cure rests on recognizing the cause and then breaking the habit.

Aluminum Experiments.

Now that aluminium has become available in any desired quantity, its use in electric installations, especially for long-distance conductors of electric power, is rapidly increasing. For equal conductivity only half the weight of aluminium is required that would be required if copper were used. The price of aluminium, just before the war, fell to about the same rate per ton as that of copper. Experiments have been under way for some time to increase the tensile strength of aluminium conductors by alloying the metal with a little copper.

Damage Done by Smoke.

It is estimated that the fall of soot in London is at the rate of 25 tons per month, while in Birmingham it is 54. In Manchester elaborate calculations show that owing to the smoke nuisance no less than $250,000 a year is spent in the extra washing of collars, and the entire damage done in the city amounts to about five million dollars a year. Lord Newton says that England is the dirtiest country in Europe because of the indiscriminate use of raw coal for all purposes.

Ismet Pasha.

Gen. Ismet Pasha, the Kemalist Foreign Minister, is very deaf, cannot speak English, and speaks French but haltingly—scarcely an ideal set of specifications for a diplomat.

Belgian Prisoners.

It is officially stated that 47,530 Belgian soldiers were taken prisoners in the war, including 730 officers. At least 1,500 of the captives died in Germany.

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

Dodge Brothers, with equal aptness, could have named it the Family Sedan.

In the first place, it is big and roomy—a five-passenger car that will really seat five adults in comfort. There is no space wasted on superfluous adornments. Every inch of body and chassis is put to actual use.

There are no delicate cloth furnishings to be soiled by the children. The seats are upholstered in durable and attractive blue Spanish leather.

There is no sensitive varnish to be easily scratched or finger-spotted. The body is steel-built—a new principle in Sedan design—making it possible to finish the exterior in Dodge Brothers oven-baked enamel, the most durable finish known.

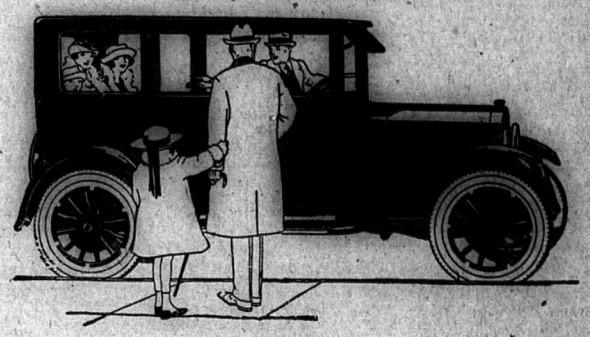
The rear seat furnishings come out—instantly converting the rear section into a spacious carrying compartment—handy for carrying trunks, boxes and household luggage of all sorts.

Children can romp and play to their hearts' content in this car, and when cleaning time comes, you can turn the hose on it—inside and out.

The price is $1850 delivered

RIGGS MOTOR SALES

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO



Patents Pending

NAMES YOU KNOW.

Animals, Plants, and Colors Have Furnished Many Surnames.

If you look through a directory you will find a most amazing number of family names which are identical with those of familiar objects, elements, seasons, animals and implements, and others which, though the spelling is slightly changed, are substantially like them.

March and May represent the months. Day is quite a common name, and one also finds Weeks, though not Week, Morrow, too, appears.

Dew, Frost, Snow, Cloud are all family names, as well as Storm, Gale, and Rane.

The cardinal points of the compass—East, West, North, South—are all represented; Moon, too, and Starr, though not Sun.

Many of the common colors furnish names. There are Black, White, Green, Brown, Gray, Pink, and Scarlett.

A very considerable number of names arise from the animal world. Examples are Bullock, Bull, Lamb, Kidd, Colt, Badger, Hogge, Hare, and Wolfe. You notice that in several of these the old spellings are preserved.

Birds give us Wrenn, Heron, Crane, Crowe, and Lark. Bird itself is also a not uncommon name.

From plant life we gather such names as Rose, Flower, Berry, Cotton, Rice, Oates, Bean, as well as Almond, Oakes, Ashe, and Pine. We also have parts of plants, such as Root, Branch, and Twigge.

Haddock, Roach, Bass, and Crabbe come evidently from the fish creation; and Church, Temple, Tower, and Abbey are from familiar buildings.

Parts of buildings are represented by Wall, Post, Hall, Locke, Bolt, and several others.

Many names are the same as those of household implements. We may quote Shears, Scales, Bell, Broome, Ballet and Sickles.

Natural features of the landscape provide Hill, Pond, Field, Marsh, Glenn, Dale, Brook, Rivers, Banks, Meadows, Moore, Cliffe, Ridge, and others too numerous to mention.

Countries provide England, English, Britain, Ireland, Welsh (or Welch), Norman, French, and many others.

But the list is practically endless.

Germany's New Premier.

Dr. Carl Joseph Wilhelm Cuno, director of the Hamburg-American steamship line, who succeeds Joseph Wirth as Premier of the German Republic, is popular with the majority of Socialists as well as with the Central, Industrial, and Democratic parties. Dr. Cuno had resigned from the service of the German Government in 1917, where he had rendered valuable assistance in the unraveling of the intricate problems that resulted from the world war. In 1918, on the death of Albert Ballin, Cuno became director-general of the Hamburg-American line. In 1919 and 1920 he was called upon by his Government to participate as one of the German experts in the armistice negotiations at Treves and Brussels and later in the peace negotiations at Versailles and the reparations conference at Brussels. Dr. Cuno was born in Suhl, Thuringia, Germany, July 2, 1876. His father was a privy councillor in the German ministry. Cuno, who is interested in a number of German shipping concerns, has many friends in shipping circles in the United States.

Schools for Blind.

Dr. Melanie Lipinska, who is visiting America to investigate methods used in the schools for the blind, is a famous Polish woman physician who has herself been blind for the past ten years. She was not threatened with blindness till she was nineteen years old; but she did not then let the possibility effect her intention to study medcine. Since her own affliction developed her interest has been largely in the re-education of the blind—a field in which she has done notable work in France, Belgium, Poland, Finland and England. Dr. Lipinska, who comes to the United States as an official delegate, representing the Oculist Society of Warsaw, will in addition to examin-Warsaw, will lecture on her methods of re-educating the scholars.

The Defeated Candidate.

Korfanty, the Polish leader who was recently defeated by Pilsudski for the premiership of Poland, declares that he is not a party man. He claims to be a consistent champion of the working people whose dream it is one day to unite the Germans, Poles, and Frenchmen in common economic activity. He is himself a workingman's son who spent his holidays as a student gathering experience in the mines and factories of Upper Silesia. So far from causing a military revolt to overthrow Pilsudski, Korfanty says: "We need, above all, peace at home and peace abroad."

French Railway Casualties.

The toll of lives taken by the French railways since the armistice has been extremely heavy. In 1920 122 persons were killed and 1,184 injured, in 1921 the figures were 134 and 329; and in 1922, the numbers were 191 and 528. These figures do not include the casualties in minor accidents.

A Female Engineer.

Miss Marie Raith, Cornell graduate, is said to be the only woman civil engineer in the United States. Miss Raith is a strenuous field hockey-player and captain of the New York Edison Co.'s team.

Review Ads Bring Results

Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

Realizing that the trend of public opinion is swinging more and more towards the equilization of the burdens which each citizen of Canada must bear, that the helping of those who are unable to help themselves occupies a much larger place in our minds, may I draw your attention to the fact that this Hospital is accomplishing great things in a field that is untouched by any other organization.

Little children from all parts of the Province, irrespective of class or creed, children who are sickly and maimed, come here and are made strong and healthy. Is not this in itself a wonderful work?

The service and the duty of the Hospital is far-reaching. As well as personal attention, both surgical and medical, for all the tiny patients, doctors and nurses are also trained to extend the mission of healing to the uttermost parts of the Province.

The entire function of the Hospital must commend itself to you and your readers. It is a CHILD WELFARE work well deserving of the support of your subscribers.

Of late a new and unfortunate factor has added to the responsibilities which the Hospital must assume. You have noticed, no doubt, the alarming increase in the number of motor accidents throughout the Province in the majority of which little children are the chief sufferers. Many of them are little waifs of the poorer sections where the streets are the only playgrounds.

Here are the average day's figures for 1922 attendance:

Cot patients 256
Out-patients 199

The carrying out of this great work is your responsibility as well as that of the people of all Ontario. Every contributor to the Hospital is a friend, indeed, to these little mites of humanity, and has the satisfaction of knowing that the result of his individual contribution is bringing joy into at least one home by assisting to care for somebody's child.

The service of the Hospital depends on the continued support of the public and the conversion of dollars into health and strength will, I am sure, meet with your approval. Each minute of mercy costs over fifty cents, so you will see that much money is needed to carry on this GREAT MOTHER CHARITY.

Every day sees a large number of additional patients on the Hospital's register. Owing to the advanced costs of surgical and medical appliances maintenance is mounting until now nearly twice the usual amount of money is essential for the fulfilment of our duty. With the approach of Christmas, may I place these facts before your readers in connection with the 47th Christmas appeal of the Hospital for Sick Children?

Faithfully yours,

I. E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Appeal Committee.

W. P. J. ALEXANDER
cian, Surgeon and Accoucheur
duate of University of Toronto
al College.
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e.
112. June 20

DR. EAGLESON
cian, Surgeon and Accoucheur
duate of Trinity Medical Col-
Post Graduate of Moorefield's
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S. S. LUMB, M. D. C. M.
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FRASER, D.D.S., L.D.S.
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PICKED BY TYPE

Observant Man Explains Average Stenographic Force.

Generally Selected as the Result of the Boss' Early Experience—Wife Sometimes an Influence.

"How do you account for the fact that in some offices all the stenographers are fat, in other offices all the stenographers are thin, and in still other offices are medium sized?" demanded the loquacious commuter, the New York Sun states.

"They aren't," replied the sleepy commuter crossly. "In offices I know there are thick, thin and medium stenographers, all together."

"No, you're wrong, old man," commented the loquacious commuter cheerfully. "I've given this matter my serious attention for some time. The offices where stenographers are of mixed sizes are the exception. In nine offices out of ten you'll find the stenographers all run true to form—whether the form is light, heavy or medium.

"It's the same way with coloring. In some of the offices all stenographers are dark and in other offices all, or almost all, of the stenographers have medium coloring."

"Well, what's the answer?" sighed the sleepy commuter, resigning himself to instructions.

"My opinion is," explained the loquacious commuter happily, "that it's all due to the proprietor's early experience.

"When he began business and was only able to employ one stenographer, he happened to draw a plump one. She proved amiable, reliable, and just what he wanted, and without realizing it, he stored away in the back of his mind the experience that fat stenographers are desirable. When engaging stenographers ever since he has always leaned to this type. He may have had many good stenographers who were plump, but in a big office the work goes on in such a way that this would scarcely come to his attention. Quite unconsciously he continues to cling to the type he first favored."

"But suppose the plump stenographer whom he first employed proved a total loss?" questioned the sleepy commuter.

"That's just where it is!" said the loquacious commuter, happily. "In the event you speak of he would naturally store away in his inner consciousness a distrust of plump stenographers and in his selection would go to the other extreme—he would want the thinnest stenographer obtainable."

The sleepy commuter smiled irritatingly.

"That's a queer theory," he remarked, "but as a matter of fact, it isn't the boss who selects the stenographers, it's the office manager."

The loquacious commuter looked decidedly crestfallen and the sleepy commuter would have scored an unmixed triumph if a commuting friend had not joined them as they disembarked.

"Say, have you been in Bill Jones' office recently?" asked the commuting friend. "He's got the greatest line of lady help that ever I saw—every one of 'em as round as a barrel. You see, Bill's wife is a heavyweight, and she won't stand for a girl in the office who tips the scale at less than 180."

Strange Tribal Legend.

From the Navajo country, embracing the adjoining corners of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, there has recently been smuggled one of the rarest patterns of Indian blankets that has been permitted to fall into the hands of white men. The pattern, described and illustrated in Popular Mechanics Magazine, is known as the "Yebitsai dancers," and involves a tribal tradition about which the Navajos are decidedly uncommunicative. The word "smuggled" is used advisedly, for the blanket was removed with extreme secrecy, inasmuch as knowledge by the Indians of its removal probably would have resulted in unpleasantness, to say the least.

Collectors of Indian curios, who have inspected the blanket assert that they have never seen another of the same pattern, although it has been understood that one of a similar type was obtained some years ago and sent to the Smithsonian institution.

HISTORY OF RADIUM.

French Woman Scientist Made Important Discovery.

A substance thousands of times more valuable than gold, costing over two and a quarter million dollars an ounce, which cures diseases yet is so dangerous that contact with it may mean death—such is radium, nature's most precious gift, and the discovery of one of the most remarkable [illegible] in the world.

[illegible] Curie, the French scientist, discovered this wonderful metal twenty-six years ago.

Radium looks like tooth powder, yet $100,000 worth could be held in a tiny tube.

It is obtained from pitch-blende, a velvety black mineral which was looked upon as waste once uranium had been extracted from it.

In [illegible] search for fresh fields to conquer, [illegible] Curie made an analysis of a ton of this "waste" and upon separating the mineral from it, discovered radium.

The cost of radium is so high because of the labor involved in producing it. To get one gramme, 5,000 tons of ore have to be hand-picked and sorted down to 500 tons, and this in turn has to be chemically treated to produce the tiny quantity of the precious substance.

In the last twenty-six years only six ounces of radium have been produced. The principal radium mines are in Czecho-Slovakia, which produce four grammes yearly, and in America, where the annual yield is thirty-five grammes.

There are thousands of uses to which radium can be put—in luminizing watches, gunsights, and so on—but its great boon is in the treatment of cancer and ulcers. Its tremendous heat provides this curative power. The metal shoots out thousands upon thousands of particles a second, but these are so small that in hundreds of years hardly any change is noticeable in the radium.

It was an accident that led to the discovery of the curative quality of radium. A professor carried a tube containing a little radium in his pocket for three weeks and then discovered he had a bad burn on the skin. Suddenly the idea occurred to him that radium would be better than caustic in burning out cancers. It was tried, with results that have since astonished the world.

The difficulty in the use of radium was that it might harm the healthy as well as the diseased parts and perhaps cause the patient's death.

The problem was overcome by enclosing the radium in a metal tube about an eighth of an inch thick which absorbs the tiny particles thrown off by the substance and allows only the invisible X-rays to pass.

For the actual treatment a sufficient number of tubes are wrapped up in a surgical gauze or stuck into a piece of dentist's moulding-wax, so as to keep the tubes from direct contact with the skin, and the whole package is strapped over the tumor. In treating some cancers, for instance in the tongue, it is difficult to keep the radium in place for the necessary number of hours, so another method is used.

Radium gives off a gas which is collected in small steel or glass needles. These needles can be stuck into the tumors and left there as long as necessary.

The light of radium burns without replenishment for two thousand years, and during that period less than fifty per cent. will have decayed. Since it is shooting off small particles, what becomes of radium after its fire has died out? This magic stone of the scientists changes from the most costly metal into the basest—it becomes lead.

We can hammer radium into powder, freez it and melt it, but none of these operations interferes in the slightest degree with its activity.

Birds' Working Hours.

Some birds work almost all day in the summer. They clear the crops of insects.

The thrush gets up at half-past two every morning. He falls to work at once, and does not stop until half-past nine at night—a clear nineteen hours. During that time he feeds his young 206 times.

The blackbird starts work at the same hour as the thrush, but leaves off earlier. His whistle blows at half-past seven, and during his seventeen-hour days he sets about one hundred meals before his family.

The titmouse is up at three in the morning, and his stopping time is nine at night. A fast worker, he is said to feed his young 417 times a day.

Clemenceau's Hat.

Clemenceau's appearance is being described copiously in every paper on the continent, but whatever his personal idiosyncrasies, according to a New York "film editor" who has edited miles of war film, the "Tiger" is only infallibly recognized by his extraordinary soft hat which he wore in every picture taken of him during the war, and which is described by the film expert as follows: "It looked as if the famous statesman had carefully sat upon it and then rolled it up in his pocket for a time before donning it."

Large Vessels.

Carrying 13,000 people, the liners Majestic, Olympic, and Homeric require 440,000 pieces of household and table linen, including 110,000 table napkins, 35,000 sheets and 17,000 tablecloths.

New Telephones.

Six conversations can be carried on simultaneously over one telephone wire by means of a new instrument designed by a French postal official.

Plays Tin Whistle.

Earning his living by playing a tin whistle, an Englishman is walking from London to Constantinople, a distance of about 1,500 miles.

SLAIN BY GRIZZLY

Trapper Lost Out in Stand-Up Fight With Forest King.

From Evidence It Seemed That Animal Had Been Taken in Trap, but Had Broken Away.

Joseph Duret, pioneer hunter and trapper, a man who knew all the tricks of the game, was killed near Livingston, Mont., recently by a grizzly bear. Duret owned a nice ranch in the southern part of Park county, Montana, near the boundary of the Yellowstone National park, and he knew all the tricks of the hunting game, was well aware of the danger of encountering a vicious bear and yet he appears to have flirted with death in trying to kill alone a huge grizzly, and to have lost.

Duret caught the animal in one of his game traps—a huge steel device that fastened itself with a clamp about the paw. He hastily returned home for his large-bore rifle and told his wife of his catch. Mrs. Duret never saw him again. His failure to return prompted her to search the hills with dogs in vain. Then she appealed to the Yellowstone park rangers.

They spread out over the country and after a long search W. Hutchings, assistant at the park buffalo corrals, and Ranger William Dehnoff found Duret's mangled body nearly two miles from where he had engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the beast. It was a wild, desolate place not ten miles from where Duret in 1910, was introduced to and warmly greeted by President Roosevelt.

Pieces of hair and torn flesh, remnants of the broken trap and a clawed and chewed rifle told the story of the fight Duret made. Superintendent Horace M. Albright of Yellowstone park, who investigated the old hunter's death, said the grizzly was a veteran brute of the park for which hunters had covered many a mile. It apparently had succeeded in breaking away from the trap after Duret fired a shot. It is believed the bear broke a chain which attached the trap to a tree, then attacked the hunter, whose rifle had apparently jammed.

It was apparent that Duret had tried to defend himself by using his rifle as a club, but his fight was useless. One arm and a leg were torn off and the body was mangled. It is believed he became unconscious, then revived after the bear had wearied of his prey and dragged away the chain attached to the trap. Signs indicated that Duret managed to crawl about two miles toward his home. The rangers say he must have retained full possession of his faculties, as he was making a straight line to his ranch when death overtook him.

Mortality of Trees.

Human beings cannot compete with trees in the matter of longevity, but human beings are more fortunate than trees up to certain ages, according to mortality tables. A forest at maturity contains about 5 per cent of all the trees that have started life there. The percentage of persons living from ten to fifty is much greater in the case of trees. About 95 per cent of our trees die before they are eighty years old, while only 87 per cent of persons will die before reaching that age.

But when it comes to trees 100 years of age and over we have to go back into Biblical history to find human beings who compare with them in length of years. Methuselah and Noah were far ahead of the majority of our common trees as centenarians, but no man and no nation has lived as long as have the sequoia trees. The sequoia attains an age of about 4,000 years.

England's Daylight Saving.

Daylight saving in England passes under the term of summer time. It has been under consideration in the British parliament, where new statutory authority has been given. It seems there is something of an agricultural bloc in England, too. Its activities resulted in shortening the period for early rising by three weeks at each end. In other words, England, with its high latitude, and the consequences upon the relative length of sunlight and darkness, will next year begin daylight saving late in April and end it early in September.—From the Nation's Business.

What Made His Hen Ill.

Mr. Bagley of Beaconsfield makes a hobby of poultry keeping. He gets pleasure out of it, and occasionally a surprise.

The other day, for instance, he thought of one of his chickens was ill, and decided to kill it. When he opened it up to ascertain the cause of the trouble, he found:

Tintacks,
Small screws,
Pieces of tin, and
Metal nuts.

The chicken, he afterward learned, had been pecking for food in a builder's yard!—London Express.

Labor-Saving Implement.

"Do you find that taking summer boarders lightens your burden as an agricultural toiler?"

"I'll say it does," declared Farmer Corntossel. "It's a heap easier to get your tomatoes with a can opener than it is with a hoe."

Helium Gas.

Helium, the gas used in the three latest army balloons, was discovered 54 years ago in the sun by means of a spectroscope, 27 years before it was found on earth.

NEW FUR EFFECT

Mole and Seal Ribbon and Braid Evolve Striped Model.

Novel Standing Collar Made of Tubular Strips Braided to Form Desired Width.

Our own American designers are doing some wonderful things with furs, observes a fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. A new treatment in furs, particularly mole and Hudson seal, is achieved by joining vertically narrow strips of the fur with grosgrain ribbon and then applying soutash braid to the center of the ribbon, thus evolving a striped effect throughout the garment. The grosgrain ribbon is of the same shade as the fur, whereas the soutash is of a contrasting color. Only the latter is visible. For instance, a coat of moleskin has the skins joined with taupe ribbon and is combined with green soutash. Another, of Hudson seal, is joined with black ribbon and trimmed with white braid. A novel standing collar on a moleskin coat is made of tubular strips of the fur braided to form the desired width. Mink tails joined to form narrow strips often are used as a trimming on mink coats. An interesting example is a short jacket which shows this trimming around the collar, cuffs and band which encircles the hips. The tails, being of a darker shade than the remainder of the animal, make a really lovely trimming.

Embroidery for years has been trying to invade the realm of furs. It started by making itself conspicuous on the linings of fur coats. Now it appears on the pelts. A blousing afternoon wrap of Hudson seal is embroidered about the waistline with silver threads and jet beads. The same model in moleskin shows metal embroidery and steel beads.

A fur very much used this year for both sports and street wear is Iceland krimmer. For street wear it is being dyed in light and dark gray and brown made up into smart jackets. In white, its natural color, it is charming for sports suits. A particularly lovely skating suit consists of a hip-length straightline jacket having full sleeves, with deep cuffs and a large rolling collar, knickerbockers and a tam-o'-shanter. The entire costume is lined with nattier blue brocaded silk.

Persian lamb will be more popular than ever this season. The Russian influence is expressed in a hip-length coat of this fur which blouses over a tight band at the hips. It is trimmed around the high rolling collar, the wide sleeves and around the bottom with appliqued motifs of red kid edged with black soutash and further ornamented with tiny nickel buttons. Vivid colors blend with metal in the lining of this model.

FINE FOR THE LITTLE WOMEN

This rich, warm coat of chinchilla has a luxurious shawl collar of natural 'coon and snugs up with an all-'round buckle belt. Five rows of fine stitching finish the hem.

SOME OF THE HAT STYLES

Bows of Ribbon, Rosettes of Silk and All-Over Lace Veils in the Millinery Mode.

Even if you have no new clothes, you can at least have a new hat. Well, let it have some of any of these general tendencies and you will be all right so far as fashion is concerned.

Bows of ribbon are charming and entirely indicative of the modern fashion.

Rosettes of silk hand-made flowers are just the sort of thing to pose on the side of broad brims.

Rosettes of cream-colored lace are nice against the background of a dark panne velvet.

All-over lace veils are very much in the running.

The tricorne is coming into fashion again with all the full skirts.

DIGNITY IN MODES

More Consideration Given Garments of Present Season.

Individual Selection Rules as to Styles; Materials Are Gorgeous; Trimmings Very Elaborate.

Fashions never have been so indefinite and so contradictory as they are at the present time. Long and short, wide and narrow skirts are worn, advises a fashion authority in the New York Tribune. There are high necks and low necks, gowns with sleeves so long that they cover the hand, others with sleeves of elbow length and still others that are sleeveless. So for the time being fashion resolves itself into a matter of individual selection.

Designers, in their endeavor to popularize something new, have been working against great odds. Women apparently are well satisfied with the type of clothes that they have been wearing for several seasons past. But despite all this confusion a few definite themes run through the fashions of the present season. One is the preponderance of models more mature in appearance; that is, gowns and wraps designed for the woman rather than the young girl. Clothes are more dignified than they have been for many years. Materials are more gorgeous and trimmings are very elaborate.

Among the most noteworthy evening gowns are the white dresses ornamented with beads. Sometimes they are embroidered in tiny pearls in designs of bands running around the skirt. What might be known as chandelier embroidery also is used. This is done in crystal beads with crystal pendants hanging from the motifs. Embroidery such as this is extremely effective on black.

Charmeuse is an exquisite dress in all black developed from panne velvet and has a very open pattern of crocheted lace which looks almost like a

Dinner Dress of Black Panne Velvet and Black Lace.

fine passementerie draped about the skirt. There is a radiant girdle of rhinestones and onyx at the low waistline, which hangs at the front in Egyptian panel style.

WAYS OF FASHIONING PELTS

Paris Furriers Stitch, Twist and Cut Fur Into All Sorts of Shapes—Seam Together.

Mantles in fur are more voluminous and more extravagant in cut than last season. For evening the most attention-arresting linings are used in gorgeous metal and printed effects. Velvet brocaded chiffon veils have bright satin linings in some of the more elaborate models, the satin being in a vivid tone and the chiffon brocade usually in a fur tone—that is, brown. This makes a very soft and beautiful lining. Metal brocades with brilliant colors in the pattern are frequently used for lining evening mantles. Ermine mantles are lined with black and silver brocade.

The Paris furrier has seemingly surmounted all obstacles in the working of pelts. He stitches, twists and cuts them into all sorts of shapes, then seams them together to form mosaic patterns—squares, diamond shapes, round and curving. There are straight and horizontal stripes; there are undulating stripes and festoon stripes worked out perfectly in furs. Moleskin and seal are often worked in what is called the shell pattern; that is, cut into bits and sewn together to simulate the markings of the tortoise.

Unusual Frock.

A blue serge frock, cut on delightfully girlish lines, with the waistline at the normal place, is trimmed only with diamond-shaped medallions of black silk and a sash of American Beauty colored georgette.

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"SCADS" MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Romanticists May Deny It, but Average Man Beyond Middle Age Knows It to Be a Fact.

Someone—Raymond Hitchcock, I think—used to sing a little song about the difference just a few hours makes. He might have gone a little farther. What a difference just a few dollars make.

Rebecca Colt—It is Cole, now, though it used to be something else when Old Abe opened his boots, bottles and iron emporium in our back alley—Rebecca and I used to be good friends. She was a tarnation pretty girl, Becky was. More than that. She was a ripping, raving, tearing beauty. She didn't have the clothes, then. The most you could say for them was that they were clean. The girls in our town were just finding out that hair could be marcelled, waved and whatnotted by hired help. Their mothers had always washed their own hair and sat on the back porch until it dried. Becky had to wash her own and fluff it around with her hands until it could be put up. Entrancingly pretty, Becky was, at such moments.

I was in love with her, of course. But my mother savaged me whenever the fact came to her attention. Becky was pretty, she admitted, but that was about all that could be said of her, and she was handicapped by that boots, bottles, and old iron ancestry. Becky was sort of in love with me, I think. Just propinquity, probably, but her eyes used to shine very pretty when I hove in sight. Well, I was chased away from the paternal hamlet for one reason and another, and when I got back the old man had moved to better street, and mother rode down e market in a glass-inclosed car that ad a sort of family likeness to a arge, and the town newspaper printed ay picture, as the son of the well-known and popular, etc.

So I sort of looked down on Becky. When we met we were both embarrassed. We could not get back to the frank camaraderie of our youth. That infernal boots, bottles and old iron skeleton rattled its dry bones in our ears. I walked down Main street with Becky one day, but I was conscious of my condescension.

I met Becky again yesterday, for the first time in years. Old Abe has run that second-hand shoestring of his into a large and odorous tannery. He will always be Old Abe, essentially bootsy, bottley, and old irony, but nevertheless rich. Becky has married a rising young millionaire. They have more bottles in their cellar than I ever saw in a fancy grocery.

Becky condescended to me. Nothing nasty. But she was conscious of her social superiority. Ain't it funny what a difference just a few scads make!—Chicago Daily News.

Wedding Rings.

It was once an old English wedding custom for the bridegroom at the ceremony to present the bride with a purse of money as well as a ring. This appears in the words of the ceremony as given in an old edition of the prayer book:

"With this ring I thee wed,
This gold and silver I give thee."

The ring was the sign that the wife was entrusted with her husband's property; specially valuable possessions were delivered into her care. She was responsible for them. Wedding rings were often used as seals, and with them the fastenings of household treasurers were stamped. Roman rings were iron seal rings, and it was common for a man to give his wife two of them—one, of gold, to wear outside the house for show and one, of iron, for every day use. The tradition of the "fourth finger of the left hand with the vein leading directly to the heart" seems to have an ancient origin, the thumb being reckoned as first finger.

Once Was Enough.

There's one taxicab driver in New York who has an inordinate fear of highwaymen, especially when he's crossing a bridge, says the Sun, of that city. He takes ingenious precautions to foil holdup men.

Following a dance recently a couple entered a taxicab. They were about to drive over a lonely stretch of Washington bridge when the cab was suddenly drawn up to the curb.

The driver sprang from his seat and pulled open the door. The girl clutched her escort's arm, both gaping nervously at the driver, expecting a gun to be thrust at them.

"I was held up on this very bridge once," the driver gasped, "and I don't expect it to happen agin if I can help it. I'm tellin' you folks now that all I've got is $3.85, an imitation gold watch and this here phoney diamond ring."

"Acute Stomach Trouble" Not Fatal.

Pretty nearly every week we see in the paper that the Hon. Mr. So and So, while making an after-dinner speech, was seized with "acute stomach trouble," was taken to his hotel and soon died. That is never true. Nobody was ever killed by an attack of acute stomach trouble.

There was long standing organic disease in some other organ of his body. The sick organ is probably his heart, the next chance is his kidneys and the third chance his brain.—Dr. R. C. Cabot in "A Layman's Handbook of Medicine."

Wireless Set in Matchbox.

Two new inventions are a wireless receiving station in a match box, and a wireless receiver that can be worn like a finger ring, with an umbrella as an aerial.

Glass That Won't Break.

According to recent reports, a Bohemian inventor, after 13 years of research, has succeeded in producing unbreakable glass. At a recent demonstration, it is said, plates and vessels of the material remained whole when thrown to the ground from a height of 12 feet. Meat was roasted on a thin glass plate over an open fire at a temperature of 750 degrees Fahrenheit. Tin was melted in a glass pot and nails were driven in a piece of hardwood, using a piece of glass for a hammer.

A SENSATIONAL CASE

QUEBEC ROCKED BY MURDER OF BLANCHE GARNEAU.

Editor Who Made Insinuations Against Legislature Is Now In Jail—Two Members of Parliament Before Commission to Clear Good Name of Families, and the End Is Not Yet.

On July 22nd, 1920, Blanche Garneau, an eighteen-year-old girl, left the store in the city of Quebec where she was employed, at the usual hour, to go by the usual route through Victoria Park to her home in the suburb of Stadacona.

Eight days later a boy playing by the St. Charles river in the park found her outraged body.

Such a crime is not unique. Neither is it unusual that the perpetrators should go unpunished and undiscovered. But the murder of Blanche Garneau has had a most unusual sequel.

Two and a half years after the death of the working girl an editor, one of the prominent figures of the Province of Quebec, lies in jail because he made injudicious, and, it may be, illegal comment on the case. To make the sentence he is serving possible, the Quebec Legislature was called upon to pass an act which, its opponents assert, outrages a basic tradition of British justice. The whole province is seething with interest and excitement. So violent is the storm that even the stability of the hitherto impregnable Taschereau Government has been threatened. And it is within the realm of possibility that the issue may become prime factors in the arena of Dominion politics.

The name of Blanche Garneau, unknown beyond her little circle of life, is on the lips of the whole nation two and a half years after her death.

Apart altogether from Blanche Garneau, the case of John H. Roberts, the editor who is now in jail, has become a cause celebre. John Roberts has been a stormy petrel in Quebec affairs for years. He came into much prominence at one time as leader of the temperance organization in a province that even yet seems irretrievably wet. Recently he established a weekly newspaper call the Axe. And the Axe proceeded to live up to its name. The Taschereau Cabinet and the Legislature generally were the chief objects of its assaults.

Taking the Blanche Garneau case as a text, Roberts made such charges against unnamed members of the House that immediately he had the whole population by the ears. The Axe swung wide and irresponsibly. It is not suggested that the innuendoes and rumors which the Axe published originated with Roberts. Almost from the time of the finding of Blanche Garneau's body gossip had been busy connecting the names of prominent families with the crime, and the Axe simply put into print some of the gossip that had been previously circulating in underground channels.

The Axe refrained from mentioning the names which gossip did not hesitate to bandy. But the Axe's articles were by no means inoffensive either in matter or in manner to members of the Legislature.

The Legislature decided that its honor must be vindicated. In the Criminal Court a charge was laid of seditious libel for intimating that the public was linking up unnamed members with the crime. But, this procedure seeming insufficient, the Legislature also haled Roberts before the Bar of the House.

First violation of judicial tradition, says Robert's counsel—two prosecutions on the same charge.

At the Bar of the Legislature Roberts declined to name the unidentified members or to answer other questions, on the ground that to do so might disclose his line or defence in the court proceedings simultaneously pressed, his records and manuscripts having been already seized.

Premier Taschereau and the Legislature were thoroughly aroused by Roberts' attitude.

When the Legislature came to look into its powers it found the worst it could do to Him for offending the dignity and violating the privileges of the House was to keep him in confinement, which would be more or less comfortable, until the end of the session, at most a matter of a few weeks.

Then the Government and Legislature took a course which has brought upon their heads a storm of criticism. They did an unprecedented thing. They passed a special Act of Parliament for the punishment of a single individual. A bill enabling the House to sentence Roberts to jail for a period of one year was introduced and speedily rushed through all readings.

And so Roberts went to jail and there he lies.

Second violation not only of tradition but of the constitution, declares Roberts' counsel, and also a great many people. The increase of the penalty after the committal of an offence outrages the spirit of law and justice, it is said. Changing the rule of the game after the game has been played is a principle that might have revolutionary results in many matters, especially with Labor edging toward the seats of the mighty. Moreover, it is pointed out, it was never intended that a legislature should be an instrument for the prosecution of individuals.

That the Legislature acted under strong emotion may be judged from words of Premier Taschereau, who fathered the bill:

"I solemnly declare before my province and before Him who will some day pass judgment upon me that we did all we could to find the real culprit (in the case of Blanche Garneau) and that nothing was done to try to shield any person or persons. I would not have hesitated a moment to take any necessary action even if the sword of justice had fallen upon those nearest and dearest to us. I do not fear blackmail and I can lay before all the public all my public and private life."

But the Government realized that something must be done in the case of Blanche Garneau. Gossip had been developed into a perfect miasma. Accordingly a royal commission consisting of two retired judges was appointed to investigate whether the Government had done all that was possible to find the murderers. Later the commission's powers were widened to enable it to go out and find the murderers itself if it could. This commission vindicated the members of the Government, but left the Garneau case unsolved.

The established facts concerning her death leave wide gaps. Numerous clues which had seemed significant have led nowhere.

Blanche Garneau was the adopted daughter of two old people, Michael Baribeault and his wife, living in Stadacona. When Blanche disappeared, Michael said he could not afford to lose $3 a day from his job to go and look for her. Blanche was employed in a tea store, where she was known as of excellent reputation. Her amusement was her attendance at the choir of a local parish. Her best friend was her aunt, in whose home she sometimes spent the night. She had never been in love, but a few weeks before her death met a young man at a picnic.

It was disclosed that she had written to him short notes in which she expressed the hope that she would meet him again.

This is the summary of her life given at all inquiries, with the addition that a few days before her disappearance she had returned home in a motor car. Her foster parents had taken no notice of this.

On the day she was last seen she left the store, and, accompanied by a girl friend, proceeded to Victoria Park. At that point she would generally take a short cut and walk beside the street car line for a quarter of a mile or so to reach Stadacona. Her friend, at the inquest, relates that Miss Garneau had looked worried, but she had not made any mention of the possibility of meeting anyone. It was then seven o'clock in complete daylight, and at a point where street cars give a five-minute service. About a week later her body was found between the car line and the river. Medical evidence proved outrage.

The coroner's inquest was kept open for weeks. Finally Raoul Binet, a prisoner in an Ontario jail, made a statement implicating a man named Palmer, another prisoner in a Quebec penitentiary. A prosecution followed. Binet hedged. Palmer established an alibi. And Binet got five years for perjury.

Then "Tete-Noire" Duval, a soldier in barracks at Quebec, claimed he had knowledge and implicated alleged "higher-ups." But the records show Duval was in "clink" on July 22, 1920.

Officials received a letter naming the alleged perpetrators from E. R., Box No. 729, General Delivery, Quebec. But Box No. 729 belonged to the sheriff of Quebec.

Thus clue after clue petered out. But all the time gossip was busy. The case, gossip said, demonstrated incompetency in the administration of justice or worse. And gossip, of course, favored the "worse" idea.

The royal commission brought out the names of two members of the Legislature whose respective sons had been mentioned in the gossip. Both establish alibis.

Martin Madden, M. P. for Quebec West, described as Taschereau's right arm, after his son Magellan Madden had testified, was called to the box. He almost broke down as he referred to the keen sufferings of his wife and children through the rumors which had been spread abroad.

As he left the box Mr. M. ended with, "They are liars. God there are few in Quebec, is sufficient to start a thing like t

Arthur Paquet, M.P. for St. weur, Quebec, was next called.

"It is my misfortune that these rumors have started," he said, "but I thank God that on the evening of July 22 all the family and all the children in my family were gathered in my house to fete me on the occasion of my elevation as a Chevalier of St. Gregory the Great."

Witness added that brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law and their children made altogether a party of some thirty or thirty-two. "They are French-Canadian families and therefore big ones."

The court intimated that the public would now be well satisfied of the innocence of these men.

But the fever is by no means out of the case yet. Armand Lavergne, once famous lieutenant to Bourassa, the Nationalist leader who has been associated with the case at various stages as counsel and is now acting for Roberts, is not hesitating to make political capital out of it. To wildly excited and crowded gatherings he is telling the story of the case interspersed with attacks on the Government. Apart from the merits of the Garneau case the interest in its gives him a chance to disseminate such charges as that Quebec is in the hands of a family compact, and that of the Taschereau family alone, fifty-four members are in the public service and have cost the province $2,000,000 within a few years.

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ALL REPORTED DEAD ARE NOT DEAD

In last week's issue of the Review appeared the report of the death of Mr. Ghent of Havelock. Since then we have received a card stating that to be sure of our information we publish reports of this kind. Now, it may seem to the unipitiated that it is a comparatively easy matter to verify reports before we publish them. As a matter of fact, in most cases it is not possible to ascertain the correctness or reports. In most cases a publisher has to accept other people's statements. Neither the time nor the means is at the disposal of the publisher to verify reports that are in circulation. Now, as a matter of fact we have accepted the statement of the writer of the card, that Mr. Ghent is still living and we are pleased to know that the statement that we made as to his death is not true and we are glad to know that Mr. Ghent is living to read the notice of his own demise, and that like Mark Twain under similiar circumstances, he will be able to say that the report of his death "has been much exaggerated".

While we are on this matter we might say that some years ago, we decided not to publish accounts of births, marriages and deaths unless they were ordered and paid for. One reason for our reaching this conclusion was that a newspaper that publishes these events only when ordered performs a valuable service for the community. Sometimes the disposal of property hinges upon the ability of the claimants to prove the facts of births,, marriages and deaths. Insurance companies have sometimes written to us with regard to the published death of an individual. Another reason why we adopted the practice of charging is that some years ago a boy dropped into the office on his way to school, and left a notice of a birth of a child to a married couple who never had any children. The report was a hoax pure and simple, and the publisher got the enmity of the parties so reported.

The reason that we have within the last few months reverted to our old practice of publishing these events free is because our readers in distant provinces like to receive this kind of information.

Sometime ago what seemed to us a rather humorous incident —a doctor came into our office and apologized for making suggestions as regards the running of The Review and said that if we were to publish the accounts of births in the community we would increase the circulation of our publication. We were much amused at such a suggestion coming from a doctor, and remarked that when doctors and undertakers gave their services free we would be pleased to adopt the suggestion. Up to date we have not been called upon to enter into any agreement with the doctors and undertakers on this matter. Henceforward reports of births, marriages and deaths will be accepted at regular advertising rates.

THIRD EGG LAYING CONTEST

Had the birds of the Third Ontario Contest decided to entirely give up business until the weather improved they could almost have been forgiven. A change such as took place during the past week end when the thermometer fell from 28 degrees above to 33 degrees below zero has not been experienced in Ottawa for many years.

Whilst many of the birds suffered evident discomfort it was very noticeable how many were apparently indifferent to the extreme cold.

The total week's production showed an decrease of 97 eggs. Altogether 123 birds made no progress and of this number 8 birds have totally blank records.

The best score for the week went to the Barred Rocks for their effort of 42. Next came the White Leghorns there was one bird with a poss

continued on page 4

LECTURE ON POULTRY IN TOWN HALL

A class was held in the Town Hall on Monday afternoon on the subject of Poultry Keeping. There was a fairly good attendance, mostly Madoc citizens, including the old fanciers such as Connor, Watson, Armstrong and O'Riordan, with such recruits as Harris, Nayler, Wallbridge and Burns . Of course Wallbridge and Burns may consider themselves as being in the Connor, Armstrong Watson and O'Riordan class but we refuse them such recognition and class them with the raw-recruits. It is rather surprising that so few farmers attend these classes of instruction, where such valuable information, the result of many years' experiments and at the cost of so much money, can be obtained absolutely free and can be almost immediately put into practice at great benefit to the farmer. As an example take the case of Mr. Harris. So far as we know until this year he has not given much attention to poultry raising and yet he informed the class Monday that he had a pen of eighty pullets and that from this pen he had been obtaining all winter not fewer than 44 eggs a day and sometimes as high as 75. Mr. Harris has been selling these eggs all winter and at winter prices and is thoroughly enjoying the work. Why cannot the farmers of this community do likewise and reap the rewards?

The Department at Guelph and at Ottawa are anxious to furnish every enquirer with such information if put into operation will make every department in Agriculture more profitable.

BANNOCKBURN W. I.

(Contributed)

Monthly meeting of Women's Institute was held on Monday Feb. 5, in I.O.O.F. hall, with an attendance of twelve. Three of these being new members. The weather being extremely cold we consider this a good ly number. After the opening exercises a few business matters were discussed and programs arranged for the next three meetings. A report on the Women's Institute at Toronto was read which had been kindly sent to us by one of the members of the Madoc Women's Institute and was enjoyed by all present. Mrs. W. L. Munro, our worthy President gave a contest which was very much enjoyed by all even though we did not win the prize Mrs. A. Bronson being the lucky one .

A dainty lunch was served by Mrs. Jas. Harris and Mrs. Jas. Hunter.

The Institute wish to invite all the ladies in the community to come to their next meeting and enjoy a social hour and help to build up a strong society.

A paper to be given by Mrs. J. White on "How to make the common place life interesting, also a button holing competition will be held and a prize given to the one with the best workmanship. Let's all do our best and bring one.

Roll Call, best remedy for a burn. burn.

Hostesses for next meeting Mrs. S. L. McEwen, and Mrs. W. McEwen. L. McEwen, and Mrs. W. McEwen.

DIED

Elizabeth Fitton, suddenly on Friday, February 2nd 1923, at her residence, 1202 White Stone Road, College Point, New York.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Mumby of Bannockburn, Hastings county, where she was born, being survived by one daughter, Mrs. Thomas of New York, one brother J.D. Mumby and one sister, Mrs. Alex Franks, also of New York. The funeral was held on Monday February 2nd, interment being at Flushing Cemetery.

A man is always anxious to explain where he got his bad cold, but he is no so willing to tell where he got his good umbrella.

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PROGRESS IN POULTRY

ONE OF CANADA'S BEST LINES OF LIVE STOCK.

Ontario Leads All the Other Provinces In the Number of Fowls Kept by Farmers, and There Has Also Been a Vast Improvement In Quality of the Birds.

With the exception of dairying, poultry is the one line of live stock in Canada in which anything like satisfactory progress, so far as the producing end is concerned, can be recorded of late years.

In poultry, more particularly in hens and turkeys, the increase in numbers has really been very considerable. In 1918 there were a little over 31,000,000 hens in all Canada; on June of the present year there were in round numbers, 40,000,000. The number of turkeys in Canada has increased in the same time from a little over one million to well over a million and a half.

Ontario leads all the other provinces in the number of hens, with a total of 12,740,000. In proportion to population and in point of increase in flocks, however, other provinces surpass Ontario in this respect. Saskatchewan, for example, with only about one-fourth of Ontario's population, has 7,750,000 hens, which is well over half the number possessed in Ontario. Alberta, with about a fifth of the population of Ontario, has nearly 5,500,000, not so very far short of half of Ontario's number. Moreover, while Ontario's numbers have increased by only a little over a million and a half since 1918, Alberta's have from 2,702,000 to 5,421,000. In fact, the most noteworthy increases in numbers have taken place near the eastern and western extremities of the Dominion, New Brunswick having nearly doubled hers, and Alberta, as above shown, has made the full 100 per cent. increase. All the provinces show an addition in this line of live stock, Nova Scotia standing at the foot of the list so far as progress is concerned, and being but little ahead of Prince Edward Island in total numbers.

In looking back over a longer period the progress in poultrying seems even more striking than when a short period is taken for purposes of comparison. In 1904 there were only 17,000,000 hens in all Canada as compared with practically 40,000,000 to-day. But, great as progress in production has been in that time, it has not kept pace with market requirements. In 1904 Canada exported 5,780,000 dozen eggs and imported 972,000 dozen, thus leaving net exports at nearly five million dozen. In the fiscal year of 1921 we exported 6,579,000 dozen, but we imported 5,341,000, thus leaving our net exports only a little over one million dozen. In other words, despite the doubling of our flocks in the interval, our net exports are only about a fourth of what they were eighteen years ago. We are, in fact, but little more than meeting the needs of our own market to-day.

There is, however, one wholly satisfactory feature in the situation. The enormous increase in domestic consumption of eggs, which the figures given indicate — an increase vastly greater in proportion than the addition to the population of Canada —is a direct result of improvements in quality of product. Anyone whose memory goes back over a quarter of a century or more hardly needs to be told how great that improvement has been. A joke heard on a train about that time illustrates the quality (?) of eggs which were then too often served on the tables of consumers at this season of the year. It was a commercial traveler speaking—

"We had," he said, "two eggs for breakfast. I opened mine with a knife; my wife opened hers with a prayer. Then we both opened the window."

It is a rare thing to find it necessary to open a window for that purpose now. And it is, as stated, because of the improvement in quality that domestic consumption has so greatly increased. What is called for now is still further acceleration in production. There is unlimited room for expansion. Even in the late eighties, before the western provinces had begun to be a factor in production, our total exports of eggs were more than double what they are to-day, and our net exports, over and above imports, were at least twelve times what they are at the present time.

Quack Grass.

Quack grass has been indicted on another count by R. C. Kirby, collaborator with the United States Department of Agriculture in cereal disease investigations.

This common farm weed pest, Mr. Kirby declares, is the greatest harborer and spreader of "take all," a comparatively new disease which has caused a loss of from 60 to 70 per cent. in New York wheat fields last year, and has appeared in Indiana, Arkansas, Kansas and Oregon. The disease attacks only winter wheat seriously, spring wheat apparently being immune. It has also been known to spread to rye, barley and timothy. Oats is resistant.

Decayed Leaves.

Decay of leaves and woodland vegetation forms rich and fertile soils in the forest in which conditions are favorable for the development of new tree growths, says the School Book of Forestry, issued by the American Tree Association, Washington, D.C. When living tree seeds are exposed to proper amounts of moisture, warmth and air, in a fertile soil, they will sprout and grow. A root develops which pushes its way down into the soil, while the leaf-bud of the plant, which springs from the other end of the seed, works its way upward toward the light and air. This leafy part of the seed finally forms the stem of the tree.

HONEY-MAKING.

Bee, Blossom and Bee-keeper Are the Factors.

Few of those who use honey as a table food really understand what part nature plays, what part the bee takes and to what extent the bee-keeper's skill comes in in order to produce that food called extracted honey. R. F. Holtermann, of Foster & Holtermann, Limited, Brantford, states that in the process of honey production the nectar is secreted by means of the nectaries of the blossom, and the bee is attracted by the aroma of the blossom, and probably at closer range by its color. The nectar is stored in the honey sack of the bee. The quantity of nectar secreted by the blossom is dependent upon the vigor of the plant, which involves soil and moisture conditions. Cool nights with hot, muggy days are favorable for nectar secretion. This nectar has added to it secretions from the bee which act on sugar similar to pepsin on protein. These secretions partially and largely invert the cane sugar in the nectar. At the same time the higher temperature of the hive and a current of air, fanned by the bees over the comb, thickens it and finally brings it to a consistency where it is thick enough to keep from speedy fermentation. These also give it the flavor and palatability of honey. Thin honey is never good honey.

The part the bee-keeper plays in extracted honey production is to give the bees plenty of room in which to store honey; to try by preventing swarming to have a united, large working force, and to seal the combs as soon after extracting as possible, thus retaining the essential oils and aroma which is part of the value of the food. All pure Canadian honeys will granulate, that is, become solid. Heating is injurious, and Mr. Holterman states that probably more than three-quarters of the Canadian honey is consumed granulated. He and many others prefer to eat it in that form. Honey is a concentrated food, and should be eaten in small quantities at a meal.

Pure-bred Bulls.

There is every reason to believe that the replacement of scrub and grade sires by pure-breds is on the increase. Reports received by the United States Department of Agriculture from county agents in various parts of the country show that the "Better Sires—Better Stock" movement is having a noticeable effect. A recent statement by M. G. Lewis, county agent of Rockbridge county, Virginia, is typical of a large number.

Many farmers have disposed of grade or scrub bulls and are using registered bulls instead. On the other hand, there are men who still persist in holding out against the progress and development of the live stock interests by keeping inferior grade or scrub bulls. Some of these men have grades that are fairly good individuals, while others have scrubs that are the worst kind of a disgrace to the community.

Records Prove Big Value of Registered Bull.

The cost of a good registered bull is so small now that it is a mystery why any farmer will keep anything else. Many records have been kept during the last few years to prove out the actual value of a pure-bred bull in dollars and cents.

Charges Must Come Down.

Prior to the war it cost $27 to ship a steer from Winnipeg to Britain, the above sum defraying freight charges and feed en route. To-day, according to Col. H. A. Mullins, a veteran live stock agent of Winnipeg, the cost is $57. "This is fatal to the live stock industry," says Col. Mullins, "and before shipments on any large scale are made there will have to be a big reduction."

Col. Mullins, from his experience in shipping cattle to Britain both before and during the embargo period, claims that Western Canada has a very suitable type of cattle for shipment. They are particularly hardy, and are able to stand the 2,000 miles of rail and 3,000 miles of water trip better than any other. In order that a shipment may pay, however, according to this authority, no steer under 1,200 pounds should be sent across.

Saves Farmers Money.

Minnesota farmers selling butter through a central co-operative association have saved, on an average, $10,000 each week on freight rates alone; 11.5 per cent. on all supplies purchased through the organization; and a total of $70,000 computed on the present volume of business. Seventy per cent. of the co-operative butter of the state, represented by 350 creameries, is handled by the association. Agencies have been established in the big eastern markets where the product is graded and sold on a quarter-cent commission.

WHITE WYANDOTTES.

Breed Known by Present Name for Past Forty Years Now Popular.

The demand for an attractive table fowl is becoming greater every day and in this respect the White Wyandotte stands out prominently. Prior to 1883 the Wyandottes were not known by this name, but for twelve years previously poultrymen were endeavoring to produce this type of bird. By crossing the Cochin Bantam and Seabright Bantam the first birds were produced that received recognition. It is believed that an inferior grade was raised as far back as the time of the Civil War, but these were known by other names.

F. A. Houdlette of Massachusetts, gave the Wyandotte its name in 1883, partly due to the fact that Wyandotte Indians inhabited New York and Michigan, where they were first cultivated, and also Mr. Houdlette claims that he had a great fondness for a coasting vessel of his friend named "Wyandotte."

The White Wyandottes originated as sports from the Silver and became prominent in 1885. To-day they represent one of the most important breeds of fowls of American production and are exceedingly popular, due to several qualities which they possess. They mature quickly and are plump for roasters at five months, weighing as much as other coarser breeds at six or seven months. They are the proper size and shape for a table fowl, being short legged, short backed, plump breasted and round in body. As the meat is a beautiful color and free from the disagreeable pin feathers, the housewife finds that it is easily prepared for the table. As broilers there are no birds that can compare with them. At eight weeks old they are fleshy and plump, weighing about two pounds. They develop flesh instead of feathers.

Packers are very anxious to secure the White Wyandottes for there is no other bird so easily packed, as the first joint of the leg does not project beyond the rump. So eager was an American packing firm to secure this type that they presented several farmers with cockerels to encourage the production of Wyandottes.

As an egg producer the Wyandotte ranks almost equal with the Leghorn and usually begins laying eggs one or two months sooner than most other classes.

On the farm of Jas. H. Wheaton, concession 2, West Nissouri Township, near Thorndale, is one of the finest flocks of White Wyandottes to be found in Western Ontario. Nine years ago Mr. Wheaton sold his other varieties and purchased White Wyandottes and this type has proved the most satisfactory of any that he has ever produced. He believes they will supply the farmer, the villager, the seller and the buyer with the choicest of flesh in the most compact form, and with the least waste and smallest cost.

In order to prepare the Wyandottes for roasters Mrs. Wheaton uses the crate feeding method. The crates are about twelve feet long, eighteen inches wide and twenty inches high, divided into three compartments, each capable of holding four birds. The crates are made of slats, have flat bottoms and are placed on stands, several inches from the ground and an absorbent such as sand or ashes is spread underneath. The crates are placed in a sheltered place and troughs are arranged in front of the crates. The birds are well dusted with sulphur before being placed in the crates.

During the first week, if the days are long, they are fed three times with all that they can clear away.

During the second and third week they are only fed twice a day with as long an interval between as possible.

The ration which has been found to be exceptionally palatable and one that produces the whitest and finest texture of flesh in the shortest period is chop without any hulls, mixed with skimmed milk to the consistency of thin porridge. Grit and plenty of drinking water is also provided.

At the end of three weeks the crate-fed Wyandottes on the Wheaton farm average about seven pounds and some have reached eight pounds in weight.

Several other residents of West Nissouri who have tasted the fine roasted, crate-fed Wyandottes at the Wheaton residence have purchased some birds of the type and are well pleased with the success with which they have met.

Harry Harding of Thorndale, Ont., has some very fine Wyandottes and finds them a splendid village fowl.

Hogging Down Small Grain.

Whether or not it will pay to hog down small grains will depend upon circumstances, but probably it will not. Hogging down rye was found to be an unprofitable practice in pork production in a three years' test at the Ohio Experiment Station. The average daily gain of the hogs on rye was less than one-half of a pound, whereas when corn and tankage, formed the concentrates and clover was used for pasture gains of more than one pound a day were secured. In addition, it required 473 pounds of rye to produce 100 pounds of pork. The rye would have returned a great profit if it had been sold as a cash crop. Even when the hogs were allowed about one-fourth of a pound of tankage daily in addition to the rye, they consumed 634 pounds of rye as compared with 226 pounds of corn for 100 pounds of pork produced.

Danish Hog Industry.

In a recent report to the Danish bacon trade a special representative of the United States Department of Commerce says:—

"From one aspect, Denmark may be regarded as a great transformer of agricultural wealth. From different quarters of the globe the country steadily draws in corn and vegetable oil cake and is thus enabled to sustain a flourishing dairy industry. The dairy industry is the main prop of the Danish hog industry."

WOMEN THE CHIEF WORKERS

In Welsh Community That Was Founded by Flemings, Gentle Sex Shoulders Life's Responsibilities.

About twenty miles up the marvelous harbor of Milford, in Wales, is a little village tucked away in a creek. Here live and die a small settlement of people whose ancestors were Flemish.

In the reign of Henry II, a band of weavers was sent over from Flanders and installed in Haverfordwest castle. They were engaged to make cloth for the nobles of the land.

In the castle they toiled for many years until at last, either tired of work or forgotten by their employers, they left the dreary prison fortress and settled in a small tract of land about eight miles away.

Although many years have passed, the people still keep the customs of their forefathers. The women's dress is but a slight variation of the dress worn by the Welsh in the olden days.

The women do all the important work. It is no unusual thing to see the women in the courtyard of their villages preparing the culm (a mixture of clay and coal used for fuel in Pembrokeshire and the man lounging against the wall of the house.

In all things, the woman shoulders the responsibilities of life. Before the marriage, the bride-to-be prepares for the struggle of living. Her trade depends upon the possession of a small rowing boat.

To get together sufficient money to buy one, she brews many casks of beer. All her friends are invited to her home to drink the beer, for which they pay. The stauncher the friend, the larger the quantity bought! When the beer is sold the boat is bought and the wedding feast is prepared.

Then comes the hard daily round for the girl. Every morning she goes out in the boat and returns with a load of shrimps and cockles.

These are put into panniers which are strapped on the sides of a donkey. With another pannier on her back and a small basket on her arm she trudges into the nearest town, where she hawks her wares from door to door.

How the husband spends his day is secret history! It is hoped that like a dutiful man he prepares the dinner for his tired wife. Perhaps the vegetables and a piece of bacon, which complete the evening meal, are the result of his day's work.—Buffalo Express.

Dead Beat.

Arnold W. Brunner, the New York architect who recently declined a $20,000 salary from the Pennsylvania government because he thought himself sufficiently well paid for his work already, said at a dinner in Philadelphia:

"Some people are puzzled by my action. Well, such people, when it comes to government jobs, don't know the meaning of the word 'honesty.' Speaking etymologically they are as much at sea as the club steward.

"An elderly clubman, after a long sojourn in the Orient, said on his first visit to the club:

"'Where's Abraham, my old waiter? Not defunct, I hope?'

"'That's what he's done, sir,' said the club steward furiously, 'with every blessed thing he could lay his hands on!'"

Valuable to Mariners.

In a recent speech in New York Signor Marconi, the man who first made wireless communication possible, announced that he has worked out a method of directing radio waves instead of permitting them to scatter broadcast. He does it by means of what he calls "reflectors," the construction of which he did not clearly explain. He believes that the invention will be valuable not only in sending messages in a single direction but in controlling messages that are now sent out to sea from stations on the shore, so that ships can determine their exact distance from land.—Youth's Companion.

She Won.

A young man met his pretty girl cousin the other day for the first time, and was attracted by her.

"I bet you a dime," he said, "that I can kiss you without touching you."

"Of course you can't," replied the girl.

"Well, will you take the bet on?" asked the other.

"Y—yes," said the girl dubiously.

Her cousin thereupon kissed her.

"Oh, but you did touch me!" exclaimed the girl.

"I know I did," replied the young man, with a grin, "and here's your dime."

Their Choices.

"Where will poor Mrs. Gabbins go now that both her daughters are married and living in different cities."

"Well, one son-in-law would like to have her go to Springfield and the other to Brooklyn."

"What dutiful sons-in-law!"

"Not at all. You see, its the one in Brooklyn who wishes she'd go to Springfield and the one in Springfield who wishes she'd go to Brooklyn."—Boston Transcript.

Sounded Good.

Bright—Better come over to the club tonight; we are going to have a foreign lecturer to speak to us, and a Jugo-Slav.

Green—Sure, I'll come; but what kind of a drink is Slav?

She Keeps It There!

"Time waits for no man"—but hangs around the corner a bit for the average woman.—Life.

Love's Old Dream

By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS

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If blushing in sleep is wholly impossible, Mrs. Bettie Lewis Lawrence achieved that impossibility. Certainly she awoke feeling horribly embarrassed, full of hot shame and self-disgust. But as she sat up, rubbing an eye, glancing about her fine, orderly room, her mood changed utterly—she fell back upon the pillow with a gurgling laugh as she realized that her troubling was a dream—nothing more.

She lived alone and self-sufficient—had done it all the thirty years since her young husband had died when they were hardly past the honeymoon. No recluse; rather a Lady Beneficent, helping here, there, everywhere, in sickness or health, at funerals or festivals. The neighborhood, whole and several, swore by her. Some units of it swore at her—deep down.

On the surface it would have been dangerous even for a man who had wooed and wooed, only to be laughed away, not with scorn, but in the kindliest fashion. Nobody had ever been rejected outright—Mrs. Betty was too wise, eke too kind, for that. She gave hearty approval to second marriages—for other people.

Yet she did not plead devotion to a memory—rather a personal shrinking from any renewal of the double estate. From the height of a serene maturity she saw clearly such changes in herself, as might have made existence with poor, dead Dudley not a way of roses. But never by any chance did she name such things outside. Indeed, they remained inarticulate even to her inner consciousness.

And she had waked from a dream wholly incredible—that Pressley Dandridge, whom she barely knew, had driven to her doorstep, asked her out of hand to marry him—that she had consented on the spot, filled with a sudden curious heart-warming toward him—that when she had gone for her hat so as to drive away with him to a minister, she had come back to a space empty of all but a small, grinning black lad, who had piped cheerfly: "Dat ar gentemun he told me ter take an' tell you he aint never comin' back, no mo'."

Matter enough for blushes, even by a widow of fifty, you will admit. Mrs. Betty's sense of humor was of the liveliest—as the situation cleared she laughed on till she was weak.

The joke was too good to keep all to herself. As soon as she had her she called up her nearest neighbor and dear gossip, Nanny Stowe, and told her all about it. As she talked she heard gurgles and explosions of laughter over the wire—then, stoppage as of a hand over the transmitter which made her certain Nanny was retelling the story.

But she did not mind until as soundmurmurs began again she caught among them a word or two in the growling bass that could belong to nobody but Nanny's Uncle Jimmy.

That wouldn't have mattered in the least except for the fact that Uncle Jimmy and Pressley Dandridge were sworn comrades. Also, that men were notorious gossips; hence Mr. Dandridge, a widower just feeling his freedom, would be sure to hear the whole mess—thus Mrs. Betty mentally characterized it. But she called shrilly, "Please, please, Uncle Jim, shake your niece Nanny good and hard for betraying my confidence, and then give your whole mind to forgetting you heard what she said."

"Agreed, provided you won't forget what you dreamed," Uncle Jim said with a huge, sighing chuckle. "Lord! To think of your wasting that on a dream man—'specially such as Old Press. More'n a dozen of us old bald coots, sighin' widderers and moss-backed bachelors, matches to me, have been ready and anxious to have you even look at us, ever since you took off black. Why, any of us'd give his best smile, and his hopes of heaven for even half a chance ter spark you. I call it right down un-Christian, this dreamin' stunt."

"Wait till I see you. Wire won't carry what you deserve," Mrs. Betty flung back, slamming the receiver on the hook. Uncle Jim shook his head, really achieving a creditable sigh. "Betty's the best of all women," he said judicially to Niece Nanny, moving ponderously in her wake to the waiting breakfast table.

He looked over it with approval—it was so neat, so pretty, the smell of everything enough to drive a hungry man crazy. And he might have it all the time instead of only when he stayed all night somewhere, if only he had a wife—the right sort.

Betty was the right sort—no better housekeeper in the county—easy to look at, as the boys said, trim and light on her feet, even if she was close on fifty. Of course she'd never really look at a man who had no looks to speak of—nor much else besides land and money, and live stock—things for which he had paid with his youth, his middle age. Work had absorbed him, been the antidote to heartbreak back in the early twenties when a jilt had played with him. Suppose he had had the sense, the luck, to try for Betty then? But she had held fellows off so—never shy, but just so friendly it smothered all chances for love-making. He had lived with and for himself. Save for the comradery of his working men and his creatures. She had been luckier some ways—every child in the neighborhood loved her—and the old and poor folk seemed to feel she brought sunshine with her, no matter what the weather.

He had loved driving, striving, thriving, never taking advantage of extremity, but joying in good bargains and ware of making any others. Incidentally, he had been a good neighbor, open-handed to real need, but not lavish of himself as Betty had been. Plague on it! They ought to have run in double harness. Too late now, of course, for anything like that—but, O! it was aggravating to think how much better all things might have been.

"Mrs. Betty must have took your appetite, Uncle Jim," Johnny Stowe said, trying to heap a third helping of fried chicken upon Uncle Jim's plate. Jocularly, of course—to his amazement Uncle Jim nodded acquiescence, saying slowly: "She 'most did. Say, Johnny, what you reckon has ailed her all this time, if now she wakes up and thinks she could take Press Dandridge?"

"Maybe she agreed, because he up and asked her. None of the balance ever did, as far as I know," Johnny returned. Niece Nanny added sagely: "You hit it right there, John. I always felt if any man would get down to cases, as the children say, Betty'd find out she was tired of being lonesome."

"Well!" Uncle Jim rose ponderously to the full stretch of his lank six feet. "I'm going to find out about it before I'm a day older. And, Nance, if it works—well, I won't say what I'll do."

* * * * * * *

Evidently it worked. Just how neither party to the seance ever told. But next Sunday the congregation at Bethlehem lost its breath for half a minute, when Uncle Jim led Mrs. Betty up the aisle just before the benediction and married her out of hand. And less than a month later Nanny Stowe had a brand-new touring car with all the fixings. Mrs. Betty was the giver of it. Uncle Jim had been bidden to save his spare money to send the young Stowes through college.

ANCIENT SIGNS AND PROVERBS

Have Been Borrowed From Spain and Are More or Less Generally Believed in America.

All countries have their signs and proverbs. Our own land being comparatively new, has not so many of its own as the others, but it has borrowed a good many here and there. Here are some translated from the Spanish language and which, so far as I know, have not found their way into our collection of superstitions:

An infant crying during the ceremony of baptism will never reach maturity. Every child will keep a place in heaven for its godmother. When a cock crows in the night it is a sign that a friend of the family has died. He who yawns must not forget to make a sign of the cross over his mouth, else Satan will hop down his throat. He who feigns death will soon die in reality. To sleep with the head of the bed toward the east will bring bad luck. To keep a visitor from remaining too long put a broom behind the door. The Portuguese use a shoe for that hospitable purpose, or throw salt in the fire. He who trims his nails on Friday suffers from toothache, and moreover, Old Nick assists in the cutting. If a man dreams of his sweetheart and will at once turn his pillow he will dream of her again. He who falls asleep in the kitchen will marry an old woman. It is unlucky to eat an orange after sunset. Be cautious of a silent man and of a dog that does not bark. If thou wishest to have a wife choose her on a Saturday and not on a Sunday.—Marion Holmes in Chicago Daily News.

Streets in Dutch Towns.

In most of the Dutch towns there are streets with the word gedempte attached to their names. This means that in some access of modernizing zeal, those townspeople have filled in the canal of that particular street and so have abolished one of the chief features of a street in Holland. But little of that kind of performance is found in Enghuizen, where the town stands so greatly upon the ancient ways. There are beautiful broad navigable canals here, and little ones mostly shaded with trees, even to the harbor wall. There you may look out from the Stavoren Poort and think of the legend that gave the name to it: that a road once ran from here to Stavoren, across those 13 miles where the sea now rolls. There is, likely enough, truth in it although remote indeed must those times be.

Homesick Ducks.

A curious instance of the homing instinct in a duck and a drake occurred in the parish of Barr the other week (writes a correspondent to The Scotsman.) At the last term in May the fowls were brought by a shepherd from the farm of North Balloch to the farm of Warlea, a distance of 12 miles. All went well until last week, when they left their new home. They were seen by a herd on Changne farm crossing the moor in the direction of their old home, and as soon as they reached the burn at South Balloch they took to the water and swam the remainder of the distance, reaching North Balloch again safe and sound.

Discretion.

"You don't make as many speeches as you used to."

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "A man who wants to be popular must avoid detaining people with talk when they would rather be at the picture theaters."

SOME SMILES

DOMESTIC NOTE

"Poor Mrs. Jones!" sighed the sympathetic neighbor. "She must lead an awful life. She tells me her husband hasn't a single fault; he is a perfect man."

"But that should make her happy!"

"Not any. Why, what on earth could she have to keep up a conversation with him?"

Up to the Minute.

"So your son is going to law school?" asked a neighbor of Farmer Furleigh.

"Yep," answered the farmer. "But he don't pay no attention to his books. I reckon mebbe he's goin' to be one of these unwritten lawyers I've read about."

An Appropriate Title.

Perkins—I wonder why they named this picture theater the Beehive?

Parkin—Have you ever seen any of their pictures?

"Never."

"Well, if you ever do you'll know the reason, all right, because after each one you feel as though you'd been stung!"—London Answers.

Services in Demand.

"How rich is Mr. Wadleigh?"

"He must have a great deal of money."

"Yes?"

"I understand he has been invited by a number of candidates to become the master mechanic of their political machines."

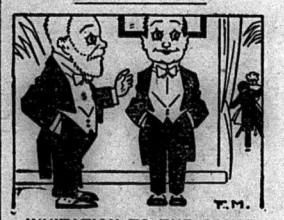
The Big Expense.

What a very stunning coat of arms. I'm sure you ought to be very proud of it."

"We are. But George says it will cost a lot to put it on the door of the limousine."

"Why? Because it's so intricate?"

"No. Because we have to get the limousine first."



INVITATION TO THE DANCE

"Shades of Chesterfield! What an invitation to the dance."

"What did the young man say to the girl, Colonel?"

"'Come on, kid, let's jazz.'"

Misleading Applause.

The orator the public notes
And to applause is stirred;
And yet some chap will get the votes
Who scarcely said a word.

Right at Hand.

Irate Boss (to caller who has left the door wide open)—Sir, do you know what good manners are?

The Caller—I'm just your man. I have here for your consideration the best book on etiquette that was ever published.

Spills the Beans.

"I've given up telling my wife anything."

"So have I mine. It simply goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"That isn't the trouble with my wife. It goes in at one ear and comes out of her mouth."

Forestalling a Touch.

"Morning, Mr. Dodleigh."

"Good morning, sir."

"Could you lend a little financial assistance to a friend?"

"Thanks. I need—"

"The friend I have in mind is now touring Europe."

Incorrigible.

Teacher (to literary class)—Now, give me some word like 'bemoan.'"

First Pupil—Bedew.

Second Ditto—Bedaub.

Third Ditto—Bespatter.

Fourth Ditto—Begorra!

According to Quality.

Flubb—Brown paid $25 for one of his photographs.

Dubb—Wasn't that rather steep?

Flubb—Not at all! It happened to be a snapshot of himself kissing a bathing beauty at the beach!

Largely True.

"They have a new car."

"They have? They can't afford it."

"I know; it's always the people who can't afford them who are buying cars nowadays."

More Like It.

"A scientist claims he can weigh one's conscience."

"By the ounce?"

"No; by the scruple, I imagine."

Few of Us Are.

"This is a man's world," she complained.

"Maybe it is," he replied, "but don't blame me. I'm not guilty."

RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO
NEURITIS vs. T.R.C.'s
SCIATICA

Have you given up? Have you resigned yourself to that old, gnawing pain that nothing seems to relieve? Do you think because you can't go to Hot Springs or take some expensive treatment that you have no other alternative? We have many cases considered hopeless, tried everything, baths, serums, electricity, who found recovery in using T. R. C.'s. (Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules). We have thousands of letters that prove beyond doubt T.R.C.'s to be the most practical and successful Rheumatic remedy sold. At druggists, $1.00 per box. For Free Trial write Templeton, Toronto.

The Wise Plan.

"Mr. Meekingham has great presence of mind."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, while he was proposing to Miss Stronghead instead of saying, 'Will you be mine?' he said, 'May I be yours?'"

A CALL-DOWN

Obnoxious Football Player: Look here, coach, there are two fellows not fit to be on our team at all.

Coach (calmly): That so? Who's the other.

No Devotee.

He takes his wife on fishing trips—
I speak of William Henry Pipps—
Which doubtless started the report
That he's not keen about the sport

Got Back at Him.

Hub—I think I'll get a magnifying glass so that I will be able to see the steaks you cook for my dinner.

Wife—Good idea! It might also enable me to see the money you give me to buy them with.

Ignorance Is Bliss.

Husband—Synthia, when I looked at my accounts last night I nearly died of fright. Our motor car is costing us over $500 a year!

Wife—Well, Alec, don't blame me! I advised you not to keep an account! —Edinburgh Scotsman.

Sport in the Jungle.

The Hippo—If I'd known there was going to be such a crowd I'd have bought ringside seats. We can't see a thing from here.

The Giraffe—I think these seats are fine. I can see everything.

Completing Her Collection.

Helen—People say it is awfully good of her to marry him. He has an artificial arm and an artificial leg.

Marie (sweetly)—Yes, about the only artificialities she hasn't got herself.

Just Nothing at All.

Mr. Cheerup—Look pleasant, my man. The fellows who succeed are those who can smile.

Mr. Lowdown—Sure! That's what makes 'em smile. What have the other guys got to smile about?

Disagreements.

"Do you resent the fact that a man does not agree with you?"

"Not at all," replied Senator Sorghum. "In looking over my speeches of a good many years ago I find that I do not always agree with myself."

Has the Last Say.

Caller—I must say, Helen, that your husband looks as if he had a will of his own.

Hostess—So he has, dearie; but I always add a codicil to it.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HER LIFE

This Fruit Medicine Always Gives Relief

917 Domion St., Montreal.

I suffered terribly with *Dyspepsia*. I had it for years and all the medicines I took did not do me any good.

I read something about *"Fruit-a-tives" being good for all Stomach Trouble and Disorders of Digestion*, so I tried them.

After finishing a few boxes, I was entirely relieved of the Dyspepsia and my general health was restored; and I am writing to tell you that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives"

Mlle. ANTOINETTE BOUCHER.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

DEADLY OVERDOSE

"What experience did you have with the roach poison I sold you last week?"

"Not so good, not so good. All the roaches did well on it, and I think are looking better, except one. He liked it so well he made a durned pig of himself and foundered. I'm afraid I'm going to lose him."—Philadelphia Retail Ledger.

No Chance Left.

"I think he must be a hopeless failure."

"Hopeless? Has he tried many things."

"Everything. Even to the writing of moving picture scenarios."

"And failed at that?"

"Absolutely."

"It does seem that there is nothing left for him."

Descriptive.

A small Glenwood avenue boy went with his mother to see the nature picture called "The Four Seasons."

In the "Spring" section was shown a handsome buck which had just lost one of its antlers.

"Oh, lookie, maw," the boy cried, "that deer is on'y got one hatrack."

BUT THE STAKES WERE BIG

"They say Hunter had to propose to Miss De Rich six times before she accepted him."

"She certainly gave him a run for her money."

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THE REVIEW

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It has been an old saying that the best is saved until the last—and that's true.

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and last but not least, a real Lock Steering Gear, which is so essential to insure comfort in driving on sandy or muddy roads, etc.

You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

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that we have ever handled, at prices to suit all purchasers. Wall Paper samples may be seen at my shop, first door east of grist mill, or at Dominion Express Office.

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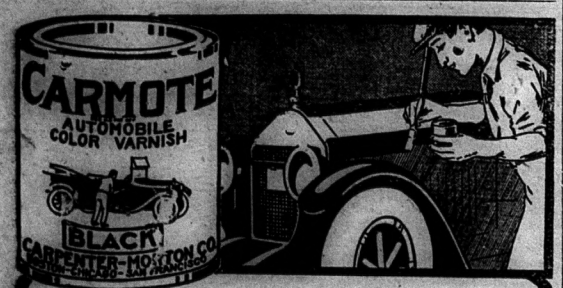

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Sets slowly, permitting even the novice to secure an even, satisfactory job.

Dries in about 24 hours with a beautiful lustre that will stand weather and wear

Comes in 10 Popular Colors. Put up in Quarts, Pints and Half-Pints. Ask for Color Card

FRANK DAFOE

Once Bitten—Twice Shy.

Advertising may make a poor article sell for a while, but the most persistent advertising would not induce you to make a second purchase of a thing that turned out to be fraudulent, and the profit on the first sale would never pay for the advertising.

Do you not think the advertisers know this? They fully realize that the very first essential of success is to have something worthy, something that people want and will keep on buying.

If you see a thing advertised regularly week after week, year after year, it is safe to conclude that it possesses actual merit and is well worth its cost,

MAN TO BE ENVIED

Follower of Confucius Has Many Advantages.

Both at Home and Abroad, Writer Points Out, He Is Favored Over Other Nationalities.

Wherever the Chinaman may be—and he is found in every part of the world—he has certain advantages which, for instance, the Americaman or Englandman does not have. Let us first mention the advantages of being a Chinaman in his homeland, Chaing Chaolin writes in the New York Evening Post. For one thing, he never has to be bored by political speeches. Chinese politicians hardly make any speeches; the few speeches they make are more refreshing, more revealing, as they tend to use phrases the full meaning of which the politician. For example, a Chinese politician is likely to begin his remarks, be they oral or written, in some such way as this: "I, unworthy Chenling, who have neither upheld the honor of my illustrious ancestors nor met the expectations of the honorable people of this land, who am without both ability and learning—" How much more educative political meetings in America would be if tradition compelled the speakers to make such frank revelations about themselves!

Another of the inestimable advantages of being a Chinaman in his homeland is the careful way in which the illusion of life's drama is maintained for him. This drama, as is commonly known, has only two actors—man and woman. And the elementary requirement of any drama is that the mechanics of it should be hidden, that the property man should not get on the stage when the curtain is still up. Now in China, the heroine of life's drama never spoils the show, as is done in some other countries, by exhibiting the mechanical processes of makeup right on the stage; she would never think of powdering her nose in a restaurant scene, nor would she interrupt the action to puff out her curls whenever the exigencies of the drama should require that she take off her hat. These are trifles, but then the illusion is thin enough as it is.

Another advantage which the Chinaman shares with the Chinawoman, in a country where marriages are always romantic and must always remain romantic, acting romantically toward the husband or the wife is a part of good manners. In China, romance may or may not co-exist with marriage; if it does, well and good. The Chinaman and the Chinawoman are under no circumstances compelled to recall the expressions of endearment as soon as company enters the home. If the Americaman and the Americawoman shared this advantage how much suffering could be spared!

Abroad, as at home being a Chinaman has advantages. Let it suffice to mention the general advantage of being a Chinaman in America. We are anxious to tell this advantage because we have enormously profited by it. The language which the Americamen use may be hard and perverse, yet a Chinaman, by making the subject agree—sometimes disagree—with the predicate in three successive sentences, acquires instantly the reputation of speaking excellent English. Again, every Chinaman in America who can make any kind of speech or write any kind of composition becomes immediately an authority on China. The thirty American intellectuals, in view of the many criticisms they have suffered, must envy the ease of the Chinaman in becoming an authority on his own country.

If life is so drab, so materialistic in America, mayn't the solution be in all Americamen becoming Chinamen?

Monarch's Target Practice.

Interesting stories of the late King Buno of Swaziland are told in "Adventures in Swaziland." The author is Dr. Owen Rowe O'Neill, who in spite of his Irish name is a South African Boer. King Buno was a savage of the old school. He preferred the gin which he could drink to gold which he could only look at. He drank the gin all at once, as soon as he got it. On one occasion, when he had come into possession of a Mauser rifle and cartridges, he had his whole army paraded in front of him, and began a sort of shooting competition into the motionless ranks. The savage king slipped a clip into his Mauser, the metallic click intensified by the silence. He raised the rifle, sighting down first one line of warriors and then the other. The next instant a shot rang out and a plumed Swazi pitched forward and lay writhing in the sunlight. "Four more shots rang out," says Doctor O'Neill, "and at each a plumed head came down."

Keep Hands Off.

The love of the wood rose is rightfully in all our hearts. That city motorcars can take city dwellers to it in a day is a boon that the genius of modern civilization has lately conferred and that is worth much, says the American Forestry Magazine. It is necessary that with privilege should go the power of self-restraint that teaches all not only to love beauty, but that others, as worthy, may equally enjoy it.

Baby Wanted It.

"How far is it to the moon, dad?"

"About 240,000 miles, so the astronomers tell us."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to take a taxi, baby wants it."

DREADED SPOTS

There Are Places That Dumb Animals Shun.

Near my house there is a wood of beech and fir. There is plenty of undergrowth, and a stream that is never dry runs tinkling through it. An ideal place for bird life, one would say, yet we call it the Birdless Grove, and it deserves its name.

True, in winter a few pigeons visit it for the beech mast, and at times I have seen a flight of tits moving through the tops of the tall firs. But apart from these there is never a bird to be seen, and in all the years that I have known it I have found but one nest there—that of a brown owl.

The phenomenon is not so rare a one as might be supposed, but the reasons why birds shun certain woods are not easy to discover.

Nor have I any idea why rabbits are plentiful in one valley and missing altogether in the next. I have in mind two valleys in Devonshire, close together, alike in soil, shelter, and climatic conditions. One is a vast warren; the other is quite rabbitless.

A friend who has spent much of his life in Canada tells me that similar curious contrasts exist in British Columbia. One day one is crossing country which teems with animal life; in the next valley, across the watershed, although conditions seem to be precisely similar, there is no wild life at all. He says that this condition is well known to the Indians and the trappers, who avoid these dead spots entirely.

What is true of the land is equally true of the water. Every fisherman knows that there are certain pools in his pet trout stream where, cast as carefully as he may, he will never catch a fish.

Take a country like Florida, which is dotted with thousands upon thousands of lakes. Most of them teem with black bass, bream, and various other fish. Yet there are some which have no fish at all. Outwardly there is no difference to be seen between the lake that has fish and the one that has not. It is only by actual trial that you can be convinced.

In all parts of the world you will find certain rivers which have no fish life. There are some in Canada; there are many in South America. But in this case it is easier to find an explanation. A river or part of a river may get poisoned by foul swamp water or by running over ground impregnated with copper ore. Or a small affluent of poisoned water may render a stretch of the main stream uninhabitable to finny life.—T. C. Bridges, in London Daily Mail.

Thornton's Chances of Success.

The great problems and the great dangers that will face Sir Henry Thornton when he takes over Canada's Government Railway System, are outlined by Samuel O. Dunn in the current issue of MacLean's Magazine:

"The most important question that remains to be settled regarding Sir Henry Thornton's work as chairman of the Canadian Governmental Railways is whether he will or even can, be given freedom and authority to manage them in practically the same way that he would manage them if they were owned by a private company and he were its president. If he is given this measure of freedom of action and authority he may succeed in time in accomplishing some such improvement in their physical condition, operating efficiency and financial results as was achieved in past years by Harriman, Ripley and Hill on the Union Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the Northern Pacific and other Western Railways in the United States. If he does succeed in doing this he will confer benefits upon the people of Canada which the imagination cannot now even estimate. On the other hand, if a short-sighted and mistaken public sentiment causes political influences to interfere with what he tries to do to effect economies, maintain rates and carry out other policies essential to establishing a business-like relationship between the expenses and the earnings of the Government railways, his work will not be successful; and the responsibility for its failure, as well as the losses which will have to be paid because of his failure, will fall upon the people of Canada."

Why Ice Floats.

If it were not for one peculiar property of water, the past history of the earth would have been completely altered and man himself might never have been born.

Almost everything gets bigger when it is heated and smaller when it is cooled, and in the ordinary course of events water does exactly the same thing. But the strange point is that if you cool water to seven degrees above freezing-point it stop getting smaller and begins to expand, continuing to do so until it becomes ice.

That, of course, is why ice always occupies more space than the water from which it is made, and so easily bursts jugs and water-pipes. It also explains why ice floats in water.

But if water followed the general rule, and got continually smaller as it grew colder, ice would be heavier than water and would form at the bottom of ponds, rivers, and seas instead of at the top.

That would mean that in past ice ages all the living inhabitants of the water, including the progenitors of man, would have been frozen to death, for numerous forms of life are always to be found beneath the ice-topped seas of to-day.

Canada's Shipping.

In 1919 Canada was only thirteenth among maritime nations. Since then she has risen to eighth place, with nearly 9,000 vessels. Many new steamship companies have been organized since the war started, and the Canadian Government's own fleet now numbers 63 vessels.

How Clothing and Furnishing sales are increased *by Long Distance*

Some quotations from recent reports:

"Long Distance brought us so much business that we expect to enlarge our factory."

"Tried Station-to-Station service and find it very satisfactory for selling goods to distant points."

"Thanks to Long Distance we are able to carry on without a large stock of goods. We call up wholesalers for our needs."

"We call up customers in outside towns and make appointments for tryons."

A well-known firm of Ottawa retailers writes "We often use Long Distance in preference to writing."

We can tell you how to apply Long Distance to almost any business

JAS. A. COKERS

Manager

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

THIRD EGG LAYING CONTEST

Continued from page 1

ible here with 39 and the White Wyandottes were three less in third place.

Three pens dropped to single figure totals.

The best pen to date White Wyandotte was badly handicapped by a "passenger" and the credit for an increased lead goes to nine birds.

In second place a change is made, as the White Wyandottes climb a notch higher and put the Barred Rocks three points behind. As the best bird to date, Barred Rock No. 385, maintained her place with one egg to the good, her record being 82.

In second place with 81, Barred Rock No. 17, by five eggs this week improves her position to a lead of three.

For third place a give and take race is being run and, owing to a slacking on the part of No. 384, Barred Rock No. 128 with 78 reoccupies her recently lost place with an advantage of two eggs.

Tracing Cows.

You know that no two people in the world have finger-tips that are exactly alike. The arrangement of the little ridges and furrows of the skin differs in every case, hence finger-prints are the most certain method of identification that is known.

It has been found that a very similar method can be used for identifying cattle, but in this case the nose is used as the testing spot. The wrinkles of the tip of the nose are never duplicated in different animals.

Nose-prints are made by applying a thick ink to the soft skin between the nostrils, and then taking an impression upon a piece of soft, absorbent paper.

They supply an invaluable method of sorting out valuable cattle when, as sometimes happens, they become mixed up after a show. No one could safely steal a pedigree animal whose nose-print had been taken and "filed," for it would be impossible for the thief to remove the means of identification.

Clemence Dane.

Miss Clemence Dane, author of "The Bill of Divorcement" and "Will Shakespeare," and the most successful of contemporary woman dramatists, has had a varied career. She has been a school teacher, actress, designer of posters after the manner of Aubrey Bearsley, an enthusiastic political feminist and a novelist as well as a playwright. Her real name is Winnifred Ashton, her pen name evidently having been inspired by that of the famous church in the Strand. She is described as tall and slim, with attractive, well-marked features.

King of Interviewers.

Although he returned from the Far East only a few months ago, Isaac F. Marcosson is off again, this time to put the probe into troubled Germany. Upon his return Mr. Marcosson will go on an extended lecture tour. It is doubtful if any other living writer has covered as much ground during the past eight years as this "king of interviewers."

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR HIDES, FURS, EGGS AND WOOL

SAM LAPAM

NOTICE

Will all parties who are indebted to the late Denis Gillen please call and arrange their account with the undersigned and oblige.

Mrs. D. Gillen,
Executrix of
Denis Gillen Estate.

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by public auction on the premises of the undersigned, Lot 9, 5th Concession, Madoc Township, 3 miles north of Madoc Village, on TUESDAY, FEB. 27, the following: 1 team matched heavy draught horses, 2800 lbs.; 1 team matched grey horses, rising 6 yrs.; pure-bred Holstein cow, 6 yrs. old; pure-bred Holstein heifer, 2 yrs. old; pure-bred bull, 3 yrs. old; 10 grade Holstein milch cows, 6 grade Holstein heifers rising 3 yrs.; 14 grade Holstein heifers rising 2 yrs., 7 grade Holstein calves rising 1 yr.; 1 pure bred calf, 71 shoats, 40 hens, Massey-Harris binder with truck Massey-Harris corn binder, McCormick mower, 5-ft. cut; horse rake, Dain hay loader, Massey-Harris 3-horse cultivator, Massey-Harris 2-horse corn cultivator, disc harrow, Deering manure spreader, Massey-Harris finishing harrow, Verity gang plow, 2 walking plows, Massey-Harris seed drill, roller, stone-boat, heavy tubular axle waggon, truck waggon, hayrack, gravel box, set heavy sleighs, long sleigh and box, cutter, buggy, Chatham fanning mill with bagger, Uneeda separator, 500 lbs capacity; set of Bain waggon wheels, 3-in. tire, nearly new; 1 pole, adjustable for buggy or cutter; Chevrolet car, in first-class condition; set single harness, 3 sets double harness, potash kettle, 2 sap pans, 200 sap buckets, 4 forty-gal. milk cans, robe, set of scales, quantity of grass seed, fire extinguisher, 4 milk pails, churn, butter jars, butter bowl, sideboard, 1 dozen chairs, 2 stoves, 3 lamps, 2 bedsteads, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence 12 o'clock sharp.

Terms—$10 and under, cash; over that amount, 9 months' credit on approved joint notes with interest at the rate of 6% per annum.

E. C. TUFTS, Auctioneer. WM. K. ELLIS, Owner

AUCTION SALE

of Farm Stock and Implements

There will be sold by public auction on Lot 5, 8th Concession, Madoc Township, 2½ miles from the Village of Madoc, on THURSDAY, FEB. 22, the following: 10 first-class grade milch cows, 1 yearling heifer, 3 horses, 70 hens, Massey-Harris binder with truck Massey-Harris disc drill, nearly new; Massey-Harris cultivator, McCormick mower, Massey-Harris horse rake, corn cultivator, steel roller, Chatham fanning mill, cream separator, buckboard, top buggy, set of sleighs, walking plow, gang plow, harrow, hay fork, lumber waggon, set single harness, set double harness, forks, rake, sap buckets, milk cans, pails, straw cutter, organ, 2 bedsteads, 6 chairs, 3 tables, Oak churn, 2 cook-stoves, 1 heater, crockery, glassware, sealers, crocks, bags of potatoes, and an almost endless variety of articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp.

Terms—$10 and under, cash; over that amount, 9 months' credit on approved joint notes with interest at the rate of 6% per annum.

E. C. TUFTS, Auctioneer. JOHN ALLEN, Owner.

FOR SALE

5 h.p. gasoline engine "Magnet" and circular saw for sawing wood. $250.00 delivered. For further particulars, apply to Maxwell Reynolds, Bancroft.

FOR SALE

Span of well matched Clyde mares sound and active, 6 young reg. Holstein cows and 8 large yearling bulls from a sire whose Dam produced 26000 pounds of milk.

F. A. Comerford.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale, Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon known as the W. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc, and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross, Barrister Madoc.

January 30 h, 1923.

FARM TO RENT

¾ of Lot 11, Con. 1 Madoc Tp. This property is 7 miles from Madoc, well cultivated, fenced and has good buildings, convenient to school, church and telephone. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to John E. Craig, Belleville R.R. No. 6 or Edmond Plane, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair, good garden space with fruit trees. For terms Apply Gavin. M. Wallbridge, Madoc.

FOR SALE

At G. A. Rollins, Madoc, one cook stove at $15. One cook stove $20. One range, with high shelf $45

FOR SALE

A solid, 8-room brick house, 2 lots good well, furnace, now occupied by J. Whytock. For further particulars apply to J. Whytock.

McINTOSH BROS.

Home Knitting Yarn, every shade special 6 balls for $1.00

Scotch Fingering Yarn, a snap at $1 a lb.

'You know us'

Heavy Wool Sox for Men, reg. 50c, spec. 4 prs, for only $1.00 Come early

QUALITY and QUANTITY

The last week of the Gigantic Whitewear Sale. We are reducing our entire stock. Specials in each of the nine departments.

Hemstitched Pillow Slips, Sale pair 50c
Others from, sale 15c each.

Ladies' Cotton Nighties, neatly trimmed. See them. Reg. $1.50 each, sale ... 98c

Flannelette Night Gowns, reg. up to $1.75, The last week of the Sale they will be . 98c

Plenty of bleached or unbleached cotton, special for Sale days, greatly reduced.

UNDERWEAR

Do not miss this, gents! Come and see them.

Turnbull's wool medium weight combinations, reg. $2.25, Sale days per suit 1.69

Other lines in wool and fleece-lined that range in price per garment .... 59c up

All Ladies' and Children's Wear reduced to clear them out this week.

A few Children's Dresses in Flannel and Homespun, up to seven years, regular up to $6.00 clearing each 1.00

We have a large supply of Soaps, just arrived.

McIntosh's Laundry Soap, two-and-a-half times as large as the ordinary laundry soap and goes two-and-a-half times as far, makes beautiful suds. Try it. 10 bars for 75c

Six bars of Toilet Soap for 25c.

Many different kinds to choose from.

15 rolls Toilet Paper for $1.00

McINTOSH BROS.

Bread and Butter Plates, hand painted, reg. 25c, 6 for $1

A SCOTTISH HEIRLOOM.

It Connects Field of Flodden and Vimy Ridge.

Among the most treasured of heirlooms in a certain Canadian home is an amber-colored flask of curious history, which, belonging to two sisters of the lineage of Sinclair, and descendants of the House of Caithness, Scotland, once saw service on the Field of Flodden and again served Armistice Day in Canada. Proudly these Sinclair sisters trace the history of the flask back to the days of the Battle of Flodden Field. Bitter war waged between England and Scotland during the reign of James IV. William Sinclair of the House of Caithness—the county of Caithness, the most northerly of the mainland of Scotland—was under an attainder, although history never defined his crime. A high-spirited nobleman, and loyal to his King, he voluntarily raised 300 men and rushed to the assistance of King James.

The Earl of Huntley was leading the right wing of the Scottish army and William Sinclair supported him valiantly. The night before the Battle of Flodden, as the Earl of Caithness led forward his troops, the King watching them approach, cried out at sight of the fresh, green uniforms. Curiously he questioned his men, and when they told him that the fresh troops were under the leadership of the Earl of Caithness, he exclaimed: "If that be William Sinclair, I will pardon him."

The King ordered parchment brought to him, but none could be found; then, pointing to a drum, he ordered that the deed of forfeiture be written on the drum-head. When it was complete, King James added his signature and commanded his men to cut it out. This pardon he presented to William Sinclair. The earl, turning to one of his men, thrust the document into his hands, commanding: "Run with this to Caithness and put it into the hands of my lady, for fear I fall in battle, and the title of the estate will still be hers."

The following day the Scots suffered defeat. The Earl of Huntley deserted the field, but the Earl of Caithness, stood the ground, sacrificing his own life. All of his men—excepting the runner who had gone to Caithness with the pardon—perished. An amber flask in leather casing was strapped to the back of the runner bearing the pardon to the Lady of Caithness.

Through generations of Sinclairs the flask of the House of Caithness has come down to the possession of the sisters of the lineage of Sinclair. During the late war the brother of the Sinclair sisters volunteered in a Canadian battalion drafted in the home town of the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia. On the eve of his departure the historic flask of Caithness was filled with blackberry wine and stored in the dusk of a cupboard against the brother's return, when a toast should be proposed.

The brother paid the supreme sacrifice at Vimy Ridge, but on Armistice Day these Sinclair sisters bravely brought into light the amber flask of wine, and, carrying it proudly, they marched with the rejoicing mobs of the town streets. Visiting an old Scottish friend, the sisters of the House of Caithness unsealed the flask that had once been carried on the Field of Flodden, and in the Canadian home drank a toast to the boys then overseas.

Borden Knew Canada.

Alfred E. Zimmern, formerly one of the editors of the Round Table, that British organ of Imperialism, tells a good one of Sir Robert Borden.

In 1916, during the height of the war, I had the privilege of meeting Sir Robert Borden, then Premier of Canada, and hearing him discuss the international outlook in the freedom of an intimate conversation. Somebody made the very orthodox remark that the war was likely to strengthen the ties between the Dominions and the Mother Country. And I remember the surprise in the company when Sir Robert, in his canny Scotch way, pondered on the seeming platitude for a moment and then remarked quietly, "Well, I am not at all so sure. It may have exactly the opposite effect for a time. We shall soon see."

With keen psychological insight the Canadian statesman had realized that the first reaction of his countrymen toward the new situation created by their participation in the war would be to strengthen their Canadian pride and to make them feel more Canadian and therefore less English. Ypres, and Vimy and Passchendael had added honor and dignity and sacred memories to what had before been not a little "colonial" and provincial. Canada had won her spurs as a nation.

Indian Kettles.

The beautifully rounded and smoothed pot holes which abound along the rocky shores of Lake George, and which, geologists say, were formed by the boring action of hard bowlers driven round and round in water eddies when the glaciers that once covered the Adirondack region were melting away, are called by the country people "Indian kettles." They think that the Indians hollowed out these holes, which vary from a foot to several feet in diameter and depth, to cook soup in. The heat, they assert, was produced by dropping red-hot stones into the holes. While the Indians did not make the holes, it is not impossible that they may occasionally have utilized them in the way described.

Review Ads Bring Results

Local and Personal

Reserve February 24th for hot supper, of Presbyterian Missionary Society.

We are sorry to hear that Miss LaFontaine of the Tweed Advocate is unwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelly, of Holloway, were week-end guests at the home of Mr. W.H. Kelly in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Sayer, of Holloway, were Saturday visitors at the home of Mr. R. P. Wellman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morson, of Campbellford were Saturday visitors at the home of their daughter, Mrs. J.E. Hallstone.

Don't forget the Box Social in Grange Hall, Madoc on Thursday evening, February 22nd. See posters.

Men's, 3-hole Gum Rubbers, 9 and 10, $1.98; 3-hole, red sole, size 6 $2.50; 4-hole, all white, 6 7 8 and 10, $3.25. Saturday for cash only. W.S. Ludbrook.

Miss Annie Morton of Campbellford, is spending a week in town with her sister, Mrs. J.E. Hallstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Ward and daughter, Helen, of McTaggart Sask. who have been spending the winter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Trotter left on Friday for Galt, Port Dover and Hamilton to visit the former's parents and relatives beleaving for their home in the West.

The next debate, at Hart's school house will be held on Friday, Feb. 23rd. The subject is "Resolved that reading is more educative than travel". The affirmative will be taken by Mrs. Roberts and Herbert Caskey, the negative by Miss Stewart and Wilfred Forrestell. Admission 25c.

Three weekly newspapers in Ontario have gone out or business since December 1st. In several places two paper towns are now one paper towns. The trouble seems to be that the the price of everything that goes to make up a newspaper has increased in price while the volume of business done has not been sufficient to balance the ledger.

20% discount on Men's Felt Storm Overshoes, Men's Women's and Children's Skating Boots and Bedroom Slippers. Saturday, for cash only. W.S. Ludbrook.

Queensboro

Rev. Mr. Whyte, Eldorado, gave an illustrated lecture in the United Church Thursday evening last, on Seven Years in a Lumber Camp, which was very much appreciated by those present.

Mr. Edmund Groves has purchased the Queensboro Mills from Mr. R. Fleming.

Miss Gladys Wilson has returned from a visit to her sister Mrs. McComber, Roslin.

Miss Lena Diamond, wro has been spending a week in Sulphide returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Eric Bowlby, Tweed, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Alexander.

Mrs. E.J. Sexsmith and Master Carman Sexsmith returned from Napanee, on Saturday where they had been attending the wedding of Mr. Ross Sexsmith.

Mr. E.J. Sexsmith M.P. is in Ottawa for the session.

Rev. Earl Sexsmith spent a few days last week in Napanee.

Mrs. Frank Parks, Cooper, spent last week with Mrs. Hagerman.

Miss Flo Landon returned to her home in Millbridge last week.

Miss James Ling and children, of Oshawa are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin.

Mrs. W. K. Rhodes ras returned from a visit to her father and sister Brantford.

NOTICE

Electric Light rates for January and February are due Jan. 19th. Please call and settle.

A. S. Cochran, Collector

Eggs in the state of Maine are selling at fifty cents each, and the grocers report a large sale. The customers appear to be well satisfied with them, as they are filled with rum! Customs officials are busy inspecting eggs that are shipped out of Canada.

HOCKEY

Anglicans 7 Methodists 3

On Wednesday evening of last week, one of the best games of the season was witnessed at the Madoc Arena, when the Methodists were defeated by the Anglicans by a score of 7-3. The game was fast with few penalties being handed out. There was not much team work but many brilliant rushes were staged which made the game very exciting.

Line up—Methodists—Demille, goal, McCoy and Burnside, defence Brady, Centre; Ashley and Burkitt, wings.

Anglicans—L. Hart, goal; B. Hart and Cross, defence; Blakely, centre; Tufts and Watson, wings.

The score—Methodists, Brady 2 Burkitt 1. Anglicans Watson 4, Blakely, 3.

Anglicans 3 M.H.S. 2

Friday evening the Anglicans won their second game of the season, by defeating the H.S. team by a score of 3-2. The high school team was weakened somewhat by the absence of Blue and Jackson, making it necessary to call upon substitutes. The high school boys started the scoring by securing the first two goals, after that however, the Anglicans had the best of the play and only due to the work of Henderson in goal was the score kept so low.

Line up High School—Henderson, goal; Rupert and Burnside, defence; Moorcroft, centre; Tufts and Vince, wings.

Anglicans—L. Hart, goal; B. Hart and Cross, defence; Brady centre; Blakely and Watson, wings.

The score; High School Rupert 1, Tufts 1. Anglicans, Blakely 2; Watson 1.

On Thursday evening the Presbyterian Sunday School Hockey Team were defeated by the Methodists by a score of 2-1.

The Tweed High School hockey team under the careful management of Mr. Moffatt, defeated the Stirling team, in Tweed, on Friday last by a score of 6-1.

League Standing

Team	Won	Lost
Madoc	4	0
Tweed	2	3
Marmora	2	2
Stirling	1	4

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Feb. 20—Tweed at Stirling
Feb. 23—Madoc at Marmora

TRENT VALLEY SENIOR HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Feb. 16—Marmora at Tweed
Feb. 19—Norwood at Havelock
Feb. 22—Tweed at Havelock
Feb. 26—Norwood at Tweed
Feb. 28—Havelock at Marmora

OBITUARY

Miss Eliza M. Robinson

Mr. Geo. Robinson, G.T.R. station agent at Madoc was called here recently owing to the illness of his sister, Miss Eliza Margaret Robinson Deceased was born in Port Hope, being a daughter of the late Geo. Robinson of that town. She has been living with her niece, Mrs. Harry A. Breakell, corner Liberty and Church Sts., but for some months has been in Bowmanville Hospital where she passed away early Monday morning. The remains were taken to the home of her sister, Mrs. Frank Vandervoort, Liberty-st., where the funeral service was held on Tuesday at 11-30 a.m., Rev. D.W. Best B. A. minister of St. Paul's church conducting the service here and at the grave at Port Hope where the interment took place in the Union cemetery. Mr. Wm. B. Varey, Toronto, Mr. Geo. Robinson, Madoc, Mr. F. Vandervoort and Mr. Harry Breakell also accompanied the remains to Port Hope.—Bowmanville Statesman.

FOR SALE

Any person wanting to buy apples would do well to see James H. Parks as I can supply them with the best varieties in bushel hampers on short notice. James H. Parks, Madoc, Box 151 tf

ASTHMA USE RAZ-MAH

NO Smoking—No Spraying—No Snuff

Just Swallow a Capsule

RAZ-MAH *Is Guaranteed*

to restore normal breathing, stop mucus gatherings in the bronchial tubes, give long nights of quiet sleep; contains no habit-forming drug. $1.00 at your druggist's. Trial free at our agencies or write Templetons, 142 King W., Toronto

MAY CURE DIABETES.

Important Medical Discovery Made by Dr. Banting.

A young Toronto doctor, five years a graduate in medicine, has, by the most important medical discovery of recent years, turned the attention of medical men the world over on his city. Following the traditions of centuries, without thought of personal remuneration, he has presented to the world the fruits of his labor. Two years ago Frederick G. Banting was slaving in the laboratories of the University of Toronto. Through the interest of Prof. V. E. Henderson he was allowed a few hundred dollars a year—a mere pittance which a laborer would have scorned. He almost starved himself while working to demonstrate his theory. To-day Dr. Banting is modestly bearing the eulogiums of the world, while his name is inscribed in the honor roll of mankind's great benefactors.

His insulin extract for the treatment of diabetes has already saved many lives; it has not yet been proved a permanent cure. Patients must continue to take frequent treatments, but it is expected that time will prove that these may be discontinued. No matter what the future may show, Dr. Banting has definitely bridged a gap, and, through a series of brilliant experiments, produced a remedy for one of the most prevalent and fatal diseases.

The town of Alliston is now proudly remembering that, some 30 years ago, it was the birthplace of the young discoverer. The University of Toronto takes pride in numbering him among its alumni.

In 1916 F. G. Banting received his degree of M.B. from the university. He is one of the comparatively few who have been honored with the degree of M.D. from Toronto. When the war broke out Banting was a student. When the need for doctors overseas became urgent medical students were prohibited from enlisting. A special summer course was given in 1916, and in the fall Banting graduated.

Returning to Canada, he practiced for a time in London, and was attached to the Physiology Department of Western University. This did not suit him. His mind was not on his practice. In November, 1920, while reading an article on the "Isles of Langerhans," he received his inspiration. The Islands of Langerhans are the parts of the pancreas which secrete into the blood stream the fluid necessary for the oxidation of sugar in the body. Their failure to function is the cause of diabetes.

Banting reasoned that if he could get an extract from the pancreas of an animal he could inject it into the blood of a diabetic patient and thus oxidize the sugar and cause relief. He threw up his London work and came to Toronto.

Though told by leading physiologists that other men had tried the same theory and failed, he continued in his researches. Experimenting with dogs, he managed to keep a diabetic animal alive for 70 days; previously a diabetic dog would live about fourteen days. Later he tried the extract on himself in order to make sure that it would cause no harmful effects. Then the first experiment was made on a diabetic patient. It proved successful.

In his work Dr. Banting was ably assisted by C. H. Best, a graduate of the university, and at present a student in medicine. Since the efficacy of the insulin extract was proved, a whole group of men in Toronto have been working on it, striving to standardize the product. Much has been done; much remains yet to be accomplished.

Colleges Benefit.

By the death of Mrs. Neilson of Bergierville, near Quebec, recently, a sum of $57,000, the usufruct of which was left to her by her father, Robert Bruce, will be divided among seven Protestant universities. Mrs. Neilson having been the last surviving child of four children the bequest goes to the following universities: Morrin College, Quebec; Bishop's College, Lennoxville; McGill University; Dalhousie College, Halifax; Queen's, Kingston; Toronto University; Manitoba College, Winnipeg, and the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, ex-officio, in trust. Sir Arthur Currie, principal of McGill University, at a meeting of representatives of the above institutions held at McGill University just before Christmas, was chosen chairman of the board of administration of the estate.

An Irish Lumberman.

A Parry Sound lumberman tells a little story to illustrate the unwillingness of the Irishman generally to acknowledge his ignorance of any subject.

One day a young Celt applied for work.

"Can you raft and boom logs," asked the lumberman.

"Shure, I can," replied the unemployed, with cheering promptness.

"Then,' said the' lumberman, "go up on the gap above the railroad bridge and boom all the logs you find with my mark. Any of the raftsmen will tell you about the mark, the locality of the gap, and so forth."

The Irishman hesitated a moment, and then, with an ingenious smile, he said:

"Shure I'll be goin' directly, sir. Do ye boom the logs as we do in the ould counthry, I dunno? Is it with a shovel ye boom 'em, sir, or how?"

Slightly Riled.

Small spectator (breaking the silence after a lengthy period)—I don't know how you can stick it. I should never make a fisherman.

Unsuccessful Sportsman—No; and you'll never make a mascot neither. —Punch.

That the earth is much older than the sun is the opinion of a well-known scientist.

A GOOD CITIZEN.

Scientist and Engineer Has Time and Money for Youth.

In Lieut.-Col. R. W. Leonard St. Catharines has a citizen and soldier whose principal interest is in the boy life of the country. In boy work in all its phases he takes an active part. He is especially interested in the Boy Scout movement and, if its principles were more generally practiced, he believes, the youth of the country would be of much higher calibre. Further, he is the founder of the Leonard Scholarships which are granted to assist in the education and support of the sons of clergymen, teachers, officers, and men of the Canadian and Imperial armies and navy.

Col. Leonard is prominent in educational circles as well as the engineering world for he is a Governor of the University of Toronto, Wycliffe College, the Kingston School of Mines and Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines.

He is the author of many papers contributed to scientific bodies on many subjects. As an engineer his ability and fame is known from coast to coast. Col. Leonard is a graduate of the Royal Military College at Kingston, an institution famed the world over for the qualities of the engineers it turns out, and has been vice-president of the Canadian Mining Institute, president of the Engineering Institute, member of the council of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy of London.

He is also a mmber of the Institute of Civil Engineers of London and the American Institution of Mining Engineers.

Born at Brantford, Ont., on February 21, 1860, Col. Leonard was just early enough to participate in the Northwest Rebellion. He was a captain in the Corps of Guides and also staff transport officer and acted in other capacities. As a construction engineer Col. Leonard has an extensive experience; among the buildings he constructed are the first Canadian power plant at Niagara Falls and the power plants at Kakabeka and Recew Falls.

Canadians Elected.

From the viewpoint of the Canadians directly engaged, the British elections were a decided success. With the exception of Sir Hamar Greenwood, all the Canadians running are known to have been returned, although their policies were variously representative of every party except Labor.

Col. Grant Morden secured a large majority in Brentford and Chiswick. Col. Maurice Alexander's remarkable win in Southwark was an entire surprise, even to his own supporters, and a tribute to his energetic campaign. Dr. MacNamara, also Canadian born, held his seat in another London borough, and so did Major J. E. Molson, in Gainsborough. Capt. the Hon. D. S. P. Howard, Lady Strathcona's son, defeated his namesake in Cumberland. Sir Thomas Fisher, of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, was, however, defeated in Portsmouth.

Canada was to the fore in the election in more ways than one. Col. W. F. Cockshutt, of Brantford, was an effective speaker for Col. Page Croft, who was returned in Bournemouth. In the neighboring constituency of East Dorset, Capt. Guest, late Air Minister, was ousted by a candidate well known in Canada, Ralph Hall Caine, son of Sir Hall Caine. Mr. Caine's success was especially notable in that he had been introduced to the constituency only two weeks before the election.

Poker Joke Went Wide.

Col. Geo. T. Denison probably has a richer fund of stories born of his long experience than any other Torontonian. The other day he recited to a group of friends an experience he had several years ago with the late Duke of Cambridge, then the commander-in-chief of the British army. The occasion was a review day, when the colonel was honored with a position among the officers at the saluting point. Just as the last of the cavalry rode past, the duke, galloping up to the colonel, exclaimed:

"Col. Denison, which, in your opinion, is the best body of cavalry in to-day's review?"

The colonel stated his preference, and explained why.

"That's my opinion, colonel, and for the very same reasons you advance."

"Excuse me, colonel, there are a couple of kings over there I wish to see for a minute or two."

"A couple of kings, colonel!" interjected one of the group whom Col. Denison was addressing. "A couple of kings and two queens wouldn't be bad, but three kings would be better still."

The colonel did not appreciate the point in his friend's remarks and then someone explained the meaning of these poker terms.

Memorial at Verdun.

Coeur de Lion MacCarthy, formerly of Ottawa, was the successful competition of eleven sculptors who submitted designs for the Verdun War Memorial. The decision to award the palm to Mr. MacCarthy was reached at a meeting of the joint committee of the war memorial fund committee and the civic committee of Montreal. The award was announced by Charles Manning, who presided at the meeting, and also by Mayor Leclaire, both of whom congratulated Mr. MacCarthy and also extended the thanks of Verdun to the artists who had submitted designs.

Dead (?) Languages.

One newspaper man, after reading a telegraphic "story" sent out by another of his craft, complimented him upon the terseness of his language. "You have said in three-quarters of a column what it would take me a column and a half to say," he remarked. "How did you do it." The answer was simple. "I studied Latin and Greek and acquired in that way a better judgment as to English words.

Page Monsieur De Farge

By ILA MARCELLA KING

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Homer Hume had met Yvette when he was returning home after 18 months overseas. Being a war worker for the Y. M. C. A., she happened to be at the pier in New York when the ship bearing home some of the boys who were fortunate enough to be returning pulled in.

Yvette had arrived in this country a month before the European war broke out. Few women in the community tolerated her, for they believed her place in France, helping her countrymen with their problems of war. There were still others who thought she had been exiled because of some crime. There was nothing too wrong for them to think of her.

A battle was raging, as usual, in No. 77, dwelling place of Homer and Bernard Durand.

"If I had thought you were going to be such a fool, I'd never have introduced you to her."

"Now, listen here, Homer, if you think I am going to argue with you, you're badly mistaken, 'cause I've got something else to do."

"Well, I'm not going to argue with you, either, so don't get all excited—but I tell you she's going to the dance with me, Homer Stanley Hume, get me?"

"Will she? Well, I'm from Missouri! Do you suppose she'd turn me down to go with you, when I asked her first? Do you suppose she'd turn me down for you? Even if you have known her longer than I have."

"That's all right; she feels different toward me. You—you see—I'm going to marry her—that is—if—if she'll have me."

"Ha! Ha! If she'll have you, is right!"

"Say, you, if you didn't wear glasses I'd trounce you right here!"

Something indeed serious might have happened then if someone had not knocked on the door. There was a note for each. The envelopes were of the same dainty size, and pink, and addressed in the same handwriting. Each boy tore open his letter immediately. A sigh of disappointment escaped the lips of Homer, and a "darn it" from Bernard. Neither would give the other any information as to what his note contained; each new it was from the same person.

About seven o'clock of the evening of the class dance Bernard entered the room to find Homer sitting by the window, evidently very much interested in Virgil.

"Aren't you going to the dance, Homer?" asked Bernard, in a very troubled voice.

"No, I'm not going tonight. Professor Carnes is giving us an exam. on Virgil first class tomorrow. I've got to study."

"Mighty poor excuse, Homer. I bet Yvette wouldn't go."

"Well, all right then, she wouldn't—but I don't see you getting ready to take her. She refused you, too, didn't she?"

"It's none of your business whether she did or not, and if you weren't a firm friend of mine, I wouldn't tell you that much!"

During the course of the evening neither left the room, but studied diligently and retired early.

The next morning Homer cut his very important "chem" class and went riding with Yvette. It was a crisp, sunny morning in November, and with the only "her" riding beside him, Homer felt as though he could conquer the world. She glanced bewitchingly at him, her eyes full of mischief, her white teeth gleaming, and, touching her horse with her whip, she leaped forward and gave the junior member of the Hume family a merry chase for half an hour. As he caught up to her they stopped their horses for breath, and, leaning across, he put his hand over her small gloved ones.

"Yvette, dear, I—I wanted to tell you ever since I've known you that I—I—love you, and want you to be my wife!"

She placed her tiny gloved hand across his mouth and hushed him. He grasped her hand and placed it to his lips and kissed it tenderly, again and again.

"Don't, please don't, Homer. You can't imagine how fond I am of you, but I can never, never marry you. You know there is a lot of scandal about me and—"

"Yvette, please don't speak about that. You must know that I don't believe one word of it."

"No; somehow I know you don't, nt you must admit that I am somelat of a mystery. Well, I'll tell you. There is a certain reason why I am a America. I can't tell you why just et, but I will some day, and maybe very soon. Now let's ride; the morning is too wonderful to waste."

The same afternoon Bernard took Yvette to tea at the Peacock tearoom. After tea they hired an open carriage and drove through the park adjoining the school grounds. They had gone some distance when Bernard spoke.

"Miss Darquese—Yvette—I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Why, Bernie, you surprise me! I never thought you would take our friendship so seriously."

"But I do. I've always loved you. I've loved you since the first time I met you.

"I'm sorry, Bernie, so sorry, that you feel that way. I can never marry you."

don me; I've no right to ask that?"

"Well, yes, there is someone else," she whispered.

"I'll bet it's that good-for-nothing roommate of mine; he—"

"No, it isn't Homer. Bernie, will you please tell me why you two boys can't get along together? I think it's a shame!"

The following evening when the boys returned to their room after dinner they found two notes on the threshold. The envelopes were of the same small, pink kind that they had received once before, addressed in the same familiar penmanship. Each boy's face was a study as his eyes scanned the sheet before him.

Both letters were worded alike, but each thought the message was meant for only himself:

Dear Homer (or Bernie): I should be very glad to have you call at my house next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. I have some news that will be of a great interest to you

Hoping to see you then, I am always your sincere friend,

YVETTE DARQUESE.

Monday evening found two very puzzled young men ascending the steps of No. 3382 Governor road at exactly 7:30. It was Bernard's disposition to ring the bell again as soon as Homer's finger had left the button. They both tried to enter the door at the same time, and the consequence was that a serious fight might have taken place had the maid not come and asked the gentlemen for their wraps.

As they entered the luxurious sitting room a soft, well-known voice welcomed them.

"Good evening, boys; I'm so glad you have come."

She took them by the arm and led them to a soft-cushioned divan directly in front of the fireplace, where a log was crackling under the flames. The three sat down, Yvette in the center. They sat watching the fire for a few moments, the boys gazing at her now and then like timid youngsters look with admiration and amazement at the daring heroine in a movie serial. Presently she spoke.

"Now, I have heard that you two boys do a lot of your quarreling over me. It hurts me very much to think that I should come between you boys and spoil such hours of friendship as you might enjoy together."

"Well, Homer always—"

"Sh! I'm not going to let either of you say a word till I am all through. I asked you here tonight in order that I might straighten out some things that I know are troubling you both. First, I shall tell you that my name is not Yvette Darquese! My name is Gwendolin de Farge."

"What?" gasped Homer.

"Huh!" stammered Bernard.

"I am in the employ of the French secret service. Shortly before the war broke out it was found that a certain Gouchard, Henri Gouchard, had given some valuable information concerning the state of affairs in France to the enemy government, for which he received a large sum of money. When the officials had tracked him to his apartment in Paris they found he had escaped to America.

"Having secured permission from the United States government to arrest him in this country, in the name of France, they chose me for the mission. At times I became very discouraged, for I found no trace of him.

"You know a week ago last night there was an automobile accident not far from here, and an unidentified man was injured. Last Thursday I was called out of my bed at four o'clock in the morning to go to the St. Agnes hospital. This same man that had been picked up by the side of the road after his car had gone over the embankment had been delirious and had spoken something about France. The doctor in charge immediately recognized him, having seen his picture in newspapers and read his description. He telephoned to the police. Then they sent for me. He died before I left. I immediately cabled the French government and they sent word that I could return as soon as I wished to France and—and my—husband."

"Your—what?"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, my husband. Don't you see now why I couldn't marry either of you boys? I couldn't even tell you why until now. Now it's good-by, boys, for I shall sail early in the morning for dear old France and—home!"

The boys left the house together and walked down the street side by side. Suddenly they spoke in unison, and with the same expression in their voices:

"She was the most wonderful girl I ever knew"—and it was the first time they ever agreed.

Select Classy Car for Wreck.

An observant woman was recently riding with a friend in a flivver when another car bumped into it, tossed it into the gutter and went blithely on its way. The two occupants of the flivver were sent to a hospital for repairs.

"We were both wearing pretty good clothes," said the observant woman, "but we looked rather disheveled in the hospital. We received considerate treatment for a time, and then someone asked what sort of car we were in. My companion told him—told him truthfully. The temperature dropped 40 degrees and we had difficulty thereafter in getting any attention at all, and I never did get a whiskbroom to brush the dirt from my coat.

"The next time I go to a hospital after an automobile accident I shall tell all and sundry that my Rolls-Royce is a complete wreck."—New York Sun.

ALL ABOUT RAIN

By a Man Who Evidently Has Studied the Subject.

Some Few Facts May Have Been Overlooked, But in General It Will Be Found Pretty Comprehensive.

"Rain," said the man who presides over the fortunes of the all-night lunch room, "is a phenomenon familiar to all of us from our early years. Scientists tell us that rain is the moisture which makes the clouds before it is condensed into rain drops by coming into contact with colder air currents, and that is very interesting.

"There are certain other interesting facts connected with rain. I have spent much time in collecting them. Rain can be confidently expected to fall on the Fourth of July, on the 17th of March, on the dates of weddings, baseball prize fights, and inauguations of Presidents, while sometimes appears frozen and is then called snow. It can be looked for with assurance on other occasions too numerous to mention and it comes frequently in defiance of all known rules.

"There are certain cities in this country which support a game called baseball," he continued. "In these cities rain is famous principally because it produces what are known as double-headers, an arrangement much in favor among certain admirers of the sport.

"In the days before children were deprived of the pleasure of risking their lives with fireworks in celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence each Fourth of July, rain was hailed with delight on that anniversary by certain nervous men and women. It exerted a dampening influence on the dangers of the day, tended to reduce the noise of the occasion and made it almost impossible to set roofs on fire with skyrockets and powder crackers.

"But today almost the only persons who welcome rain are the husbands and fathers of the land, who seek excuses for accompanying their wives and children to places of so-called amusement and who, by some strange superstition, regard a holiday as a period in which to rest. Rain is especially unwelcome on days like the Fourth of July to the people whose profits depend on the assembling of thousands of patriotic celebrators in the open air.

"Aside from holidays, rain is deemed a valuable stock in trade by farmers, gardeners, the manufacturers of rubbers, raincoats and umbrellas. Housewives usually object to it, because in all the centuries of civilization the male members of families have never learned the real use of the mat at the front door with 'Welcome' written on it.

"Rain is sometimes, but not often, useful as an inspiration to poets, advertisement illustrators and people with bad tempers. The last class often waxes really eloquent when the gentle drops fall from the clouds.

"He told me that he had just been presented with something from over the border that rendered him immune to the ills attendant upon rain, called me a crass materialist and went out, thinking of violets, I guess, because he forgot to pay for his coffee."—Providence Journal.

Do We Laugh in Dreams?

Why do we have no sense of humor while we are dreaming? And why do we take almost everything as a matter of course?

In our waking moments we should be surprised if a fat Chinese guest were to swim like a goldfish through the dining room where Lloyd George is gratefully eating a mud pie brought in by a little girl whose hair is done up in eight pigtails, and a tailor is applying an immense flatiron to the coat which its owner is wearing while he is smoking a saxophone, and a swarthy man is chopping up books and cording them in the center of the room.

Perhaps we do laugh while we dream, and then forget that we laughed.—Life.

Religious Freedom Under Bolshevism.

The baptizing of children will not be allowed in Russia in the future. The supreme council of the church, which is under Soviet control, is elaborating a new church law dealing with baptism. In this the age of baptism is fixed at eighteen, and the consent of the person concerned must be obtained in writing and filed with the authorities.

Seeing Is Believing.

Jane, age four, had just come in from four hours in the sand pile and was having a prolonged session in the bathroom with her mother.

"Jane, your hands are simply frights," exclaimed mother, considering the possible use of a scrub brush.

"But, mother," retorted Jane, "you ought to see my knees; they're more frightened than my hands."

British Legacy Law Shift.

A change in the English law is proposed by which the freehold property of a man who dies without leaving a will may be divided among all his children. As the law is at present the property goes to his eldest son.

Grant and Taft.

With the exception of General Grant, who occupied the post only for a brief period during a cabinet reorganization, William Howard Taft is the only secretary of war who ever became President of the United States.

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

Dodge Brothers, with equal aptness, could have named it the Family Sedan.

In the first place, it is big and roomy—a five-passenger car that will really seat five adults in comfort. There is no space wasted on superfluous adornments. Every inch of body and chassis is put to actual use.

There are no delicate cloth furnishings to be soiled by the children. The seats are upholstered in durable and attractive blue Spanish leather.

There is no sensitive varnish to be easily scratched or finger-spotted. The body is steel-built—a new principle in Sedan design—making it possible to finish the exterior in Dodge Brothers oven-baked enamel, the most durable finish known.

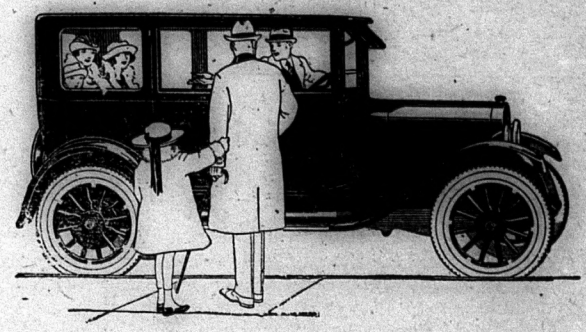
The rear seat furnishings come out—instantly converting the rear section into a spacious carrying compartment—handy for carrying trunks, boxes and household luggage of all sorts.

Children can romp and play to their hearts' content in this car, and when cleaning time comes, you can turn the hose on it—inside and out.

The price is $1850 delivered

RIGGS MOTOR SALES

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO



Patents Pending

"BIG TREES" WORLD WONDERS

United States Government Is Keenly Alive to the Demand for Preservation of the Redwoods.

Our great parks, the Yosemite, Yellowstone, Sequoia and General Grant, must be kept under military supervision in order to preserve their natural wonders against injury from trespassers. Of all these miracles of nature, the "big trees" are the most astonishing. There are two species—the sequoia Sempervirens, or ordinary redwood, and the sequoia gigantea, which is, strictly speaking, the "big tree" of California.

These stately creatures are so impressive that it seems quite fitting to honor them with distinguished titles. Nearly every state in the Union and many of the distinguished generals of the Civil war have names among them. The "General Grant" and the "General Sheridan" are individuals of the largest size, and, with the "Grizzly Giant," are probably the biggest of all trees.

Before one of the national expositions the government ordered a section of redwood thirty feet long for exhibition and for this it agreed to pay $7,000. Before the lumber company had succeeded in delivering it on the cars it had cost nearly that amount, for a mountain wagon road five miles long had to be built to get it out, and a trench was dug as long and as large as the tree itself to set it in.

The same company also furnished another tree for another exhibition, which was cut in General Grant park not a hundred yards from the spot where the "General Grant" stands in all its majesty. In the same grove lies the "Fallen Monarch," through the burnt-out heart of which a mounted horseman can ride with ease.

In the Yosemite is the "Wawona," a tree with a hole burnt in its base, through which the road runs and big automobiles are driven without difficulty; and on the "Mark Twain" stump of the General Grant park eighteen full-sized cavalry horses have easily stood. It is twenty-six feet in diameter.—Washington Star.

Primitive Eskimos.

Ten years among the Eskimo, five of which were spent among the so-called "blonde Eskimo" of the Mackenzie delta and Coronation gulf districts of the Arctic, is the record of Rev. Edward Hester, a Church of England missionary.

The Coronation gulf Eskimos are very primitive, he states. Their weapons consist of bows and arrows made by themselves. Raw meat is their principal food diet, the diet varying only with the hunting seasons. In seal-hunting time seal meat is the daily bill of fare; in caribou time, the caribou only is eaten.

Though the Eskimo may have both seal and caribou meat on hand at the same time, his peculiar beliefs forbid him to eat seal meat at caribou time, and vice versa. Neither may he eat a land meat, such as caribou, when on water or ice, so he lives on seal meat.

When he takes to the land in the spring he must not eat seal flesh. The breaking of either of these rules will call down upon his head the wrath of the departed, who are always very evil spirits, says the Eskimo.

Would-Be Burglar Suffered.

Conversational powers of two women holiday-makers at Brighton, England, saved them from robbery. On the first night of their holiday, occupying the same room, they gossiped about one thing and another for hour after hour until daylight appeared. Then, in the gray light of dawn, they saw a man getting out of the window of the room. It appeared he had been under the bed all night hoping to obtain some valuables from the room when the occupants were asleep, but was forced to leave the room on the arrival of daylight, after having listened to hours of private conversation. This gift of woman has often been suspected.

The Sins of Society.

An excellent yarn is being told of Father Bernard Vaughan, who is now on his way home to England after a trip to South Africa.

He was inspecting a native hut occupied by a fully clothed mother and her pickaninny who was running about in his birthday suit. Father Vaughan turned to his companion and said:

"That is the difference between South Africa and London. In Africa the mothers are clothed and the children naked, while in London it is the children who are clothed and the mothers are—well!"

Much-Wounded Veteran.

Sergeant Samuel Joseph, who says he is the "most shotup soldier" of the World war, recently married Miss Marcell Baldwin of Lexington, Ky., the nurse who saved his life. Joseph was wounded 102 times during the 15 months he was in the fighting, having taken part in practically every major offensive in France.

Considerate.

"My wife says she is going to bob her hair and wear knickerbockers," said Mr. Meekton. "So I'm going to leave home."

"Does it grieve you as much as all that?"

"No. I'm afraid I won't be able to keep from laughing."

Review Ads Bring Results

Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

Realizing that the trend of public opinion is swinging more and more towards the equilization of the burdens which each citizen of Canada must bear, that the helping of those who are unable to help themselves occupies a much larger place in our minds, may I draw your attention to the fact that this Hospital is accomplishing great things in a field that is untouched by any other organization.

Little children from all parts of the Province, irrespective of class or creed, children who are sickly and maimed, come here and are made strong and healthy. Is not this in itself a wonderful work?

The service and the duty of the Hospital is far-reaching. As well as personal attention, both surgical and medical, for all the tiny patients, doctors and nurses are also trained to extend the mission of healing to the uttermost parts of the Province.

The entire function of the Hospital must commend itself to you and your readers. It is a CHILD WELFARE work well deserving of the support of your subscribers.

Of late a new and unfortunate factor has added to the responsibilities which the Hospital must assume. You have noticed, no doubt, the alarming increase in the number of motor accidents throughout the Province in the majority of which little children are the chief sufferers. Many of them are little waifs of the poorer sections where the streets are the only playgrounds.

Here are the average day's figures for 1922 attendance:

Cot patients	256
Out-patients	199

The carrying out of this great work is your responsibility as well as that of the people of all Ontario. Every contributor to the Hospital is a friend, indeed, to these little mites of humanity, and has the satisfaction of knowing that the result of his individual contribution is bringing joy into at least one home by assisting to care for somebody's child.

The service of the Hospital depends on the continued support of the public and the conversion of dollars into health and strength will, I am sure, meet with your approval. Each minute of mercy costs over fifty cents, so you will see that much money is needed to carry on this GREAT MOTHER CHARITY.

Every day sees a large number of additional patients on the Hospital's register. Owing to the advanced costs of surgical and medical appliances maintenance is mounting until now nearly twice the usual amount of money is essential for the fulfilling of our duty. With the approach of Christmas, may I place these facts before your readers in connection with the 47th Christmas appeal of the Hospital for Sick Children?

Faithfully yours,

L. E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Appeal Committee.

DR. W. P. J. ALEXANDER
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur
Graduate of University of Toronto Medical College.
Late interne Wellesley Hospital Toronto.
Office, opposite Methodist Church Madoc.
Phone 172. June 20

DR. EAGLESON
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur
Graduate of Trinity Medical College, Post Graduate of Moorefield's Eye Hospital, London, Eng., and Central London Nose and Throat Hospital.
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Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
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Connor Block, - - Madoc, Ont.
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COMFORTABLE SUM IN SIGHT

North Carolina Man Has Valid Claim Against the Government for Million Dollars Cash.

A novel document, upon which is based a claim on the federal government for approximately $1,000,000, principal and accrued interest on a deposit made in the United States treasury in Philadelphia in 1795, is in possession of Major J. L. White, a retired physician of Rowan county, North Carolina.

The document consists of an inscription on a copper plate bequeathing to the finder of the plate the initial deposit and accrued interest.

Major White, who served in the war between the states as the youngest major in the Confederate army, says he found the plate in a cave in North Carolina while taking refuge from a storm.

The circular sheet of hammered copper has the following inscription:

"As I came from the old country I deposited $9,000 (nine thousand dollars) in the United States treasury, in Philadelphia, in 1795. I donate this money to the finder of this plate, as I am wounded and bound to die.—H. A. Barkley."

Major White says he found the plate in 1914 and went to the North American bank in Philadelphia, which took over the affairs of the United States treasury about 1812, where, he said, he was shown the treasury record where one H. A. Barkley had made deposit as specified on the plate.

The president of the bank told him the interest and principal would amount to approximately $1,000,000, but advised him to delay efforts to get possession of the money owing to unsettled conditions attendant upon the World war, which had already begun.

He says he showed the plate to William G. McAdoo, then secretary of the treasury, who, he declared, assured him it was a perfectly valid claim against the government.

"I don't need the money now," says Major White, "but it is a comfortable feeling to know that Uncle Sam owes me $1,000,000."

Solid Comfort.

Little Florence had been tucked in bed shortly after the Woman called, and her mother seated herself comfortably in a chair by the grate and remarked, "Now we can have a good, old-timey gossip."

Just then there came a call from the bedroom "Mamma!"

"I'll go," said daddy, and for a few minutes they heard him talking soothingly to the fretful child. He returned smiling proudly. "She'll be quiet now, I guess. I put her doll in bed with her."

The chat was resumed. Again came the cry, "Mamma!"

"Let me go," pleaded the Woman, and she went quietly into the darkened room and spoke to the huddled little heap on the bed, "What's the matter, dear?"

"I'm afraid in the dark," sinned the child.

"But there's nothing to be afraid of. God is watching over you and your dolly is in bed with you."

There was silence for a minute, then a louder sniff that ended in a wail: "I want someone else besides God and my dolly in bed with me, I want someone with skin on!"—Chicago Journal.

Knew How to Play It.

An Indiana man who for several years has been in touch with life in the settlement districts in New York city, tells of an incident indicative of the people of that quarter of the city. This man was administering to several settlement boys a psychological test, which is referred to generally as the "army alpha" test. It is the test which was used in the United States army during the war.

The examination includes a great many questions and statements containing several suggested answers, the test being to see whether the one taking the examination can select the proper answer.

Included in the list was this statement: "Seven-up is a game that is played with (cards), dice, (dominoes), (horseshoes), (baseballs)." The object of the test was to see whether the boy could choose the correct phrase.

One lad gave the following answer: "Seven-up is a game that is played with dice," showing, no doubt, that his mind was bent on seeing the lucky seven appear up first of all.

BIRDS AND CAT SPLIT HOUSE

Hitherto Bosom Friends Proclaim Feud at a Time When Only Kindest Feeling Should Prevail.

There is a feud still only a few weeks old, out in one of the Westchester towns that promises to develop into a vendetta as intense and deadly as anything that Brenthitt county ever produced. The pity of the feud is that no one would ever have predicted it. No one took steps to forestall it.

The Bixbys and the Judds have been neighbors for more than six months and until recently relations had been friendly between the two families. Bixby and Judd come out from the city on the same train three or four nights a week and until last week took part in the best game of pitch in the commuters' league. Mrs. Bixby and Mrs. Judd were neighborly about such things as a little vinegar or some olive oil for a French dressing.

But that is all over now. Bixby and Judd pass each other laboriously achieved unconcern. There are no more informal visits from house to house. The Bixbys are talking seriously about selling their house, even at a sacrifice, that they may get into a more congenial atmosphere. The Judds are letting it be known that the neighborhood is in some ways an unpleasant one.

Love of nature really started it all. The Bixbys were unaware of the fact that Mrs. Judd was a bird lover. It is not always easy to identify a professional bird lover. Very often they give every indication of being normal persons. It is only when the annual migration starts that the bird lovers give themselves away.

That was when Mrs. Judd revealed her true character. As soon as the first robins appeared in the neighborhood she began to take the trouble of the birds to heart. It was a large order to worry about all the birds in town, but Mrs. Judd was conscientious.

There was Felix, for instance. Felix is the Bixby cat, a great tawny cat, highly decorative but not particularly respectable, and not familiar enough with bird lore to know that he shouldn't catch robins. He had been doing it for a long time; he did it one bright morning on the lawn in front of the Judd house.

Mrs. Judd went to the telephone. She called Mrs. Bixby. There were a few remarks, progressively icy. A complete silence. The feud began.

Felix, however, merely sat in the sun and cleaned up after his meal.

Life on Mars?

Mars, our nearest neighbor, will be at the nearest possible point to us—35,000,000 miles—in 1924; but this year it got within 42,000,000 miles of us on June 18, and the astronomers of the world eagerly trained their telescopes upon it. They did not discover much that they did not know before. They discerned masses of glistening white at the poles, which most of them think are composed of snow and ice, though some of them consider the patches to be a deposit of crystallized carbonic-acid gas. They also saw areas of green, which, say one authority, may be vegetation or may be seas. The same authority adds that the atmosphere appears to be so thin that living beings, if they exist on Mars, must be quite unlike anything that we know on earth.—Youth's Companion.

Gobelin Tapestries.

The Austrian government recently offered a collection of tapestries, chiefly Gobelins, as security for an American loan of $15,000,000. Gobelin tapestries, the most valuable, are still being made in Paris, says the Mentor Magazine.

Sixty master weavers are employed at the Gobelin looms, where in the days of Louis XIV 300 worked on tapestries for the Sun King. The building is on the site of the medieval dye works of Philbert and Jean Gobelin.

Tapestries are now woven for French public buildings. Pieces that sold for $100 a century ago bring thousands today.

A Guilty Conscience.

"The spirit of your departed wife would like to speak to you," said the medium.

"You needn't bother about bringing us face to face, ma'am," replied the client, in some trepidation. "Just say I'm well and I hope she's the same. You might add that I miss her something dreadful."

"I'll deliver your message."

"Thanks, ma'am. And if you don't mind, I'll just pay the fee and be on my way. Maggie's been dead two years and during that time I'm afraid I've done things she wouldn't approve of."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Italians Are Exploiting India.

The Italians are looking to India for a possible field of trade expansion. There have been recently established in that country six scholarships open for young men of good commercial preparation to be sent for a year's experience on the staff of business firms already established in India.

The Difference.

Crawford—The kaiser is said to have received a million for his book of memoirs.

Crabshaw—No wonder he stopped sawing wood and saying nothing.—New York Sun.

Free to Brag of It.

Mr. Bucks—Yes, I've had a rather prosperous career. During the war I made my money out of lead.

Mr. Fewrox—Gee! And got away with it! Most men get locked up for making lead dollars.

MINK WITH BROCADED SATIN

This is a winsome new creation of mink fur coat; one of the latest in dress coats; it is lined with brocade.

FANCY BEADED BANDS OF NET

Decoration Affords Marked Note in Trimmings for Some of the Popular Fall Models.

Fancy beaded net bands and large beaded fringe motifs stand out as the marked note in trimmings for the fall models.

Belts are practically nonexistent in the new lines and are replaced by elaborate motifs and buckles, all of which have been chosen by the leading model garment makers for their fall models.

Fancy braids and fancy net bands, notably bands heavily beaded in brilliant, multi-colored beads in Rumanian and Bulgarian designs, promise to be one of the great successes of the season. These bands are shown in such color combinations as scarlet, yellow and blue, interspaced with white on a black net ground, in shades of dark and brilliant red interspaced with black, or again in combinations of green, blue and yellow.

In buckles, marked emphasis is given to disks in composition mounted in fancy filigree frames. Many of these are in Egyptian designs and are ornamented at the center with a metal sphinx head matching the frame.

A good line of beaded georgette evening dresses is also shown, notably white georgette beaded in crystal, or in iridescent, or in mother-of-pearl effects.

White for evening wear stands out as the dominating note for gowns, and also for trimmings and accessories.—Dry Goods Economist.

NEW GLOVES AND HANDBAGS

Accessories That Match Is One of the Latest Fashions; Silk and Leather Used.

The shops show most interesting changes in gloves. Real innovations, not just a different cut or a different stitching.

For one thing, there are gloves and handbags to match. They are made of silk and leather, so far as the bags go, and of leather with fancy stichery, and sometimes silk facings, so far as the gloves go.

For instance, there is one set. The bag is of black suede with red embroidery, set in a carved ivory frame. The gloves are of black dressed kid, with deep gauntlet cuffs, lined with red kid—this and the embroidery are in a sort of henna shade.

And there is another set consisting of a bag of gray watered silk embroidered with black. The gloves of black show gray silk facings in the cuffs and gray stitchery.

And a set of beige suede gloves stitched with black and faced with black in the deep gauntlet cuffs has a bag of beige silk with black suede cutouts and a black framework of a composition.

For the frock that is sleeveless or nearly so, there are old-fashioned mits. Silk lace ones, that come down over the knuckles and up toward the elbow, in black and white, gray and beige. These are lovely on the bare arm, and serve to break the length of the bare arm that is too thin.

From France come fabric gloves of the pull-on type, showing the long wrists printed with a conventional floral design in a darker shade of the same color as the glove—brown on beige, a soft black on gray.

Turbans.

Black velvet turbans are now replacing those of taffeta and silk. Some have a velvet bow or a feather, but most of them are severely plain.

Brocades in Style.

Brocades are destined for an almost unprecedented vogue, and a new silk has an especially lovely design in rich and brilliant colors and woven across its surface tiny lines of gold.

Long Tassels.

Very long tassels are a feature of this winter's styles. Many have gone further than a yard in length and reach from the waist to hem.

COSTUME SUITS HAVE THE CALL

There Is Demand for This Type of Outfit in Many Guises and Varieties.

FUR IS PARTICULAR FACTOR

Peltry Is Used in Wide Bands on Coats and Skirts—Short Outer Garment One of the Features of the Season.

Last year there were rumblings about the costume suit. The ultra-smart woman had adopted it with a good deal of fervor, but it had not by any means become the popular thing. Now, asserts a fashion writer in the New York Times, it is all of that and more. Everywhere there is a demand for the costume suit in many guises and myriads of varieties.

In the first place the costume suit has much to recommend it to the modern busy woman because it is useful in so many ways. It serves almost every purpose through a long day, and well into the evening until the hours and the occasions for formal clothes have arrived. It is, besides, something new and bright and interesting. It gets away from the dead normality of the suit as it has existed for so many aeons. It provides a new lease on life by the addition of a dress in one piece instead of the shirtwaist and skirt which women were so loath to discard.

Popular Wool Velours Costume Suit

Of course it is a mystery why this should be called a three-piece costume when in reality, it is a two-piece affair. But that, it seems, is the way of fashion. The name no more fits the garment than, at present, the gown fits the figure. Just by way of making fashion plain, it might be well to describe the three-piece suit. It consists of a dress that is usually made of a section of some heavy woolen material and a section of silk or a lighter woolen fabric. Then there is a coat to match the woolen material, lined with something that either tones in with the general effect or actually repeats the silk or wool that is used in the making of the dress. Then there are trimmings of embroidery and fur and bandings of braid and ribbon and of the material folded into strips. Many are the means of making the costume interesting by way of trimming and decoration, but the foundation is generally the same.

Fur Is Prominent.

Fur is a particular factor in the new costume suits. Sometimes a short fur coat is a special part of the gown. Then the dress is so made that it conforms nicely with the coat, which sets the tone of the garment. Again fur is used in wide bands on the coat so that it almost covers the length of that part of the costume. If the idea is a lavish one, there will be a wide band

Costume Suit, Showing Russian Influence, Made of Black Broadcloth, Fitch Fur, Red Braiding and Lining.

of fur about the bottom of the skirt, and altogether the gown looks as though it were some handsome sort of an outdoor wrap with all the elements of warmth and coziness in its make-up. When the little short wrap is thrown aside there is disclosed the softest, sweetest sort of a frock with chiffon sleeves and all sorts of gracefulness which had been hidden under the thickness of the coat.

Not all of the coats are short, of course, but very many of them are, as the short coat is one of the features of the season. It has so many designs and it is made out of so many materials that it offers that possibility of variety which is ever a lure for the modern woman who wishes to be well dressed.

On looking into the possibilities of the costume suit as related to your own figure, and the requirements

NEGLIGEE APPEALS TO WOMEN

A work of art is this charming negligee of georgette with inserts of ecru princess lace and "crunchy" blue silk tassels. The mules are of metal brocade, to match.

FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

Adult Wardrobe Is Copied for the Children—Fashions for Little Tots Demand Attention.

Everything that is found in the adult wardrobe seems to be repeated with delightful modifications and additions in clothes designed for the little miss. In other words, mother has nothing on her daughter of six when it comes to charming and original style features of dress.

Fashions for the infant and growing child demand as much attention as do the changing styles for madame. While mother is busy scouting around for indications of the new styles for herself, the small child and growing girl are unconsciously looking to her for guidance in their own sartorial display.

Frocks for the growing girl imitate those of their elders in no small degree. In one particular only do they materially differ. While the frocks of milady grow longer, those of the younger generation—the school age—are becoming shorter. But the frocks of the school girls follow the lines of their elders in the lengthened hip effect, the tendency toward the Russian and oriental and in the matter of coloring. Tan and brown are featured for the season, not only for madame, but for the jeune fille.

For trimming nothing is so cunning on the little girl's dress as inserts and appliques of material in contrasting color or weave. The patterns are oval, square, round or oblong and frequently are outlined in wool embroidery. One little party dress of a yellow-tan crepe de chine is made on a yoke of carmel chiffon, with numbers of petals outlined in the silk, lighter colored, until the whole thing make a flower-like framing for the face. Two picoted strips of the chiffon hang down in front and back.

Older girls are welcoming the return of bouche cloth for skirts—a material which was popular when their grandmothers were young.

SILVER AND GOLD HAIR NETS

Dainty Threads Laced Together to Leave Rather Large Mesh; Gives Sheen to Locks.

A new note is appearing in the evening coiffure. Hair nets are less smart than the hair arrangement which is soft and more natural, it is true. But this refers to hair nets of the ordinary kind.

Picture to yourself a smart little cap of gold or silver threads laced together so as to leave a rather large mesh. This is drawn over the hair and a heavier matching cord which runs through the outer edge is tied low at the back. This gives a wonderful sheen to the locks beneath, and the cord edge allows a fringe of the loosened locks to escape about the face.

THE FALL AND WINTER COATS

Fur-Trimmed Cloth Garments Are Given Preference to Cheaper Grades of Peltry.

A marked tendency in coats for fall and winter is in the direction of fur-trimmed cloth coats in preference to the cheaper grades of fur coats. The value of the better fur coats will be greatly enhanced by the elimination of the inferior garments, and a stimulus will be given to the cloth coats.

The fur-trimmed cloth coats of the new season are exceptionally good in the matter of taste and design. The wrappy coat is as good as ever it was, and the slim, straightline model is in good standing also. A tendency toward fullness and the circular cut is sanctioned by Paris itself. Many good models are belted, many are not, and some are semi-belted. Sleeves may be wide at the wrist or drawn in tight from a greater width just below the elbow. There is no hard and fast rule.

The Due Process of Law

By H. IRVING KING

(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Frank," said Elihu Goodwin, corporation lawyer, to his confidential clerk, "I have a mission of a rather private nature which I want you to undertake—just to oblige me; it's hardly business. Years ago, when naturally I was younger than I am now and a trifle more foolish, I had a rather intimate acquaintance named Reginald Fontain. We belonged to a speedy set, I am afraid."

The lawyer turned toward the window and gazed unseeingly out over the city; a reminiscent look came into his usually immobile face.

"Regy had plenty of money in those days," he continued, "and went the pace. I saw little of him after I married, for I put away childish things, and now—well I am fairly prosperous and a sober citizen. But Regy, although he married, kept stepping on the gas. I have heard he went through his own fortune and his wife's, too. Some say she died of a broken heart. However, for years I had heard nothing of Reginald Fontain until today I got a letter from him.

"It's a barely disguised begging letter. Now, I want you to investigate and see just how the land lies. I wouldn't mind helping him a little if it would do him any good—if he really needed help. If I went to see him personally at first—well, it might be awkward, for I can't do much for him. I really can't afford to. But you go and see and report to me. Then I'll know just what to do."

Now, Elihu Goodwin was rich and, as they say down East, "mighty nigh." He never did like to meet poor people and the dislike had grown upon him with the years. Still, Goodwin felt that he could not entirely disregard Fontain's appeal. There stirred in him vague recollections of financial transactions in the dim past in which Elihu had been the beneficiary of Reginald—borrowed and forgotten sums. Frank made the visit as requested by his employer and found the shattered wreck of him who had once been the gay and reckless Reginald Fontain reclining in an easy chair in a cheap flat. The young man explained to him that "important business had prevented Mr. Goodwin," etc., and he had sent him (Frank) "to ascertain how he (Goodwin) could be of assistance," etc.

Fontain at once launched forth into a rambling tale of woe, the only salient facts of which appeared to be that both Reginald's finances and Reginald's liver were in a sadly demoralized condition. While he was rambling on a door opened and a light footstep was heard. "Ah," said Fontain, "my daughter! Bertha, come here." In response to the summons there appeared a slender young woman of about twenty-five, whose face was of a Madonna-like beauty. That care and sorrow had been the portion of Bertha Fontain no one could doubt who gazed upon her, but they had left as their traces only a look of sweetness and resignation which added to the charm of her countenance. Frank Carey, for the first time in his self-appreciative life, felt bashful and confused in the presence of a woman, and when, after a short conversation, in which he somehow learned that Bertha was a stenographer in a downtown office, he left the flat and took his homeward way. He was in such a state of absentmindedness that he found himself in the uptown station of the elevated when he wanted to take a downtown train.

When, next morning, Frank made his report to his employer he said nothing about Bertha except that she was her father's sole support.

"A pale, wornout creature, I suppose," said Goodwin.

"No-o-o," stammered Frank, "she is—er—good looking." He changed the subject abruptly.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I suppose I really ought to go and see Fontain. I will attend to it tomorrow."

He made the call and results followed rapidly. Fontain moved into another and more expensive flat and little evidences of luxury and ready money began to appear about him. Goodwin, who had been a widower for six years and had two married daughters and numerous grandchildren, began to spruce up and indulge in outrageously youthful cravats. He was a constant caller at the Fontain flat. It was as plain as the nose on the face of a Roman senator—the lawyer had picked out Bertha for Mrs. Goodwin No. 2 and father was prepared to hand her over for a pecuniary remuneration.

Frank was frequently an ambassador for his employer to the Fontain establishment, and in one way or another he and Bertha managed to see a good deal of each other. He saw, and Bertha saw, what was up; but it never seemed to enter the heads of their elders that what they thought concerning it was of any moment whatever. Frank and Bertha, however, regarded their own opinions as of the greatest importance.

The law clerk saw that he must sue in two processes in the court of love—a permanent injunction to restrain his employer and a writ of habeas corpus for the possession of Bertha.

But there were the two married daughters whom some one had informed of their father's folly—not Frank; he was above anonymous letters—and who were on their way, the one from Portland, Me., and the other from Chicago, with all their children, to protest. But in the efficacy of the protestations of married daughters Frank had little confidence. There remained the Mrs. Gallen, widow of Gallen, the butter king, fair, fat and forty-five and with a million in her own right. About two years before Elihu, in one of his marrying spells, had fixed his affection upon the widow—and her money! He had been quite broken up and cross as a bear for two months when she suddenly went off to Europe. Frank picked up the morning paper and saw the widow's name in the list of arrivals steamship. Here was hope! Goodwin was her attorney—had been her husband's. She was sure to visit his office.

Perhaps, thought Frank, Elihu would have on the one hand a girl, young and beautiful to be sure, but penniless and encumbered with a grasping, disreputable old father whose demands for money had already been outrageous; and on the other an attractive woman of suitable age—and a million of money! And Elihu worshiped money. The next day the widow called and was shown into the lawyer's private office. She was there a long, long time; Frank in the outer office was on pins and needles with anxiety, but with the lapse of every half hour his hopes increased.

While he hoped the married daughters arrived, each accompanied by an assorted lot of children and insistently demanding to see their erring parent. Elihu heard their voices, opened the door and said: "Come in, Elvira; come in, Cynthia—and the dear children. My dears, allow me to present to you Mrs. Gallen, who has consented to become a loving stepmother to you. I am getting old and need a companion in my age."

"Why, pa, we thought—" cried Elvira.

"We heard—" said Cynthia. But they left the rest unsaid.

In the end he did the sane and sensible thing and everybody was satisfied. Reginald Fontain, it is true, threatened to make trouble, but knowing he would not live long to draw it Goodwin calmed him with a liberal pension. For the year which he survived the receipt of his pension Bertha devoted herself entirely to her father, but as soon after his death as propriety permitted she married Frank.

TO ENDURE FOR GENERATIONS

"Canned Music" Simply Means the Preservation of Divine Sounds Through the Centuries.

"Canned Music" was the subject of a talk given by a young man before a group of young people in a New England town recently. One might have thought at the outset that he was about to deal "Canned Music" (as sometimes people contemptuously call music rendered by a player-piano or phonograph) a severe blow, but he fooled his audience. What he had to say, on the contrary, is worthy of every music lover's attention, for it upholds "Canned Music" in the highest degree.

"Yes, call it canned music if you will," he is reported to have said, "but it is canned only as some one might say that the telephone, telegraph and wireless can human thought and expression, or as you would say that important documents are canned when you put them in the cornerstone of a great public building. You can ridicule anything by giving it a sneering nickname, but it is often possible for the shrewd man to adopt the term and make capital out of it. If your friends talk about canning music tell them how the wisdom of the ages is canned in the printed word, how beauty is canned in sculpture or fine architecture."

Card Index Friends' Tastes.

In a middle-western town lives a woman who, though she does all her own housework and lives very simply, is considered the most perfect hostess in her community. Her secret is that she keeps a little box of cards in her kitchen with notes on the tastes and dishes of all her friends. When she expects an old friend for dinner she pulls out the card with his name on it and reads the notes that she had made on some previous visit. "Especially fond of lemon-meringue pie. Does not eat tripe. Takes two lumps in coffee." She then gives him his favorite food for dinner, avoids food that he does not like and, when serving the coffee, knows without asking how he takes it.—Delineator.

Ownership of the Great Lakes.

Lake Michigan is the only one of the five Great Lakes that lies wholly within the United States, and no one of the lakes lies wholly within the territory of the Dominion of Canada. They form the frontiers of the United States and Canada. When states are separated by lakes or land-locked seas the boundaries follow the middle of such bodies of water. Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, which belong to Canada and the United States, carry the boundary line in the middle of the lakes, though the use of those waters is common to bordering states.

An Expert.

"What's his defense?"

"An alibi."

"Can he make it stick?"

"I think so. He's a golf player, and is an expert at alibis."

In Plunkville.

"A lot of people in Plunkville seem to have the camera craze."

"Them cameras are just new-fangled lunch boxes."

IS RICH REGION

Valley of the Rio Grande Famous for Its Early Crops.

River Also a Landmark in Expeditions of Spanish Explorers—Heard Shot Like That at Concord.

"The Rio Grande, flowing between Texas and Mexico, which has been giving an all too realistic imitation of the Mississippi on a rampage, is normally so shallow and sluggish that immigration agents and customs officers are kept busy 'shooing' back Mexicans who would enter the United States by the simple and informal procedure of wading in," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society in regard to the country's latest flood region.

"It is hard," continues the bulletin, "for the Mexico-bound traveler to realize under normal conditions that the ribbon of water wandering through sand is the stream that in Spanish means 'The Great River.' But once a year, at least, and sometimes often, the Rio Grande fully lives up to its name.

"The loam banks of the lower Rio Grande and its broad, fertile valley, covered with a heavy growth of the thorny mesquite—half shrub and half-tree—was long considered a wilderness and given over to deer, wild pigs, armadillos and jackrabbits. Then came ranchmen to graze great herds of beef cattle among the feathery sea of green. Large areas somewhat removed from the river are still given over to cattle raising.

"But near the stream pumping stations and irrigation canals have come into existence in recent years, and each spring and summer thousands of carloads of watermelons, cantaloupes, onions, cabbage, and other vegetables stream north from the region to help feed the more northern portions of the country. For this region, near the warm Gulf of Mexico and barely outside the tropics, competes with Florida and the Imperial valley in producing early crops.

"Still more recently another development has taken place which promises to make the Rio Grande a second San Joaquin valley. Between a million and a half and two million citrus fruit trees have been planted, and in the winter of 1921-'22 the first carloads of oranges and grapefruit were shipped out.

"Historically, the Rio Grande has held a prominent place. It was one of the chief landmarks in the famous expeditions of the Spanish explorers who pushed up into Texas and on to New Mexico and California four centuries ago. Later it became a sort of southern Concord; for if the shot fired in Massachusetts in April, 1775, was 'heard round the world,' a shot fired on the banks of the lower Rio Grande on another April morning seventy-one years later by Gen. Zachary Taylor's soldiers might be said to have been heard over an area of half a million square miles. That area was added to the United States as a result of the shot; for it brought on the Mexican war which resulted in the annexation of what is now California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and parts of New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. In addition, this skirmish near the mouth of the Rio Grande led to the confirmation of the annexation of Texas which had brought an additional quarter million square miles under the American flag.

"Part of the region lately inundated was known to thousands of doughboys during the mobilization along the Mexican border, shortly before the United States entered the World war. Port Isabel, almost at the mouth of the Rio Grande, came into newspaper fame in the fall of 1920, when Senator Harding, having just finished the strenuous campaign which took him to the White House, went there for big game fishing."

The Bloom of Summer.

There is a slight but perceptible color in the atmosphere of summer. It is not visible close at hand, nor always where the light falls strongest, and if looked at too long it sometimes fades away. But over gorse and heath, in the warm hollows of wheat fields, and round about the rising ground there is something more than air alone. It is not mist, nor the hazy vapour of autumn, nor the blue tints that come over distant hills and woods. As there is a bloom upon peach and grape, so this is the bloom of summer. The air is ripe and rich, full of the emanations, the perfume from corn and flower and leafy tree. In strictness, of course, the term will not be accurate, yet by what other word can this appearance in the atmosphere be described but as a bloom?—Richard Jefferies.

Easily Computed.

The simple one had just bought his first motor bike and set off on a grand tour in the country. The first night, after a fairly safe ride all day, he put up at a country hotel, putting his motor bike in the stable.

Next morning, before leaving, when paying his bill, he inquired the charge for the garaging.

"Well," said the landlord, "it's rather difficult to say, as I usually charge $1 for a horse per night.'

"That's all right," said the simple one. "My bike's two and one-half horse power. Here's $2.50."

Quick Cigarette Production.

Machines are now in use which make cigarettes at the rate of 50,000 an hour and which pack 15,000 an hour.

ALL ACCORDING TO NATURE

Animals and Birds Universally Obey Law Seemingly Implanted by a Supreme Intelligence.

Strange things happen in the jungles. Carveth Wells, explorer and lecturer, tells about the hornbills, long-tailed birds so big they often measure five feet from tail tip to beak. In Malay jungles Wells saw the male hornbill during the mating season drive the female into a hollow tree, then wall up the opening with mud. This protects Mamma Hornbill against enemies. She stays in her jail until eggs are laid and hatched. Then pa lets her out. Meantime he has fed her through a small opening left in the mud. He gathers the food by using his saw-toothed beak to cut fruits and flowers from their stalks. Maybe that's where man originally got his idea for the saw, now used to cut boards.

Not necessary to go as far as Malaysia. In Canada, when timber wolves mate, Mrs. Wolf hunts a cavern with a roof that slopes downward to meet the floor in a V-shape. She pushes her young far back in the V. This is to keep Pa Wolf from eating his family. Mother Wolf can get at the babies easily, with her small body. Pa Wolf, having a larger body, cannot wedge himself in far enough to reach them. Wise nature that makes Mother Wolf smaller than pa. Wise Mother Wolf that knows, in advance, her husband's appetite and how to baffle it.

Seals swim north to rookeries or breeding grounds. The male seals go first, house hunting. After they have located good homes, near plentiful food supply, messengers swim back to summon the cow seals.

In the baby ward of a hospital you see infants, each in his own bed, all very orderly. Mother Bee does the same, builds an apartment house of cells with wax walls. In each cell one egg is laid and one individual raised. Wasps have the same system, manufacturing in their bodies the paper with which they make the cells. Ants build their nurseries in the earth or rotted trees, with many bedrooms, also corridors through which Mother Ant dashes about, peering into each room to see that baby is O. K., then on to the next.

You cannot explain these peculiar things in nature, any more than you can explain why a male peacock always has four wives, never more, never less. All forms of life seem to revolve around the function of having children. Considering the intricacies and far-sightedness of what we call nature, it is bewildering how any man can fail to believe that a Supreme Intelligence is behind it all.

To Explore the Sahara.

Under Rothschild auspices, a zoological expedition, composed of one Englishman and one Scotchman, is forcing its way deep into the heart of the Sahara desert, a region which is practically unmapped zoologically, the Living Age states.

At its head is Capt. Angus Buchanan a zoological explorer of great skill and experience. The expedition has been sent to find and collect birds, animals and plants wherever it is able to penetrate, to look for any traces of Roman or other classical civilization in the central Sahara, and to secure camera and motion-picture records of the habits, customs and general mode of life of the inhabitants of the country.

The expedition, with its camel caravan, is now heading for the desert north of Nigeria. Communications are necessarily very irregular, for there are only five main roads across the desert, some of which have never yet been traveled by Eucopeans. Once Captain Buchanan leaves the French post of Agades there may be no news from him for months.

Copper and Health.

The use of copper sulphate for the disinfection of reservoirs and the destruction of algae and noxious germs in water has led to much discussion of the old idea that copper is dangerous to health. An official of the Department of Agriculture maintains that a change has come over scientific opinion on this subject. Strange as it may seem, he says, there is not an authentic case of copper poisoning on record, either in this country or abroad, and he adds that toxicologists and physiologists who have sufficiently studied the subject agree that copper, in the amount used for purification of water, is harmless. On account of the minor defects in the practical use of filtration plants, he regards purification of water supplies by copper as a preferable method, or, at least, as a safe auxiliary.—Washington Star.

American Rainfall.

A vivid picture of the amount of rain that falls upon the United States is given by a Washington scientist. It is equivalent to ten Mississippi rivers flowing constantly. Otherwise measured, it equals 30 inches of water for the entire area, making a total volume of 152,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. But this is only half the amount that would be necessary to maintain the full productivity of the soil of the whole country. One-third of this amount runs down to the sea in rivers. The problem for engineers to solve is the utilization to the utmost of the supply that nature furnishes.—Exchange.

Wanted to Know.

"Mamma, what's in the package?"

"While at the butcher's, dear, I got some lights for the cat."

"Mamma, if I ate lights could I see in the dark like Kitty?"—Boston Transcript.

OTTAWA'S MAGISTRATE.

He Is an Old Man With a Kindly Heart.

It was raining rather hard in Ottawa the other day, when we met Magistrate Askwith walking along the street leading from the Police Court. He appeared entirely undisturbed by the weather, and he greeted us with his usual affable and cheery "hello." His protection against the weather was a long ulster, or rather, raincoat. He carried no umbrella.

That is typical of John E. Askwith, police magistrate of Ottawa, who, despite his 82 years, is still as vigorous and as hearty as many men twenty or thirty years his junior, yet who, because of the laws of the province, had to retire from active work on the bench at the end of the month of October.

Magistrate Askwith is one of the best known and picturesque figures in the capital, where he occupies in the hearts of many a position of affection. Of a kindly and benevolent disposition his optimistic nature is reflected in his carriage and figure as well as in his daily life and actions both in public and private.

The passing of time has not left many indications on his face. Though the hair is of a greyish white it surmounts a face, calm, peaceful and serene. The eyes still shine forth with old accustomed lustre and the chin still bears that determined impress which has characterized his activities since he first commenced battling for daily living as a youth in his 'teens. The mouth, too, is a most kindly one, and perhaps that denotes more than anything else his gentleness in meting out justice.

Mr. Askwith deservedly occupies his position of esteem and could Ottawa have its way His Worship would have remained on the bench indefinitely.

Every morning when the clock turned to the hour of ten, it has found him on the bench, ready to mete out justice tempered with mercy. "I would rather err on the side of mercy," Magistrate Askwith has said on various occasions. Yet he has shown how to deal with real criminals so as to safeguard the interests of the community when the occasion demanded it.

Again, he was to be found every afternoon in his office at the police station, where he spent an hour or two in private session, and here all who were troubled or who would seek advice came to him and unburdened themselves. He assumed the role rather of counsellor than magistrate, and he has helped many an erring member of society to find himself or herself. Sometimes, he has provided the initial funds in giving the person another start in life.

He instituted the Court of Domestic Relations, which he held every Tuesday afternoon, and here, in the privacy of the Court Room, he helped solve the marital troubles of many families whom he has taken steps to shield from the light of publicity. In that, the newspapers of the city have assisted him most loyally.

He has taken a keen interest in child welfare and has played an important part in the Juvenile Court. He has also been chairman of the Police Commission and has helped draft a number of beneficial by-laws regarding police administration.

Mr. Askwith first ascended the bench in 1907, when he was appointed deputy police magistrate, and since 1916 up to the time he received his promotion in March, 1918, had to administer the law alone, as the late Magistrate O'Keefe was too ill to attend to the court, and no deputy was appointed.

Mr. Askwith was born of English parents, and was educated in the little red schoolhuse, in Ottawa, which city, despite early travels, has remained his home. For forty years he was a contractor, both on structural and railway work and the Government Printing Bureau, at Ottawa, and the Halifax Armouries, as well as many other public structures, have remained to bear testimony to his zeal and ability.

For eleven years he was in the City Council. For three years he was president of the Association for the Blind, and has ever been a hard worker in the interest of the Old Men's Home. In 1903 the Conservatives of Russell County selected him as their candidate for the House of Commons, and he was only defeated after a sharp contest.

Mrs. Askwith is still living, and the couple reside in their old home at 24 Alexander street, New Edinburgh.—Toronto Sunday World.

Told Truth and Got Fired.

The name of Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist writer, is widely-known to Canadians. "You must laugh with," he recently said, "instead of at, people." He admits that to a large extent the ideas for his tales are drawn from actual experience. This recalls a long-ago story of Cobb when he corresponded for a St. Louis newspaper. To add interest to his stuff, he wrote under Paducah date line fiction as 'news.' One day a yarn—probably a good one—aroused the boss editor's ire. It may have been drawn from "actual experience," but he thought it too fishy. So Cobb was fired.

"I'm not complaining about being fired," he wrote rather plaintively, "but I've been working for your sheet for the past six months, and it's hard luck to be fired for the first true story I even sent you."

Received: One Wife.

A Hudson Bay Company factor wanted a wife and did not choose to follow the practice of marrying one of the native princesses. He wrote to headquarters asking that his need be supplied. In due course this was attended to, and in the company's records this receipt is to be found: "Received one wife, apparently in fair condition. It is to be hoped she will turn out good, although it must be admitted she is a rum one to look at."

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Calf skins	10c
Horse hides	$1.75
Sheep hides	40c
Beef, hind	10 to 11c
Deacons	50c
New potatoes per bag	$1.30
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First patents	4.25
Second patents	4.00
Pastry Flour	$3.60 to $3.75
Graham flour	3.75
Feed—	
Bran	$1.25
Shorts	1.45
Middlings	$1.65 to $1.75
Feed Flour	2.00
Ground barley	2.00
Oatchop	2.00
Crushed oats	2.00
Corn chop	1.75
Barley and oat chop	1.80
Prices at mill	
Old wheat	$1.00
New wheat	90c
Wheat screenings	$1.75 to $1.80
Mixed grain	2.00
Oil cake	2.00
Special hog feed	1.80
Corn per bushel	1.30
Bulk Grain—	
Rolled oats 40 lbs	1.30
Barley	50
Oats	45c
Buckwheat	60c

North Hastings Review

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VILLAGE COUNCIL

The minutes of the regular meeting of the Village Council held in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th.

Present—[illegible] Councillors. [illegible] regular meeting read and approved.

Communications received from Provincial Board of Health, R.S. Bickle & Co., Good Roads Association, Alert Fire Company and Messrs Rupert and Blue.

Moved by Couns. Robertson and Whytock that returns be made to Board of Health as per request. Carried.

Whytock—Smith—That Rupert and Blue be given Electric light service on rink for sum of $1.00 for the season, providing they give free skating to Public School pupils Sat. afternoons and after 4 p.m. other days. Carried.

Whytock—Smith—That A. Ketcheson be captain and caretaker of Chemical fire engine. Carried.

Robertson—Wallbridge — That the appointment of Arthur Reid as Fire Chief, by Alert Fire Company confirmed. Carried.

Robertson — Smith—That Chemical fire engine be insured in a non-tariff company and that the insurance be placed with Mr. N.M. Maybee. Carried.

Mr. Maybee asked for extension of time for return of collector's Roll, which was granted.

Whytock — Wallbridge — That Town accounts to the amount of $1,945.10 and elec-light account to the amount of $482.28 be paid. Carried

A By-law to authorize the borrowing of money from Dominion Bank to meet ordinary and school expenditures for the year was introduced, received first, second and third reading in open council, signed, sealed and numbered 380.

Whytock—Robertson—That Council adjourn to call of the Reeve. Carried.

A. S. Cochran
Clerk.

OBITUARY

Elizabeth Jane Houser

There passed away at her late residence in Madoc Township, a well respected citizens in the person of Mrs James G. Rose, formerly, Elizabeth Jane Houser, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Houser, also of Madoc. Deceased had been ill for some time but was thought to be on the road to recovery, when she was taken ill again about two weeks before her death at 6.30 on Tuesday morning February 13th. Death was caused from the effects of influenza taken earlier in the summer. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband James G. Rose; one son, Melville, of Madoc; three daughters, Luella and Myrtle at home, Ethel, wife of George V. Bamber of Foxboro, her aged mother, three sisters and two brothers—Mrs. Clayton Chambers of Belleville, Mrs. Mattie Snyder and Mrs. E.C. McGuffey of Columbus, Ohio, Allan and James Houser of Madoc. Mrs. Rose will be greatly missed by old and young alike as she was always ready to help far and near and were always answered with patient and loving care, even though at times she was in no state of health herself. Herself she always put in the background, it was of others she would think. She was a kind and loving mother and a good wife and will be greatly missed by all who knew her. Dying at the early age of 59 years she leaves a record which any of us might be glad to follow. Two sons pre-deceased her, Roy Earl, who died in November, 1913 and Herbert Russell, who was killed in action in France at the second battle of Cambrai, in September, 1918. The floral tributes were many, which show to some extent the esteem in which she was held. She bore her sickness and pain with patience and fortitude, and may she rest in peace.

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

Reeve Burns Attacks the Editor of The Review

One day last week while engaged in our office in conversation with Councillor Wallbridge, Reeve Burns rushed into our office, his face inflamed with passion and his eyes darting forth lightning, charged us with having given forth his apparently innocent expression "that we were glad that Mr. Wallbridge had been elected to the council as we would then get more municipal printing". Timidly measuring his strength and ferocity, we denied the allegation and defied the alleger and asked him to go with us to the gentleman who had made this assertion, but this Mr. Burns refused to do, preferring rather to shield the wag who had been stuffing him.

It may not be generally known that the governing bodies in all English speaking countries consist of four estates—the King, the House of Lords (or in some countries, the Senate), the House of Commons and the Press. The Press is the fourth governing estate in all countries, and Mr. Burns it is a very foolish thing for the Reeves of little Municipalities to run amuck against this great fourth estate. You might as well try to upset Gibraltar with a toothpick, calm the waters of the great Atlantic with the fat in a tallow dip, or smoke the skunks out of their fastnesses in Stoney Island with a five cent cigar, as to disturb the equanimity of the Fourth Estate or turn it aside in its course of service. Say, Mr. Reeve, some of the boys are stuffing you. Pay no attention to them.

MADOC RETAINS TROPHY

Madoc is to-day safely perched at the head of Trent Valley league with 5 wins and 0 losses, thereby holding for the second time the silver cup donated by Hough, Leury and Eggleton.

This was accomplished by the locals defeating Marmora 4-2 in Madoc's last home game of the season. Unlike other games, good hockey was sacrificed and much rough play displayed by both teams, especially by the visitors, who needed the game to remain in the running, and great credit is due Ezra Smith in his efforts to keep the game clean.

In the first period the best hockey was shown by both teams, Madoc's combination play netting them two neat goals, but Marmora came right back to tie the score. Towards the end of the period a long shot by Rupert gave the Old Gold and Black a lead which was never overcome.

The second period was scoreless, but many penalties were handed out.

The third period was productive of fireworks. After one of the visitors suffered a scatch on the cheek the team immediately left the ice at T. Neal's command, automatically forfeiting the game. However, play was resumed under protest by Madoc, who threw away a goal scored, while Marmora were disputing among themselves.

Shortly after the face-off Blue notched his third and last goal of the game on a pass, Moorcroft to Watson to Blue.

The score—1st period Blue 2, Neal 1 McWilliams 1, Rupert 1. 2nd period 0. 3rd period Blue 1.

INTERESTING LECTURE

On Thursday evening of last week Rev. J. Whyte, of Eldorado, told the story of his seven years in a lumber camp. This was told in a very interesting way and was illustrated with 150 slides showing every phase of lumbering operations old camps with caboose, modern camps, river driving prize loads, road tanks etc. During the evening Rev. Whyte sang several songs and recited some of Dr. Drummond's poems. This lecture was under the auspices of the W.M.S. of the Methodist Church and was much appreciated by all who attended.

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Cinderella and the Prince

By GRACE R. OLIN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Quarter to seven—get up, children," Mrs. Watson's voice shrilled upstairs.

"Aw-all right," grumbled fourteen-year-old Jimmie, as he reluctantly pushed back the warm covers.

"Be down in 15 minutes, mother," answered Ellen, the daughter of the house. "And Jim," she added, "I know you don't really mean it, but it sounds awful to answer mother in that tone."

"Say, what's biting you?" Jimmie, characteristic of his sex, was at his worst in the early morning.

"Who's answering mother fresh? It's my natural tone and, besides, of course it ain't mother's fault, but all I'll get for school lunch is cheese sandwiches and an apple." At this bit of information the heart of Ellen softened for her brother.

"Never mind, Jimmie boy," she said, "just wait till you finish school and get a job. Think of the swell lunches you can have."

"Leave it to me," said Jimmie, "leave it to me."

Whereupon Ellen heard him whistling with vigor as he splashed cold water on his face and thick hair.

The girl stretched herself luxuriously. It was good to be eighteen, and wasn't this to be a pleasant, very pleasant day?

Wasn't she glad she had laundered her prettiest lace collar and cuffs, though she had been tired? She looked on them with deep satisfaction ere she slipped into the plain little black blouse.

But the crowning event was lunch. No cheese sandwiches or apples for her today. She would have griddle cakes and coffee, and afterwards ice cream. She pictured the joy of donning her hat and coat, clasping her much-mended gloves, and elegantly and languidly dropping into a chair at the restaurant and ordering lunch.

For the last year she had taken sandwiches and a bit of fruit for a frugal meal. And the few times she had managed to save up enough to "dine out" had been gala days indeed.

She knew just how Jimmie felt about it. But it couldn't be helped; her mother's sickness and father working only half-time now—it was no use for mother, Ellen knew.

Of course they wanted Jimmie to go through grammar school, and didn't the lad work in the local drug store and study hard nights to accomplish even that feat?

"Well," soliloquized Ellen, pinning the snowy collar at her slim white throat, "I wish I had brains, that's all. If I had brains I'd make a lot of money and take the whole bunch of us out in the country to live. I'd like to see mother have roses in her cheeks again, and father lose that bend to his shoulders. And I'd like Jim to play ball and have time to do things other boys do.

"And as for myself," Ellen dimpled charmingly at the mere thought, "I'd keep a maid just for six months and I'd read all I wanted to, and raise flowers and chickens and I'd bring old Granny Bates down to sit on my spacious veranda. And wouldn't I love to give the Duggan kids a whole month to run wild in the fresh air, but instead of that," Ellen frowned at herself in the little mirror, "I have no brains. And so I must be content to measure ribbon in Gerry Brothers' basement."

The girl secured a lock of soft hair. "Perhaps," she told the lovely eyes in the glass, "I might meet a prince, just as Cinderella did; who knows? There isn't a chance in the world, but there's no harm pretending, and—"

"Your coffee is poured out, Ellen," came her mother's voice again.

"Good morning," said Ellen to her folks in her cheeriest manner. "Isn't it going to be a lovely day?"

"Good morning, daughter," answered her parents, and the girl, noticing that their eyes were evidently on the same object, turned hers in that direction.

Her brother, having finished his breakfast, was unmindful of the gazes fastened on him as algebra book in hand he sat with his feet resting conspicuously on the edge of the machine. The girl's heart sank as she looked, for Jimmie's shoes were practically soleless.

"Why didn't you say how bad your shoes were, son," asked his father.

"And it's beginning to be cold," added his mother, "and you don't get your money from the drug store until tomorrow and your father won't get any till Saturday."

"They'll be all right until tomorrow," answered the boy.

"But, Jimmie," worried the mother, "we don't want no more sickness. Perhaps now Ellen has a little money to lend you; you can wear your father's to school and yours will be ready when you come back."

And no one noticed the little catch in Ellen's voice when she said: "Mother, I only want one cheese sandwich, and just give me a little apple."

And it is right here that Mr. John Trent comes into the story.

He (Mr. John Trent) bound for Trent & Trent's law office, and Miss Ellen Watson, bound for Gerry Brothers' basement, had hung to a strap side by side all the way downtown.

To the man, used to the luxury of his automobile, it was a novelty. To the girl its daily repetition amounted to a tragedy.

"Awful, isn't it?" asked Mr. John Trent as he rescued Ellen's cheese sandwiches from the floor where a fat man's wild exit had thrown them.

"It is," returned Ellen, her candid gray eyes meeting his keen blue ones without attempt at coquetry.

"I wouldn't be going to Gerry Brothers' basement in this mob if I had any brains," she had added.

That was all. But later in the day Mr. John Trent had made it his business to talk the matter over with Gerry Brothers themselves.

And the younger Mr. Gerry had condescended to introduce the young lady quite properly. And after that Mr. John Trent had told Ellen he was a lawyer and lonely, for his folks were dead.

In turn, Ellen had brought him home to supper and confided her aspirations.

And then one day a wonderful thing had happened. Mr. John Trent had come to them to tell them a relative had left them wealth and a home in the country.

And the roses had come back to the tired mother's cheeks and the erectness to the father's shoulders. And Jimmie had played tennis and paddled his canoe, and Ellen had raised posies and chickens to her heart's content.

'Twas Mr. John Trent's old butler who unconsciously gave the thing away.

"He's always doing things like that for folks like you, giving 'em one of his own places to live in, bless his heart."

It was a sober family, and a very white little Ellen that greeted Mr. John Trent that night as he jumped boyishly over the low gate.

"How could you?" Ellen lifted great, reproachful eyes.

"It wasn't right," said her father a bit brokenly.

"It was bully, though," sighed Jimmie.

"How could you say it was from a relative," the tears ran freely down Mrs. Watson's cheek.

For answer Mr. John Trent stalked to the girl's side.

"I love you, dear," he said tenderly, "will you marry me?" And as Ellen's face hid on his shoulder for answer, a smile broke through his gravity.

"The place is yours, dear folks," he told them. He reached out and encircled Mrs. Watson with his other arm.

"I wasn't fibbing at all, was I, mother?" he demanded. "It is from a relative, your son-in law."

HORSE OUTRUNS KANGAROO

Mistaken Impression as to Animal's Swiftness—Dogs Trained for the Chase.

Kangaroos in Australia are hunted for sport. For the hide, too, and for the somewhat unsavory delicacy of the tail, boiled in a pot to make soup and a jelly.

A kangaroo takes instinctively to water, where, at bay in depth enough, he can drown a dog in short order. At bay in the bush, upright on one hind leg and the thick curve of his tail, his back against a tree, he is at a disadvantage. But he is not defenseless. The long hoof of his free hind-leg is his weapon. And with this—having by good fortune trapped an unwary antagonist to his breast with his sharp-clawed forelegs—he deals a terrible death.

In flight, however, a kangaroo is easy prey. A knowing dog catches him by the tail, overturns him with a cunning wrench, and takes his throat from a safe angle before he can recover. Notwithstanding the kangaroo's popular reputation for speed, he is easily overtaken in the bush by a good horse. A capable kangaroo dog—a lean, swift beast, a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff, bred to course and kill—soon runs him to bay.

Give Him One Good Quality.

It is related that Benedict Arnold, who became a traitor to his country, was no common boy. The most striking trait of his character was fearlessness. He would place himself in situations of extreme peril, for no other motive than to terrify his elders, or to "show off" his courage.

It was often the duty of young Arnold to carry bags of Indian corn to a mill, two miles from home, himself riding upon the bags that were thrown over the horse's back. While he was waiting for his grist, it was his delight to astonish the miller with his wild, daring tricks. As he was bathing in the mill stream, he would seize hold of one of the spokes of the great water wheel, and go round with it, now dangling in the air, now buried in the foaming water, while the miller stood horror-stricken at his recklessness.

Wireless Startles Natives.

Humors of wireless telephony in the wilds of Africa are recounted by a Marconi house official.

Throughout the demonstrations given the apparatus was regarded with the greatest awe. The Swazis refused to believe it possible to speak from one place to another without the medium of wires. A certain gallant major spoke from Mbabane, and at Stegi, 52 miles away, there were assembled a number of Swazis, including several petty chiefs. Conversations then commenced, and the natives were dumbfounded. Straight away they held an "indaba," a sort of extra special mass meeting. Presently a deputation appeared and asked if there was to be a white man's war, because if there was they wanted to be on the white man's side.

If the practically illimitable interior energy of the atom could be liberated and controlled, we should not have to worry about the steadily decreasing coal supply.

HE CONQUERED RABIES

PASTEUR MADE A STUDY OF THE DREADED DISEASE.

It Is Less than Half a Century Since the Great Discovery Was Made by the Famous Scientist—A Little French Boy Was the First Case Treated.

One could scarcely say that the most important of Pasteur's discoveries was the serum that prevented the development of rabies, but this is undoubtedly the feat with which his name is most intimately associated in the mind of the average man. This is because while rabies in human beings was always rare, it was by popular consent about the most dreaded disease from which one could suffer. The death rate was high, even when the best medical skill was employed, between fifteen and forty per cent. Of late years, it has been reduced even when the wounds were on the face or neck they were nearly always fatal. The physical and mental sufferings of the victime were dreadful, and torturing to those obliged to look on. It was no wonder then that when Pasteur's cure was announced it was received with enthusiasm by the general public as well as by the medical profession. Moreover, this was only the second time in the history of medicine that a method for the specific prevention of an infectious disease had been discovered, the other being the discovery of vaccination for the prevention of smallpox. Methods for the prevention of cholera, typhoid, diphtheria and yellow fever were all of a much later date.

It was only after a series of experiments extending over years, and after the treatment had been frequently applied to various animals suffering from rabies, that Pasteur ventured to treat a human being. The first case treated was in July, 1885, when a boy named Joseph Meister, of Alsace, was taken to Pasteur by his parents. He had been badly bitten about the face and hands by a rabid dog, and had received no treatment whatever. From the nature of the wounds Pasteur and his assistants decided that nothing could be more certain than that the boy would develop rabies if he were not treated. No failure of the attempted cure could be worse than what the boy faced if not inoculated. There was, therefore, no hesitation in giving him the treatment. No unfavorable symptoms followed. The boy remained well, and so far as we know lived to become an old man. In the following October he was so well that Pasteur felt justified in announcing to the Academy of Science what had been accomplished. There was the greatest enthusiasm manifested after his address, and Bouley, then chairman of the Academy, said:

"We are entitled to say that the date of the present meeting will remain forever memorable in the history of medicine, and glorious for French science, for it is that of one of the greatest steps ever accomplished in the medical order of things, a progress realized by the discovery of an efficacious means of preventive treatment for a disease, the incurable nature of which was a legacy handed down by one century to another. From this day humanity is armed with the means of fighting the fatal disease of hydrophobia, and of preventing its onset. It is to M. Pasteur that we owe this, and we could not feel too much admiration or too much gratitude for the efforts on his part which have led to such a magnificent result."

As soon as Pasteur's paper was published, the knowledge of his success was rapidly transmitted to every country, and people bitten by rabid dogs began to arrive at the laboratory from all parts of the world. The service for the treatment of hydrophobia became the chief business of the laboratory.

In the following month four children of workmen in Newark, New Jersey, were bitten by a mad dog, and the press gave the widest publicity to the tragedy. There was no Pasteur serum in the country, and probably nobody capable of administering it at that time. The only hope for the children was to send them to Paris, and the New York Herald promoted a fund for the purpose. The children were sent in charge of Dr. Frank Billings, a Boston veterinarian of distinction. Accompanying them also was Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, at that time in charge of the Carnegie Laboratory of the Bellvue Medical College. Mr. Carnegie was greatly interested in the cases, and desired to have a representative of his laboratory study the treatment. So Dr. Biggs was selected, and had an opportunity of watching Pasteur at work for several weeks, as he records in the New York Times. When he arrived about forty patients were undergoing treatment, and they had come from all parts of the world.

Many of the patients were poor and could ill afford the expense of living in Paris while the treatment was being given, and he says that for these Pasteur provided the resources often out of his own pocket. The great scientist showed plainly traces of the paralytic stroke he had suffered years before. He limped slightly, and both arm and face on the affected side showed limited motion. His manner with the patients was kind and gentle, but as a rule he was grave and taciturn. As soon as possible he retired to his private laboratory, and when once there was almost impossible of access, for it was with the greatest reluctance that he permitted anyone to break in upon him when thus engaged. It was not long afterward until Pasteur institutes were established in other countries, each under the charge of men trained and commissioned by Pasteur. The present death rate from rabies, treated by the Pasteur method, is about one-half of one per cent.

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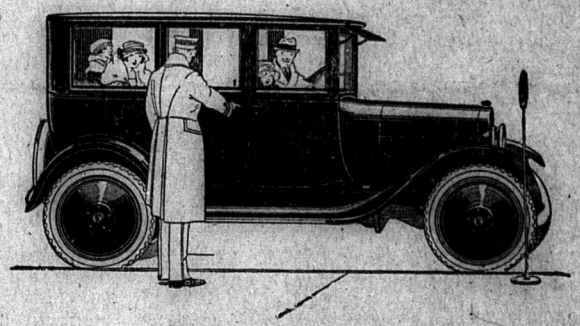

THE ORIENTAL.

There Has Been a Change of Sentiment In the West.

"Fifteen years ago," says Mr. Lukin Johnston in the "United Empire," "the general feeling in British Columbia was that the Chinese were very useful, harmless people. They now have become serious competitors in market- gardening and other occupations, and there is a problem to be solved which has grown insidiously.

"During the war, when white labor was engrossed in helping to supply the pressing needs of the Allies, they were on hand to step into higher-paid posts. Their wages rose rapidly, and they began to launch out into business on a larger scale. To-day their stores are to be found in the most expensive shopping districts of the cities. In Victoria and Vancouver several large business blocks are owned by them. They operate hotels where no other accommodation is available for the traveler. The humble pedlar's cart, drawn by a decrepit steed, has been replaced by the motor truck, its Oriental ownership often disguised by the English name of the firm painted on the side.

"But still the Chinaman has retained the qualities which made him popular in the early days. He is still the industrious, unobtrusive person he always was. He has put forward no demands as to his 'right' to the franchise, as have the Japanese. But he has brought with him his faults and vices as well as his virtues. Through the seaports up and down the Pacific coast enormous quantities of opium and other drugs are smuggled in every year through the agency of the Chinese. In the cities there are scores of opium dens, while, largely through their moral laxity and cupidity, the drug habit is gaining an ever-increasing hold on the white population. They live in squalid slums unfit for human habitation.

"The attitude of the Japanese is very different. They come with the desire of achieving good British citizenship, and all their plans are laid for permanent residence. They are to be found in all lines of commerce and industry. They are aggressive competitors in many trades. There are Japanese silk shops, toy shops, and garages, banks and trust companies scattered all over the larger cities. In Seattle, incidentally, it was stated in an unofficial report that a large number of the hotels, the most exclusive of them, were owned by Japanese."

The Gzowskis.

Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski's death recently brings into public attention the few acres of park land, known as Alexandra Park in Toronto. It was the public spirit of the late Mr. Gzowski which placed the property in the hands of the city and resulted in the establishment of a park in a district to which the cramped and congested growth of the city had long since come and covered the ground with networks of streets and houses and factories.

When the late Col C. S. Gzowski died, in the opening years of the present century, he left to his son the family estate, comprising a house and several acres of ground near what is now the corner of Dundas and Bathurst streets. The terms of his will, however, were such as to preclude the voluntary deeding of the property to the city, which had at first been offered by Casimir Gzowski. Mr. Gzowski visualized the effect of dense city growth from which all open spaces must inevitably disappear, and in order that at least one spot might be preserved for future generations, he offered the property to the city at its assessed value, which was then less than one-third of the real value. His offer was accepted. The park was created and the name Alexandra was bestowed in honor of the reigning Queen.

It was after a rebellion in Poland in 1832 that the Gzowski family fled from Russia. Sir Casimir Gzowski's father, Count Gzowski, was one of those who rose against the czar. A short stay in Austria by the family was followed by removal to the United States, where young Casimir, later engineer and contractor of numerous important public works in Canada, perfected his knowledge of civil engineering. After he moved to Toronto he became a distinguished citizen, and his residence, "The Hall," on Bathurst street, was one of the sights of that part of the city.

Smelt In Great Lakes.

Thinking that it might be worth while to try to introduce that valuable food fish, the smelt, into the Great Lakes, the United States Fisheries Bureau at various times during the last dozen years has furnished the State of Michigan with smelt eggs. Results are now beginning to appear in a very striking way.

Already the fish have become numerous in parts of Lake Michigan, and, especially in Crystal Lake, Mich., where a considerable number of eggs were planted. A news despatch from Frankfort, Mich., says: "'Many people from here are driving to Beulah to get some of the myriads of fish that are coming out of Crystal Lake, and going up Cold Creek to spawn. The Beulah farmers are catching them by thousands, hauling them home by wagonloads. They catch them with dipnets, or sometimes use a common burlap sack for the purpose.

The Fisheries Bureau says that the fish are undoubtedly smelt, and are the result of the planting of 16,000,000 smelt eggs in Crystal Lake ten years ago.

The advent of smelt in the Great Lakes is deemed a cause of rejoicing. Aside from their value as human food—and, as everybody knows, they are delicious—smelt in many bodies of water are a valuable asset in the way of food for game fish, such as the landlocked salmon.

Hospital for Sick Children

COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

Realizing that the trend of public opinion is swinging more and more towards the equilization of the burdens which each citizen of Canada must bear, that the helping of those who are unable to help themselves occupies a much larger place in our minds, may I draw your attention to the fact that this Hospital is accomplishing great things in a field that is untouched by any other organization.

Little children from all parts of the Province, irrespective of class or creed, children who are sickly and maimed, come here and are made strong and healthy. Is not this in itself a wonderful work?

The service and the duty of the Hospital is far-reaching. As well as personal attention, both surgical and medical, for all the tiny patients, doctors and nurses are also trained to extend the mission of healing to the uttermost parts of the Province.

The entire function of the Hospital must commend itself to you and your readers. It is a CHILD WELFARE work well deserving of the support of your subscribers.

Of late a new and unfortunate factor has added to the responsibilities which the Hospital must assume. You have noticed, no doubt, the alarming increase in the number of motor accidents throughout the Province in the majority of which little children are the chief sufferers. Many of them are little waifs of the poorer sections where the streets are the only playgrounds.

Here are the average day's figures for 1922 attendance:

Cot patients 256
Out-patients 199

The carrying out of this great work is your responsibility as well as that of the people of all Ontario. Every contributor to the Hospital is a friend, indeed, to these little mites of humanity, and has the satisfaction of knowing that the result of his individual contribution is bringing joy into at least one home by assisting to care for somebody's child.

The service of the Hospital depends on the continued support of the public and the conversion of dollars into health and strength will, I am sure, meet with your approval. Each minute of mercy costs over fifty cents, so you will see that much money is needed to carry on this GREAT MOTHER CHARITY.

Every day sees a large number of additional patients on the Hospital's register. Owing to the advanced costs of surgical and medical appliances, maintenance is mounting until now nearly twice the usual amount of money is essential for the fulfilling of our duty. With the approach of Christmas, may I place these facts before your readers in connection with the 47th Christmas appeal of the Hospital for Sick Children?

Faithfully yours,

I. E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Appeal Committee.

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Late interne Wellesley Hospital Toronto.
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"GUNPOWDER TREASON."

Interesting Points About Guy Fawkes' Celebration.

Most people have heard the story of the "Gunpowder Plot," which was a conspiracy to blow up King James I. and Parliament. Guy Fawkes, a Spanish officer, was discovered in a vault below the House of Lords, ready to set fire to two hogsheads and thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, the whole covered with faggots.

Of course it is from that fact we get the term "Guy Fawkes' Day," the fifth day of November, 1605, being the date of the plot. Demonstration, however, of recent years, has died down, but we still see a few "guys" about the streets, exhibited by children, principally, who are after a little cash. That is why they "remember the fifth of November," and request you to do likewise.

Hampstead Heath, Parliament Hill, Tower Hill, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the old Clare Market, now demolished, were the most popular centers, at one time, for the celebration of the "Fifth." Hampstead Heath, even nowadays, is the scene of some sort of "Guy Fawkes" celebration, but interest is gradually burning itself out, generally speaking.

Gunpowder, by the way, is said to have been first discovered by Schwartz, a German monk, but others aver it was originally used by Roger Bacon. King Edward III.'s cannons, however, certainly employed gunpowder. But it was not until after the "Gunpowder Plot" that we popularized such things as "miniature explosions" (or "fireworks").

China, for many ages, nevertheless, had a certain kind of "firework," and "firework displays" were given in Roman circuses from an early date. But, we are told making "fireworks" as we now know them, became a fine art when gunpowder revolutionized the manufacture of "fireworks."

"Fireworks," as is well known, figured very largely during the Great War, star shells, rockets, Verey lights, and maroons recalling many an unpleasant episode in our wartime experiences. But in this connection it is interesting to note that Lieut.-Col. F. A. Brock, R.A.F., of the famous firework firm, devised the lights for the Dover barrage, and also the rockets and "smoke-screens" used in the naval battles at Zeebrugge and Ostend.

"Guy Fawkes' lantern," by the way, was some years back deposited in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, together with another historical relic of the "Fifth"—namely, a facsimile of the celebrated letter which was sent to Lord Monteagle warning him of the "Gunpowder Plot."

The Lord Mayor's Kitchen.

One of the features of the Lord Mayor's show day is the banquet, which is held at the Guildhall after the procession.

The famous turtle soup is always served at this banquet, and the tables are laden with huge barons of beef, boar's heads and other delicacies.

The kitchen, in which all these good things are prepared, is one of the most wonderful rooms in the Lord Mayor's residence.

It is a huge hall in the basement, and is fitted with ranges, each of which is large enough to roast a whole ox. The vegetables are cooked, not in saucepans, but in mighty tanks, and the stewing range is a long iron platform which stretches over a number of fires. The spits for roasting turkeys and so on are immense iron cages.

Over the fireplace in this superkitchen there is an old and curious inscription, says "Debrett's City of London Book":—

"Swear not. Lie not. Neither repeat old grievances. Whosoever eats or drinks in this hall with his hat on shall forfeit sixpence or ride the wooden horse."

"Riding the wooden horse" meant that the offender sat astride a long pole, which was carried round the room by the other servants—an extremely uncomfortable business.

Cardinal Manning Story.

An English priest, Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, has written his recollections of Cardinal Manning. The cardinal was evidently anything but a severe or lugubrious person. Being in Norwich one day during a heavy shower, Manning happened to take shelter in a chemist's shop in company with a very severe-looking lady. Wishing to be agreeable, Manning tried to say something apropos of the occasion or of Norwich, and quoted, "The man in the moon came down too soon and lost his way to Norwich. The man in the south has burnt his mouth with eating of cold plum porridge." "I hate a fool," remarked the austere lady.

Editor of Punch Forty-four Years

In Sir Henry Lucy's reminiscences of Frank Burnand, contributed to the Cornhill Magazine, there are glimpses of famous wits and writers, revelations of the methods of Burnand in conducting Punch for forty-four years, a number of his breezy letters and a brief record of a friendship of more than a generation. But there are no examples of the editor's humor. Sir Henry says of this omission: "Burnand was at his best at the weekly Punch dinner, where, with an audience few but fit, he rollicked his way through the evening. I have often regretted that I never made a note of his good things. I suppose the fact is they were so bountiful that they were accepted as commonplaces, with the assurance that there would be plenty more at the next dinner."

Lucy became a contributor and guest in 1881. He expected a "humble repast consisting of a joint and vegetables, probably washed down with stout or bitter beer." It proved to be a banquet for an epicure. But that was "long ago," says the survivor. The host was William Bradbury, senior partner in the firm owning Punch, who thought that nothing was too good for "my boys." At eight o'clock "the cloth was cleared, coffee brought in, cigars lit, and work began." The cartoon was the great subject of discussion. Suggestions were welcome. Punch without the cartoon would have been unthinkable. Burnand and his staff went into earnest conference over it. There was always an interval of a week between plan and execution. "To look ahead a full week," says Sir Henry, "select the topic which shall then be chiefly to the fore, and treat it pictorially in accordance with the relative circumstances of the hour, is no easy task." Seldom was there a mishap. The worst occurred when Punch came out "with a spirited picture of Gordon freezing himself from peril of Khartoum." He was actually dead.

Thackeray celebrated the Punch dinner table as "the mahogany tree," says the New York Times. It was really plain deal, which yielded to the knife of the monogram-cutters. For more than fifty years contributors left their marks upon it. "They bring one as it were into actual touch with men famous in art and literature. Among them are the finely cut monograms of Mark Lemon, the first editor; Percival Leigh, known as "The Professor"; Thackeray, a carefully thought-out elaborate design; Leech, who by exception dates his first work (1864) and adds his cipher, a leech wriggling in a decanter of water; Horace Mayhew, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks and Tenniel, whose monogram appeared for more than a generation on inimitable cartoons. Among other relics are the initials of Du Maurier, Linley, Sambourne, Arthur and Gilbert a Becket, E. J. Milliken, the verse-maker; Harry Furniss, Antsey-Guthrie, R. C. Lehmann, Partridge and the lamented Phil May. Thackeray resigned under circumstances that did him honor. He had long been offended by gibes at the Prince Consort and hostility to Lord Palmerston.

But worse was to come. Thackeray had his own notions about French politics. One day the cartoon made his blood "boil." He resigned by letter to the owners, because the emperor was pictured as a beggar on horseback, "galloping to hell with a sword reeking with blood." Burnand was the loyalist of friends, and naturally his antipathies were violent. He hated Albert Smith. So did others, among them Douglas Jerrold, who once wrote of Smith that "he only tells two-thirds of the truth in writing his initials." A feature which Burnand made popular was a page of book reviewing. In writing to Lucy about a novel in which John Oliver Hobbes introduced Disraeli, Burnand, who was a devout Roman Catholic, contradicted a story in the lady's book that Disraeli was received into the Roman Catholic Church on his death-bed. Burnand declared that a priest was sent for, but arrived too late.

The dismissal of Burnand had been more or less a mystery. In justice to the proprietors, his friend says that "Burnand was largely responsible for what happened." He had become an institution, and, regarding himself as indispensable, "he was apt to reject cavalierly any suggestion coming from the firm." The worm turned at last. Burnand was inconsolable. Lucy, coming to cheer him up, found the veteran "ten years older in looks, tears streaming down his cheeks." He was penniless. In receipt of a large income from books and plays in addition to his salary as editor, he had lived luxuriously, saving nothing. Somehow Burnand kept the wolf from the door for eleven years. On April 21, 1917, he passed away painlessly, after "a long and merry life."

Dunces Who Change.

Lord Justice Scrutton was stating a truth, of which there have been famous instances, when he said that sometimes the dullard of the class turns out to be the most successful man. Isaac Newton was classed as a dunce at school. Gibbon, author of "The Decline and Fall," was pronounced "dreadfully dull" as a boy, and John Dryden was summed up as "a great numskull," whilst Sir Walter Scott was denounced by a professor of the University in the phrase, "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain."

Russian Magazines.

In Russia it costs more than twice as much to subscribe for a magazine for two months as it does for one month. The publishers have to make allowance for the expected depreciation of the rouble.

GOOD TASTE IN MILADY'S DRESS

Percentage of Smartly Dressed Women Is Ever on the Increase.

SUCCESS OF THE FULL SKIRT

Prediction Is That General Approval of Garment May Not Come for Two or Three Years—Slimmer Outline Is Popular.

From many quarters one hears the fate of fashions bemoaned, writes a correspondent in the New York Tribune. From all sides comes the cry, "Where are the new styles? Our dressmakers are offering us nothing new. The only points in dress that one can talk about and worry about is differing from those of last year lie in the length of skirts, in the shape of necklines or whether sleeves will be full or tightfitting." But these criticisms that one hears of present-day fashions may be converted into praise of the good judgment of our designers, who, through the last few years, have come to realize that the day when sensational upheavals in dress could be achieved has passed.

Good taste in dress has developed to such an extent that the bizarre and the really novel receive but an indifferent reception. The percentage of smartly dressed women is ever on the increase, and the number of those who desire to be conspicuous constantly decreasing.

Those who make clothes have not pursued the line of least resistance. Close study of their modes shows that under apparent simplicity lies a clever complication of cut.

Straight Skirt Swathes Hips.

There are innumerable clever ways of cutting garments which reveal the hand of the master maker. The way in which the circular godet is introduced is an example of this. During the last few years there has been a persistent endeavor to introduce full skirts. Realizing that a fashion is a thing of slow development, dressmakers have pressed this point in subtle and unobtrusive ways. They are still endeavoring to bring the full skirt forward, and it is safe to predict that the success of the full skirt is assured, but its success will not be an immediate one. It will be two or three years before we will see it replace the much-liked model of slimmer outline.

One of the cleverest ideas which has been widely taken up this season is that of making the simple one-piece dress the basis of the three-piece suit by means of a skirt which is really nothing more than a straight piece of cloth wrapped around the body below the hips and fastened with a large button or buckle. The cloth skirt is usually open down the left side to reveal the underdress in the form of a panel. This costume is completed by a short jacket which either matches the skirt or is of a combination of the cloth and fur. In some instances the jacket is made entirely of fur.

Dress of Several Different Fabrics.

A French model of this type is developed in a honeycomb worsted in two tones, rust red and golden tan, and

Afternoon Dress of Castor-Colored Crepe Covered With Trimming of Narrow Faille Ribbon.

trimmed with beaver fur. The material is interestingly worked with stitched bands, which trim both the jacket and the skirt. It has a straight-line, snugly fitting jacket.

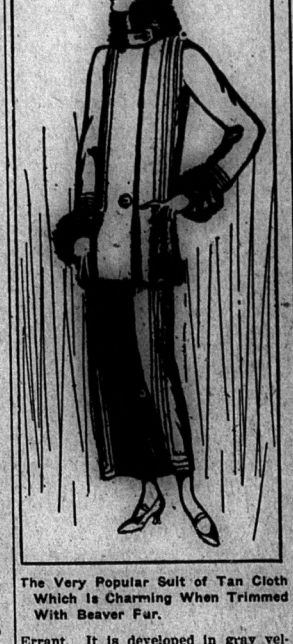
Gowns made of several different materials in blending shades of one color are a feature of the new fashions. A model of this sort made by Drecoll is a Japanese type of dinner gown developed in purple, mauve and silver. The draped skirt is of purple velvet in a very deep tone; the bodice is of mauve chiffon. The broad girdle and sleeve bands are of a reddish purple and silver brocade.

Beautiful effects are obtained by means of brocades and embroideries. One Callot model, while having the elegance so typical of this maker, is simple and wearable. It consists of an overdress in a dark blue and silver brocade. The background on which the figures are brocaded looks like a faded navy blue. This dress is made with the heavy padded girdle placed at the normal waistline and ending in a huge rosette of dark blue silk to match the underdress, which is revealed through the front opening in the skirt.

Velvet and Matelasse.

Gray is still a favorite shade for evening coats. The season was rather advanced last winter when gray evening coats first made their appearance, so it is but natural that this shade should be carried over to this winter.

A typical gray evening coat from Bernard, of Paris, is known as Prince



The Very Popular Suit of Tan Cloth Which Is Charming When Trimmed With Beaver Fur.

Errant. It is developed in gray velvet trimmed with bands of taupe fur. The sleeves and sides of the mantle are entirely of fur and there is a huge fur collar. In addition to this lavish ornamentation there are silk and metal embroideries in the form of narrow bands extending the length of the coat on either side of the front and back and passing in a double row around the sleeves.

Velvet is a very important fabric for both afternoon and evening coats and dresses. Another evening coat of velvet is of a dark navy blue velvet lined with red crepe de chine, with collar and cuffs of squirrel.

Interesting costumes are in combination of velvet and matelasse. One recently imported consists of a sheath dress of rose-colored matelasse and a full-length cape of brown velvet lavishly trimmed with fur and lined with the rose material from which the dress is made.

Ribbon Trims Simple Frock.

The working of the material from which the frock is made into a trimming is not a new idea, but one that is exploited more than ever this season, and in a more interesting way than ever before.

Ribbons, too, exactly matching the gown in color, also are much used for trimmings. Or, it might better be said, much ribbon is used, for it is nothing to use fifty or sixty yards of ribbon on one simple frock, such as a Renee model, which is of a deep castor shade of crepe Mongol trimmed with narrow faille ribbon of exactly matching shade. This model requires 125 yards of the ribbon to make the design.

Colored silk or metal ribbons are massed together to form flower motifs which are used especially for trimming girdles. Narrow furs also are worked in interesting ways as trimmings.

Ornate Footwear.

For the last few years there has been a series of conflicts between the strapped slipper and the shoe with a buckle. As soon as one style succeeded in becoming the accepted vogue the other gradually fought its way to the front ranks of fashion until the first became completely suppressed. After another few months the pendulum would swing back again.

This has been kept up season after season. Designers of footwear seemed to have only these two types of shoes to offer, and when women became weary of the one they could do nothing but turn back to the other.

At the start of the year 1921 women in both this country and on the continent demanded something different in footwear. Shoemakers then realized that it was time to present new attractions, and from then on there was a steady and definite trend toward ornate footwear.

In the general shape of shoes there is no noticeable change. In some models the vamp is slightly longer and in others the toe slightly more pointed, but these changes are so small that they are hardly worth mentioning.

Trimmings are of utmost importance on shoes. Stitching in a contrasting color is seen on many models.

TACT AND A PLUMBER.

Masterly Inactivity at a Banquet in High Society.

Not so very long ago there was a dinner given in exclusive Washington society at which the most tactful person was undoubtedly a plumber in overalls.

It was an elaborate dinner. The central feature of the table decorations was a playing fountain, but just before the dinner was to be served the fountain refused to play.

A plumber was hastily called. He crawled under the table and soon had the fountain sending a delicate spray into the air. He was busy tightening the couplings of the temporary pipes under the table when the head butler, his mind relieved of a load of care when he saw the fountain playing, announced in the drawing room:

"Dinner is served."

Before the plumber knew what was happening the guests had entered the dining room, chairs were drawn up, and he suddenly found himself hemmed in by a wall in which trousers alternated with skirts.

It was a big round table, so he was safe from discovery from any shifting foot. He scratched his head and wondered what he should do. He looked carefully around. Neither to the right nor to the left nor between any pair of feet was there sufficient space for him to wiggle through. The only way to get out would be to tap on some knee and—"Pardon me, please."

He didn't know much about the etiquette of formal dinner parties, but he had a hunch that that wouldn't make a hit. He decided that there was just one thing to do—stay where he was until the trousers and skirt wall departed. So there he sat while course after course was served, coffee sipped, cigarettes and cigars smoked, nothing to entertain him but a ground floor view of high society.

When the dinner was at last over and the guests had returned to the drawing room the plumber crawled forth.

The hostess had tarried for a moment to give a few directions to the head butler. She gasped with astonishment.

The plumber explained.

"Sir," said she, "you are a gentleman." Then to the head butler, "James, give this man $10 for himself." Then to the plumber, "And please say nothing."—New York Times.

SHOEMAKING IN AMERICA.

Massachusetts Now Turns Out Nearly Half the World's Product.

Thomas Beard, arriving by the Mayflower in 1629, was the first shoemaker to come from England to America. He settled at Salem, Mass.

More than $250,000,000 is now invested in American shoemaking and more than 200,000 wage earners are employed.

Before 1850 practically every shoemaking process was a hand process.

Lynn, Mass., with over 100 factories, is the leading shoe city of the world.

Of the world's boots and shoes more than 47 per cent are made in Massachusetts.

John Brooks Nichols of Lynn adapted the Howe sewing machine to sew the uppers of shoes in 1851, and this was the first important step in the application of machinery to shoemaking.

William F. Trowbridge at Feltonville, now a part of Marlborough, Mass., applied horsepower to the shoemaking machinery of 1855. Steam and water power came later.

The poet Whittier was a shoemaker in his youth. Henry Wilson, eighteenth vice president of the United States, was "the Natick cobbler" and was always proud of his shoemaking days.

Ebenezer Breed of Lynn is credited with securing by personal influence the first protective tariff on shoes. He was a merchant of Revolutionary times.

August Destouy, a New York mechanic, invented in 1862 the first curved needle to sew turn shoes.—From "A Primer of Boots and Shoes," Compiled by Daniel S. Knowlton.

The Myrtle Warbler.

The myrtle warbler breeds in the northern and eastern parts of the United States, but migrates through every woodland path and is so numerous that it is familiar to every observer. More than three-fourths of its food consists of insects, practically all of which are harmful. The bird is small, nimble and successfully attacks insects too minute to be prey for larger birds. These insects are its chief items of food.

Antiquity of the Grape.

The native country of the grapevine is the region around the Caspian sea extending through Armenia and as far west as the Crimea. The grape has been cultivated from the remotest antiquity, being mentioned in the Hebrew Scriptures and in all of the most ancient writings.

Not Much.

"Are you putting away something for a rainy day, Tommy?" asked the little boy's aunt as she saw him at his little savings bank.

"No, ma'am," was Tommy's reply. "There ain't no ball games on rainy days!"—Yonkers Statesman.

It Was Alive.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir. The Customer—What for? John—The cheese, sir. The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—London Sketch.

So high as a tree aspires to grow, so high will it find an atmosphere suited to it.—Thoreau.

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You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

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Belated Wedding Gifts

Sent to Princess Mary By the Women of Ashanti

Wedding gifts from the Queen Mother and people of Ashanti and of the Gold Coast, were presented to Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, recently by Lady Guggisberg, wife of the Governor of the Gold Coast, who was accompanied by Mrs. Lewis, wife of the Treasurer, Mr. J. E. Hutton-Mills, and Captain R. S. Rattray. A silver stool, the gift of the women of Ashanti, is an exact replica of the Queen Mother stool, and was handed by Amma Sewa Akoto, the senior Queen Mother to Lady Guggersberg, for presentation to Princess.

Accompanying the stool was a printed document which information is given concerning the old mothers of Africa who sent this "tribute of love, loyalty, and good wishes to the beloved princess," and describing how the stool was made and consecreated. In making the presentation Lady Guggesberg handed to the princess a translation of the address of Amma Sewa Akoto, which runs as follows:

"I place this stool in your hands. It is a gift on her wedding for the King's child, Princess Mary.

"Ashanti stool-makers have carved it, and Ashanti silversmiths nave embossed it. All the Queen Mothers who dwell here in Ashanti have contributed towards it, and, as I am the senior Queen Mother in Ashanti, I stand as representative of all the Queen Mothers, and place it in your hands to send to the King's child.

"It may be that the King's child has heard of the Golden Stool of Ashanti. That is the stool which contains the soul of the Ashanti nation. All we women of Ashanti thank the Governor exceedingly because he has declared to us that the English will never again ask us to hand over that stool. This stool we give gladly. It does not contain our soul as our Golden Stool does, but it contains all the love of us Queen Mothers and of our women. The spirit of this love we have bound to the stool with silver fetters just as we are accustomed to bind our own spirits to the base of our stools.

"We in Ashanti here have a law which decrees that it is the daughters of a Queen who alone can transmit royal blood, and that the children of a king cannot be heirs to that stool. This law has given us women a power in this land so that we have a saying which runs: 'It is the woman who bears the man.'

"We hear that her law is not so, nevertheless we have great joy in sending her our congratulations, and we pray the great God Nyankopon, on whom men lean and do not fall, whose day of worship is a Saturday, and whom the Ashanti serve just as she serves Him, that He may give the King's child and her husband long life and happiness, and finally, when she sits upon this silver stool, which the women of Ashanti have made for their white Queen Mother, may she call us to mind.

(Signed) "Amma Sewa Akoto."

An Ashanti cloth woven in the country was presented from the men of Ashanti.

A suggestion was placed before Princess Mary that a certain sum of money remaining over from the contributions should be invested with a view to the endowment of a "Princess Mary" women's ward in the new hospital of Accra. Her Royal Highness expressed herself delighted with the proposal.

The Weathercock.

The church weather vane has been handed down to our own day from the time of St. Dunstan. Its form is traditional, and its popular name, weathercock, suggests its shape. Why was this bird selected to preside over our spires and turrets? It is the emblem of vigilance, and Hugo de Sancto Victore in the "Mystical Mirrour of the Church" has a long dissertation on the subject. He says that the cock represents the preacher, and arouses the sleepers. He foretelleth the approach of day, but first stirreth himself up to crow by the striking of his wings. So the preacher arouses the children of this world from the sleep of sin, foretells the coming of the light, and wisely before preaching to others arouses himself from the sleep of sin.

Curious Occupations.

An old guide-book to Paris enumerates some of the curious professions of the inhabitants. Among them is the collection of stale bread, which is probably practiced in other countries to-day. The bread collectors disposed of the better portions of their gains to dog breeders, poultry keepers, and aviarists, while the inferior wares (being regarded as only fit for human consumption) were sold to managers of restaurants for the garnishing of cold ham and the manufacture of dishes labelled "Au gratin."

Arkwright's Spinning Jack.

The Science Museum, South Kensington, has just acquired the only known specimen of the original Arkwright spinning jack, which has been in the Swain family for 150 years. It has 48 spindles, and is worked by hand with a five-foot wooden flywheel. Arkwright, after attempting perpetual motion, completed in 1768 a machine for spinning cotton thread.

The Bank of England.

The Bank of England was established in the city of London in 1694. Although a private institution, it is under Government control, and constitutes the treasury of the Empire. England having no national treasury like that of the United States. It is managed by a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors.

Labouchere Sought Office

The late Sir Algernon West was a type of those private secretaries of high English officials that are a peculiarly English product. For generations a private secretaryship has been a first step toward a political career. Earl Balfour began his as private secretary to his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury. West may be said to have been a private secretary all his life. He never sought high office, says the New York Times. He was assistant secretary to Sir Charles Wood and the Duke of Somerset, secretary to the former at the India office, then private secretary to Mr. Gladstone from his first Government in 1868 till his death. As well as the "aristocratic connections," long deemed suitable to the post, he had the tact, the discretion, intelligence and knowledge of men always necessary to it; and an unswerving devotion to his chief. They were always together: and in Mr. Gladstone's last Government West's work was so arduous and important that a member of the Cabinet called him the "Deputy Prime Minister."

His "Private Diary," lately published, contains many lights upon a considerable period of British political history. The hostilities there revealed between the then John Morley and Lord Rosebery on the one side and Sir William Harcourt on the other were more or less familiar before. Sir William, with great talents, had a biting wit and an insolence of manner, too often visible in the House of Commons, and, in the Cabinet, almost intolerable. His tongue and his manner cost him the Premiership. Almost a legend of anecdotes has gathered about that great bulk of a man; and Sir Algernon only adds new material to the accepted version of a vivid and stormy career that failed from faults of temperament. But who would have expected to find Henry Labouchere, so long, in Parliament and in Truth, the uncompromising assailant of pretty much everybody and everything, the cynical and highly gifted patrician radical, the critic of all Governments and of most policies, trying, so to speak, to realize on his "nuisance value"?

Every member of Lord Randolph Churchill's little party of four got an office; but one would have supposed that "Labby," with his keen sense of humor, would have seen that he had gone too far to expect to be silenced and "made to behave" by an office. Yet it seems that, not long after the success of the Liberals in the general election of 1892, bigwigs of the party began to ask: "What shall be done for 'Labby'?" As member for Northampton he had acquired a great reputation in the House. Nobody could ask more annoying questions or say more brilliant and often offensive things. His paper at that time was famous or notorious. He reveled in libel suits. He slashed recklessly at dignitaries. In the House, Sir Algernon writes, he "certainly possessed the power of making himself disagreeable, if he retained his seat below the gangway." On the other hand, the proprietor and editor of Truth would have been a curious figure in a Cabinet, and it would have been hard to form a Cabinet most of whose members he had not jabbed sharply at one time or another. So it was decided that he couldn't come in. "Labby," again forgetting his sense of humor, thought that Queen Victoria was responsible for his exclusion. Undaunted, he set to work to get some other place.

He had served in the diplomatic service, perhaps the most irreverent of attaches, for ten years. A part of this time was spent in Washington. A new British Ambassador to the United States was about to be appointed. "Labby" resolved to go back. Perhaps he thought that he would be most at home among Americans, who appreciate humor and are not above speaking their mind about dignitaries. At any rate, he applied for the place. His illimitable, careless, smiling impudence couldn't have been shown more delightfully. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs was then Lord Rosebery, whom he had lambasted unsparingly in Truth. But the Liberal majority was small, and the Liberal whips in the House were eager to sentence "Labby" to transportation.

One of them wrote to West that "it would be a grand thing to get 'Labby' out of the way next session. There is no one else who can really intrigue with any success on our side." Lord Rosbery wouldn't yield. It seems incredible, but Mrs. Labouchere not only wrote to Lord Rosebery, but called on him to induce him to change his mind. What can she have said? That "Labby's" stinging personalities were only "pretty Fanny's way"? "Labby," in spite of his faults, was so rich and interesting a character that one hates to see him in a position so unfortunate. Finally, Lord Rosebery had to write him that, after the copious abuse in Truth, it was impossible for him to offer office to "Labby" or for "Labby" to take office from him. Never in his life did "Labby" say anything so bitter as that. There are few queerer episodes in the always queer annals of politics.

In a Small Boat.

The first crossing of the Atlantic in a small boat was made by Henry May, who was wrecked on the then uninhabited Bermuda Islands in 1522. He built himself a little boat out of the wreck of his ship, and actually reached England in safety.

The fee for a registered letter in Britain was originally 2s. 6d., and afterwards 1s.

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FASHIONS NEVER DIE.

They May Vanish For a While, But They Come Up Again.

Once again we have been threatened with the revival of the crinoline; but so far it has failed to "catch on." While all men and most women refuse to believe that this abomination will ever come back, it might be as well to remember that the crinoline fashion first started in 1530; so for three hundred and ninety years past it has been cropping up in new forms as a nightmare to the mere man.

"Hocheplis" was its first name, and, of course, it originated in Paris. At first it was merely a device for puffing the skirt around the waist. It was introduced in England as the farthingale, and was made popular by Queen Elizabeth.

In 1711 we hear of "that startling novelty, the hoop petticoat," and in 1744 hoops had reached such an extravagant diameter that one woman took up the space occupied by six men.

Crinolines died right out in 1796, only to be revived again in the middle of the following century.

No one thinks twice to-day of seeing a woman in breeches or a divided skirt. This fashion is much older than that of the crinoline, for so long ago as the thirteenth century women rode astride in divided garments. In 1568, when France was in the throes of a terrible civil war, women again took to divided skirts for greater ease and comfort in riding.

The third great revival of the fashion was in 1850, when an American lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, adopted the much-discussed "bloomer" costume.

Another feminine fashion much older than most suppose, is the form of hat called the "toque." This was first worn by the ladies of the Court of Henry III.

A Princely "Mucker."

Prince Gelasie Caetani, a member of the Italian royal family and one-time a "mucker" in the California Grass Valley mines, has been appointed Italian Ambassador to Washington. The prince has been the mayor of Rome for the past year or two. Caetani was an architect by profession, but was bitten with the idea of frontier life upon meeting Cecil Rhodes in Paris somewhere around 1900. Rhodes discouraged South Africa, but introduced the young Italian to Henning Jennings, a Californian. Jennings gave the prince letters to John Hays Hammond and Fred W. Bradley, and in 1902 Caetani came to America. In one year he had graduated from Columbia University and then he wired Bradley for a job. He went West and for three years worked as a regular miner in the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mines in Idaho. Later he worked underground in Mexico, Alaska, and Grass Valley. In 1910 he opened an office as a mining engineer in San Francisco, and in 1912 went into partnership with Albert Burch, where he remained until the outbreak of the war. During the war Caetani saw real service and was decorated by his Government, and in December, 1920, he was elected mayor of Rome, having been active in Italian politics. The prince is a son of the late Duke of Sermoneta. He was a member of the Pacific Union, Bohemian, and Engineers' clubs while a resident of San Francisco.

Members of League of Nations.

The following countries are members of the League of Nations: Albania, Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, British Empire, Brazil, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, France, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Italy, Japan, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxemburg, Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Paraguay, Persia, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Salvador, Serb-Croat-Slovene State, Siam, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Uruguay, Venezuela.

Identifying Her.

A neighbor next door wears knickers and these are a source of interest to little Donald.

One day the youngster came in with some candy and I asked him where he got it. He answered: "From the lady next door."

"Well," said I, "that was nice of Mrs. S."

"Oh, not that next door lady," said Donald, "the other one," and then forgetting her name, he continued, "you know, Mrs. Pants."—Chicago Tribune.

WANTED—Local representatives in all parts of Ontario to sell direct to the farmer and user the ORIGINAL BELGIAN MELOTTE, the most reliable and satisfactory, easiest turning and best skimming Cream Separator in the world, the most popular machine ever sold in Canada. 1,000,000 in use the world over, sold in Canada by us for 30 years; Lister Milking Machines, Lister Farm Engines, Grinders and Blower Boxes, Lister Electric Lighting Plants, all the best of their kind—splendid opportunity for local machine man or farmer's son with good mechanical knowledge and selling ability—must possess the best of character, be well known in locality and be prepared to drive the district continuously. A splendid opportunity for men who understand their job and are not afraid of work. Salary and commission with good advertising assistance from Head Office given. Apply stating age, references and full particulars to R. A. LISTER & COMPANY (CANADA) LTD., 58 Stewart Street, TORONTO.

TENDERS WANTED

For putting away ice supply in the Village of Madoc. Amount and instructions for putting away on application. Apply to Belleville Creameries Limited, Box 59, Belleville, Ontario. Phone 37.

NOTICE

Will all parties who are indebted to the late Denis Gillen please call and arrange their account with the undersigned and oblige.

Mrs. D. Gillen,
Executrix of
Denis Gillen Estate.

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by public auction on the premises of the undersigned, Lot 9, 5th Concession, Madoc Township, 3 miles north of Madoc Village, on TUESDAY, FEB. 27, the following: 1 team matched heavy draught horses, 2800 lbs.; 1 team matched grey horses, rising 6 yrs.; pure-bred Holstein cow, 6 yrs. old; pure-bred Holstein heifer, 2 yrs. old; pure-bred bull, 3 yrs. old; 10 grade Holstein milch cows, 6 grade Holstein heifers rising 3 yrs.; 14 grade Holstein heifers rising 2 yrs., 7 grade Holstein calves rising 1 yr.; 1 pure-bred calf, 11 shoats, 40 hens, Massey-Harris binder with truck Massey-Harris corn binder, McCormick mower, 5-ft. cut; horse rake, Dain hay loader, Massey-Harris 3-horse cultivator, Massey-Harris 2-horse corn cultivator, disc harrow, Deering manure spreader, Massey-Harris finishing harrow, Verity gang plow, 2 walking plows, Massey-Harris seed drill, roller, stone-boat, heavy tubular axle waggon, truck waggon, hayrack, gravel box, set heavy sleighs, long sleigh and box, cutter, buggy, Chatham fanning mill with bagger, Uneeda separator, 500 lbs. capacity; set of Bain waggon wheels, 3-in. tire, nearly new; 1 pole, adjustable for buggy or cutter; Chevrolet car, in first-class condition; set single harness, 3 sets double harness, potash kettle, 2 sap pans, 200 sap buckets, 4 forty-gal. milk cans, robe, set of scales, quantity of grass seed, fire extinguisher, 4 milk pails, churn, butter jars, butter bowl, sideboard, 1 dozen chairs, 2 stoves, 3 lamps, 2 bedsteads, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence 12 o'clock sharp.

Terms—$10 and under, cash; over that amount, 9 months' credit on approved joint notes with interest at the rate of 6% per annum.

E. C. TUFTS, Auctioneer — WM. K. ELLIS, Owner

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale, Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon known as the W. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc, and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross, Barrister Madoc.

January 30th, 1923.

FARM TO RENT

¾ of Lot 11, Con. 1 Madoc Tp. This property is 7 miles from Madoc, well cultivated, fenced and has good buildings, convenient to school, church and telephone. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to John E. Craig, Belleville R.R. No. 6 or Edmond Plane, Madoc.

FOR SALE

6 h. p. Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engine. Apply to

D. JOHNSON,
2t8 O'Hara's Corners

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair, good garden space with fruit trees. For terms Apply Gavin. M. Wallbridge, Madoc.

FOR SALE

At G. A. Rollins, Madoc, one cook stove at $15. One cook stove $20. One range, with high shelf $35

FOR SALE

A solid, 8-room brick house, 2 lots good well, furnace, now occupied by J. Whytock. For further particulars apply to J. Whytock.

FOR SALE

Any person wanting to buy apples would do well to see James H. Parks as I can supply them with the best varieties in bushel hampers on short notice. James H. Parks, Madoc, Box 151 tf

36 in. dark and light Flannelette 4 yds. only 85c

McIntosh Bros.

5 only Mackinaw Coats to clear at $4.00

DRY GOODS

27 inch Gingham, special at 19c yd.

36 inch Ratine, all shades for Spring, 85c to $1.75 yd.

Special Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Silk Messaline, Crepe de Chine, Taffeta, per yd. 1.55

Dark House Dresses, neatly trimmed, every size, color fast.....85c to 1.85

Children's Worsted Hose, regular 50c, special at 3 prs. for..... 1.00

Any Cotton Hose, Men's, Women's and Children's, one real bargain, 5 pairs for 1.00

Gents' Corduroy and extra heavy Trousers, special for these three days, regular $4.50, Sale 2.98

36x6 Oil Window Shades, regular $1.75, Sale 1.25

Other lines of Oil Shades, regular $1.25, special at..... 90c

Aluminum, Graniteware, Butter Crocks, Boilers, Dinner Pails, Galvanized Tubs and Pails, all Patent Medicines, will all be greatly reduced this week.

Heavy Cups and Saucers, 8 for $1

All Ivory 20 per cent. off.

McINTOSH BROS

Phone 23 — Prompt Delivery

A TRIP INTO SPACE.

With a Peep at the Milky Way and its Fiery Spiral Nebula.

If you could stand still and let the world glide from under you the most impressive characteristic of space would be its emptiness, its awful black silence, of which man knows about as much as the deep sea fish do of their ocean. As the sun went sailing away its planets would close in one by one until apparently consumed by the solar rays. Before you had passed through the orbit of Neptune the sun would look no larger than an arc light. Fainter and fainter, deprived bit by bit of its dominance, it would finally fade into a pitiful spark. In spite of your tensest efforts to keep that glinting point clear of its fellows, it would at last melt into the multitude of soft lights that make up the Milky way, and henceforth, seek as you might, you could never distinguish your sun again. Lost in the Milky way, it would be as futile to try to find it as to find a certain grain of dust which you had noticed settling on a country road.

Then drifting spitelike out into inky nothingness you would be surrounded by myriads of brilliant lights. Soon they would impress you with this startling fact: The universe of stars is arranged like a mighty world. The Milky way encircles the skies very much as the equator does this earth, and since life is most abundant in the south so the stars grow thickest about the Milky way. Let the eye travel away toward the imaginary north and south poles, and not only do the stars thin out, but entirely new forms of star life make their appearance.

Through the telescope they are nothing more than filmy patches of light; to the cameras and spectroscopes of observatories they become the most amazing and frightful spectacles of all nature. They show themselves then to be stupendous whirlpools of fire, inconceivable in magnitude, thousands of "light years" away (light traveling 185,000 miles a second), where whole systems of suns are being slowly evolved. We call them "spiral nebula," but to describe them we need the tongue of God himself. They seem to be measureless caldrons, where his hand stirs cosmic dust until new suns rise and float off in flaming bubbles. They are so unthinkably gigantic that there is no perceptible motion to them. Already the cameras have recorded several hundred thousand in every stage of condensation, presenting an undeniable challenge, perhaps an answer, to those who would solve the riddle of the universe.—Maxwell Parry in Chicago Herald.

Ships and Waves.

When the waves of the ocean are one-half the length of the ship and one-twentieth of the length in height the stress upon the ship itself is very little increased above that in smooth water. But when the waves are of the same length as the ship or one and one-half times its length the stresses are considerable higher than when the ship is in smooth water; hence, in view of the fact that waves are seldom over 500 feet long, the maximum bending moments which come upon a ship 900 feet long are much less than those which come upon one 500 feet long.—Chicago News.

Improving the Milk's Quality.

A certain Glasgow milkman was suspected of using the pump handle rather too much before starting out with his milk delivery. The other day as he was standing serving customers in a busy side street a man passing nudged him and whispered, "Look out; the sanitary inspector is coming round the corner." Turning off the crank, he rushed for his cream barrel and, filling a huge can from it, opened the milk cask and emptied it in. The "sanitary" did not come, but the wife of the "tipster" got a splendid supply of rich creamy milk that morning.—London Tatler.

Giving Proper Credit.

Two Philadelphians were talking of the fortunes of a third denizen of that city when one said:

"His first lucky strike was in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage and sold them at a profit of more than 300 per cent. That was the cornerstone of his great fortune."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other. "Then the hens laid it!"—Harper's Magazine.

Both Together.

Little Mary had been sent to the store by her mother to get some fly paper. She was a long time in returning, and the mother began to get anxious. Going to the door, she spied the little girl coming up the street, and called to her, "Mary, have you got the flypaper?"

"No, mother," replied Mary; "it's got me; but we're coming together."—Lippincott's.

The Why of the Tip.

The reason why the tipping system will never be abolished is that the attitude of the average patron of the restaurant toward the high mighty waiter is that of Alice, who wept with delight when Ben Bolt gave her a smile and trembled with fear at his frown.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Local and Personal

Wanted—A young lady to learn Millinery. Apply Quinn & Quinn.

Owing to the prevalence of the "flu" the debate at Harts' School has been postponed.

The regular monthly meeting of Women's Institute will be held in Public Library Rooms, Friday, Feb. 23rd. Everybody welcome.

The next musical service will be held in St. Peters Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening next. The subject of the address will be "Some Hymns we sing".

The passing of the Bruce Peninsula News of Lion's Head, the Hepworth Journal, the Preston Progress the Hensall Observer and the Chatham Planet all within the past month is unmistakable proof of the difficulty the present day publisher has to cope with. Insurance paper. Communities that are desirous of having the boosting of a local newspaper should give it their wholehearted support.—Milverton Sun.

DIED

At Massassaga, Feb. 9, 1923, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Walker, aged 3 months eleven days. Service at the house, interment Sine's cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. James G. Rose and family take this opportunity to thank the many friends and neighbours for their kindness and sympathy during the sickness and death of our dear wife and mother.

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT

Miss Blanche Ashe spent the week end in Madoc.

Quite a number are indisposed with La Grippe.

Mr. E. Johnson of Crookston called at Mr. W. Wickens' one day last week.

Mrs. Wellesley Holland and kiddies also Mr. Chas. Emmerson of Crookston were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McGuire.

Miss C. Cuttle returned home Sunday after attending the convention.

Mrs. Ward Holland has returned home from the hospital and is much better.

Water is still very scarce around here.

Gilmour

Mr. and Mrs. David Sargent of Steenburg visited their daughter Mrs. Thos. Dafoe Jr. on Sunday.

Mrs. P. Brinklow made a flying trip to Trenton on Saturday.

Mrs. N. Reid has gone to Shannonville to cook on a C.N.R. carpenter train.

Master Kenneth Dafoe visited at Mr. R. Dafoe's on Sunday.

Miss Rose Dafoe visited Mrs. C. Spisser, on Saturday, afternoon.

Mr. Charlie Spisser spent the week end at his home here.

Miss Rosa McGee is spending a few days at her home in Stirling.

Snow banks are plentiful these days.

There is a lot of sickness around here at present we wish each and all a speedy recovery.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Feb. 23—Madoc at Marmora

League Standing

Team	Won	Lost
Madoc	5	0
Tweed	2	3
Marmora	2	3
Stirling	1	4

TRENT VALLEY SENIOR HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Feb. 22—Tweed at Havelock
Feb. 26—Norwood at Tweed
Feb. 28—Havelock at Marmora

NOTICE

Electric Light rates for January and February are due Jan. 19th. Please call and settle.

A. S. Cochran, Collector

Review Ads Bring Results

CANADIAN MEMORIAL.

Great Monument Will Stand on Vimy Ridge.

Canada's great monument on the summit of Vimy Ridge will commemorate not only her army's great victory of April, 1917, but also the valor and sacrifice of her missing soldiers. The names of 19,000 missing Canadian officers and men will be inscribed on the memorial. The erection of the memorial will be commenced next spring, says Brig.-Gen. H. G. Hughes, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., engineer of the battlefields memorial committee, who spent a few days in Ottawa on his way from Europe to Victoria, B.C., where he will spend some time with his family. The construction of the memorial and the laying out of the park on the 250 acres of land on Vimy Ridge granted by France to Canada will occupy five years and will cost half a million dollars. The whole, Gen. Hughes states, will be the most striking war memorial of its kind in the world. Gen. Hughes accompanied Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the House of Commons, and a member of the battlefields memorial committee, in his recent tour of the sites for the monuments to be erected by Canada. Gen. Hughes gives great credit to Mr. Lemieux for the part he played in securing from the French Government the tract of land on Vimy Ridge, which is forever sacred to Canada. The Speaker of the Commons, Gen. Hughes says, by his tact and diplomacy and his knowledge of the French language, was able to conduct negotiations with the French Government, to smooth away difficulties which might have arisen and to secure a grant in perpetuity of the land directly from the President of France.

Mr. Lemieux, with Gen. Hughes, too, selected the site for the memorial on the elevation known to those who served in the Vimy Ridge sector as Hill 145. The Speaker of the House of Commons also inspected the work on the figures for the memorial, which Mr. Alward, the sculptor, whose design is to be followed, is doing in London, England. The Canadian memorial at St. Julien is nearing completion and will be unveiled on July 1 next. On the site of the memorial at Passchendaele Canadian maples have been planted and are growing. Of the Canadian army of France and Flanders, Gen. Hughes is the last living member to inhabit the historic neighborhood of the Ypres salient. He has resided, as engineer of the battlefields memorial committee, at Poperinghe, through which Canadian and British troops moved in thousands during the war. In the Ypres salient, he says 100,000 British missing soldiers lie and are uncovered in the work of reconstruction at the rate of two or more a day. With them in some sections of the front lie their German opponents, the remains of three of whom, lacking means of identification, were dug up together a short time ago. Ypres itself, Gen. Hughes says, is being rapidly rebuilt. Gen. Hughes lodges at "Skindles," familiar of yore to British and Canadian troops. There he was on Armistice Day, November 11, and thence he walked alone from Poperinghe to Ypres and back along the unlighted road, peopled only by the spirits of the armed thousands who trod it in the years of the war.

Hats In "the House."

There was a time when every M.P. wore a "topper" in the House of Commons in England. It was considered the correct thing to do.

Incidentally, too, the tall hat was used to retain a seat; but now it is the fashion to go bare-headed, even in the lobby and corridors, and in consequence a different system has been devised.

This consists of the issue to each member present at the brief religious ceremony which precedes the day's business of a small card, with the word "Prayers" printed on it.

By initialing this, and placing it in the little brass frame on the back of the seat he wishes to reserve, it becomes his for the remainder of the sitting; he may even walk out of the House, but no other member can appropriate it.

Of course, there is nothing to prevent a member wearing a hat—even a silk hat—in the House if he wishes to, and some do.

When making a speech, however, he must do so with his head uncovered. In this case he usually places his hat on his seat behind him, and should he chance to sit down upon it out of sheer forgetfulness, he gets scant sympathy from his fellow-members.

Finally, it may be mentioned that the Speaker never wears his hat—a huge three-cornered black beaver—using it only as a pointer to single out recalcitrant members, or for the purpose of "counting out" the House.

Danes Come to Canada.

On account of the great unemployment in Denmark two hundred families, all farmers, of the northern part of Jutland, intend to emigrate to Canada. It is stated that the Canadian Government has promised to place land and facilities for farming at their disposal. Representatives of the emigrants have asked the Danish Government for financial help to make the voyage to the Dominion, but they have not yet had an answer to their request.

Turkeys From Hungary.

For the first time, as a result of the initiative and activities of certain Canadian export agents in London, Hungarian turkeys are being introduced to the Canadian public this winter. One hundred thousand pounds of them arrived at Montreal shortly before Christmas, from which point offerings were made to the wholesale trade throughout Ontario. Last year Hungarian turkeys, in comparatively small quantities, found a ready market in the United States.

Fifty pounds of ivory is the average yield of one elephant.

CANADIANS IN NOVELS

HERE IS A TOUR OF CANADA IN BOOKLAND.

Two Women Librarians Have Made a Geographical Survey of the Dominion as Presented to the World In Fiction—You Can Journey From Atlantic to Pacific.

Few articles are more timely than that of two Toronto librarians, Miss Marjory Jarvis and Miss Lillian Muir, which appear in a recent interesting number of the I.O.D.E. official magazine, "Echoes." They say:

Like the explorers of old, we start with the Atlantic coast, and there naturally find a collection of sea stories. Norman Duncan's "The Adventures of Billy Topsail," "The Way of the Seas," and "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" show us the life of the fishfolk along the rocky coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, as do Dillon Wallace's "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" and "The Long Labrador Trails"; while F. W. Wallace's "Blue Water" and "The Viking Blood" carry us further out to sea.

In Prince Edward Island we find L. M. Montgomery's wholesome and sympathetic studies of girlhood—the Anne books, and "Kilmeny of the Orchard," while another charming maritime girl is Grace Rogers' "Joan at Halfway," for whose home we must cross to Nova Scotia. Here, too, we find many romances of old colonial days, such as Theodore Roberts' "Forest Fugitive" and Charles G. D. Roberts' "A Sister to Evangeline," "The Prisoner of Mademoiselle," "The Forge in the Forest," and "The Raid From Beausejour." For Roberts' nature stories and tales of the lumber camps and woods we must cross to New Brunswick. Here we find "The Backwoodsman," a collection of short stories, and "The Heart of the Ancient Wood." The scene of Basil King's "In the Garden of Charity" is laid in Nova Scotia.

Quebec is the home of the historical novel. Kirby's "Golden Dog" springs at once to mind with its pictures of the old French capital. Reminiscent, too, of the old regime are Marquis' "Marguerite de Roberval" and Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Trail of the Sword," while Mrs. Brooks' "The History of Emily Montague" (which may be reckoned as the first Canadian novel) tells of the English garrison who lived there after the conquest. Le Rossignol's "Jean Baptiste" and "Little Stories of Old Quebec," Parker's "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," "The Right of Way," and "Pierre and His People," and Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine" introduce us to the life of the habitant, so little changed even in the present day. Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" and Mrs. Carr Harris' "The White Chief of the Ottawa" carry us back to the days of the red man; while J. J. Sime's "Our Little Life" and some of the stories in W. A. Hickman's "Canadian Nights" take us to the modern city of Montreal.

In Ontario our historical stories are almost within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, who at any rate has heard his father tell how the rebels of '37 marched on Toronto—an incident grahpically narrated in Anison North's "The Forging of the Pikes," or maybe he has listened to his grandmother's reminiscences of such pioneer days as are described in Adeline Teskey's "Candlelight Days," or W. W. Campbell's "A Beautiful Rebel," a story of the War of 1912. In talking of these historical stories an exception should perhaps be made of Major Richardson's "Wacousta." That story of the conspiracy of Pontiac goes back to the days of the Franco-British struggle for the continent. Richardson, who held a British commission in the War of 1912, was brought up near Detroit and heard stories of that great Indian rising from his grandmother.

Percival Cooney's "The Kinsmen," Ralph Connor's "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days," some of Thompson's "Old Man Savarin Stories" tell us of the old highland settlements in the eastern counties; while "The Attic Guest" and "The Web of Time" of Robt. E. Knowles, and Marion Keith's "The Silver Maple" and "Duncan Polite" show us the God-fearing Sabbath-keeping Scot who built up so many little towns of central Ontario.

To the Great Lakes may be assigned C. H. J. Snider's "In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers," and Catherwood's "Macinac and Lake Stories."

The stories of western life are mostly tales of adventure with a cowboy or a "rider of the plains" for a hero. Ralph Kendall wrote "The Luck of the Mounted" and "Benton of the Royal Mounted." Douglas Durkin tells us of the coming of the railway in "The Heart of Cherry McBain."

Arthur Stringer in "The Prairie Wife" and Ralph Conner in "The Foreigner", tells us of the struggles of the early west.

Many of the stories of British Columbia are located in the Kootenay district, and in the Okanagan valley. Here we find Evah McKowan's "Janet of the Kootenay" and "Graydon of Windemere"; Robt. Watson's "Spoilers of the Valley" and "The Girl of O. K. Valley," and Robert A. Hood's "The Quest of Alistair" and "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester." The English writers, Frederick Niven and J. W. Gibbon, have also placed their stories, "The Lady of the Crossing" and "The Conquering Hero" in this district.

"Glen of the High North" and the "Chief of the Ranges," by H. A. Cody, Ridgwell Cullum's "The Way of the Strong," and Robert Service's "Trail of '95" are all tales of adventure which deal with the far north — the land of "naked grandeur."

A grasshopper can jump a distance of 200 times its own length.

OUR SUN A VARIABLE STAR

The More Spots It Has Upon It the More Heat We Get.

Accurate investigations carried on simultaneously in various parts of the world through a long series of years have demonstrated that the sun does not give out constantly the same amount of heat, but the variation is so great as to amount to 10 degrees on the earth's surface. In other words, our sun is a variable star. It has long been known that other stars vary in the amount of light they send forth, notably Mira in the constellation of Cetus, but it required the most refined investigation with the most elaborate checks to prove that this was the case with the sun. One of the instruments is so delicate that it can measure one-millionth part of a degree of heat.

It is found that the amount of heat is connected with the spots on the sun, and, curiously enough, more spots mean heat. Thus we have one factor in the changes of terrestrial temperature, although it is only one. Our seasons are caused by the inclination of the earth's equator to the ecliptic, and the heat is greater in summer when the sun's rays fall most directly on the earth. But as the amount of heat varies and as the radiation, reflection, etc., also vary we have a very complex system of weather.

It is believed by the Smithsonian Institution that eventually we shall be able, through knowledge on the subject, to make much more accurate weather predictions than at present and for a much longer time in advance.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ROLLING AN UMBRELLA.

This Expert Makes It a Rather Complicated Operation.

Few men can roll up an umbrella nicely. Here is the method I was taught. It is not very pretty, but it is effective. You begin by folding up a sheet of newspaper to form a little pad; otherwise you are apt to spoil your wall paper. Now for the rest.

Hold the umbrella horizontally. Hold the pad of paper against the wall, press the end of the umbrella against the paper and the handle of the umbrella against your own body. This leaves the hands free for the delicate task of rolling up the umbrella. Find the button. Bring the fold with the button on it to your left and let it hang down. Then pull out each fold and pass it over the first. Throw the lot loosely around the umbrella without disturbing the creases of the folds. Grip the tops of the ribs with the right hand. Put your left hand around the other end and wind the umbrella through the left hand with a screwing motion.

Do not let go of the tops of the ribs of the umbrella. When you have to move the hand slide it around. If you let go you will find that the ribs get out of place, and then the folds of the umbrella will follow suit. When the umbrella is rolled up grip it tightly until you have fastened it. If you fail in that detail you will get an unsightly bulge in the center of the umbrella.—London Globe.

Gloves of Varnish.

Skin varnish completely covering the hands is used by some surgeons instead of rubber gloves during surgical operations. So cleverly is the varnish made that it cannot be washed off with water or any liquid likely to be met in the course of an operation; nor can it be scraped off except by scraping off the skin itself, and yet it is about as pliable as very thin rubber. The purpose in using it instead of rubber gloves is to preserve the sensitiveness of the touch and make it easier to handle materials such as catgut. The varnish looks like honey. It is rubbed on the hands after they have been washed as thoroughly as possible, and quickly dries. To remove it the hands are washed in another chemical solution.—Saturday Evening Post.

Flint and Tinder.

If tempted to grumble overmuch at the modern match, let us recall the elaborate ritual necessary to procuring a light until about a century ago. By striking a flint with a piece of steel a spark—if you were adept and lucky—was thrown upon a piece of tinder, which spark you blew into a flame. Strips of wood dipped in sulphur were held in the flame, and your match was lighted. The tinder, having fulfilled its function, was extinguished by a tin damper. The match sticks were either homemade or purchased in small bundles from gypsies.—London Express.

Women as Soldiers.

"Henrietta," said Meekton, "I don't think women would ever care to be soldiers."

"Why not?"

"Soldiers' uniforms are so much alike. No soldier can have the slightest curiosity about what another soldier has on."—Exchange.

Tommy's Idea of Encouragement.

Mother—And you say the little girl played the violin, Tommie? Tommie—Yes, mamma.

"And did she get any encouragement?"

"No, mamma; nobody passed around any hat!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Russia's Vast Forests.

Russia has 464,500,000 acres of forest. That is to say, more than one-third of the whole country is covered by trees, and there are four acres of forest to every inhabitant.

Straightforwardness without the rules of propriety becomes rudeness.

This Trade Mark is Your Safeguard

EVERY genuine piece of SMP Enameled Ware carries the SMP shield shape trade mark. Only the choicest articles carry this sign. It guarantees the value in the article, and the use of SMP Enameled Ware itself guarantees quick heating of foods; absolute purity; ease of cleaning, tenderly cooked food and long wear. Ask the hardware merchant for

SMP Enameled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining; Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue Edging. 156

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PEELED SPRUCE, BALSAM and POPLAR

Wood to be Peeled in Peeling Months of May, June and July

Advances Made on Contracts as Work Progresses

FOR PRICES, CONTRACTS, ETC., APPLY TO

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PULPWOOD AND LUMBER
BANCROFT, ONTARIO

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WE are headquarters for the well-known and popular McLAUGHLIN and CHEVROLET Cars. Many new models for 1923, designed to give both service and comfort Look them over and get prices before buying that new car.

ALL makes of Cars Repaired.

Full line of accessories and parts in stock.

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$50 to $5,000
A YEAR FOR LIFE
A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY PROVIDES IT

—No better life investment available
—No better security obtainable
—Cannot be seized or levied upon for any cause
—Will be replaced if lost, stolen or destroyed
—Not affected by trade depression
—Free from Dominion Income Tax
—No medical examination required

Anyone over the age of 5 years resident or domiciled in Canada may purchase.

Any two persons may purchase jointly.

Employers may purchase for their employees—school boards for their teachers—congregations for their ministers.

Apply to your postmaster; or write, postage free, to S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information desired. State sex and age last birthday.

Dairying Was Very Different In Pioneer Days.

The old-time dairy farm was a picturesque place, especially when butter was being made. The late John Burroughs in the story of his boyhood in Harper's Magazine gives an interesting account of butter making on the farm that his father owned in the Catskill Mountains.

"At eight o'clock every morning in summer," he says, "the old sheep or the old dog was brought in and tied in the big treadmill of the churning machine. Sheep were usually more unwilling churners than dogs; they rarely acquired any sense of duty or obedience as a dog did. The endless walking and arriving nowhere soon made them protest vigorously. Sometimes a sheep would pull back, brace himself and choke, thereby stopping the machine; and once a sheep threw himself off the treadmill and choked to death before he was discovered. I remember when the old hatchel from the days of flax dressing did duty behind the old churner and spurred him on with its score or more of sharp teeth whenever he settled back to stop the machine.

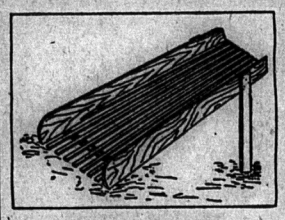
"The churn dog was less obdurate and perverse than the sheep, but he would sometimes hide away as the hour of churning approached, and we would have to hustle round to find him. But we had one dog that seemed to like the task and would go quickly to the wheel and finish his work without being tied. A few times when neither dog nor sheep was available I have taken their place on the treadmill. In winter and in early spring there was less cream to churn than at other times, and we did it by hand; two of us would lift the dasher together. The work was hard even for big boys.

"I never grew tired of seeing mother lift the great masses of golden butter from the churn with her ladle and pile them up in the big butter bowl, with the drops of buttermilk standing upon them as if they were sweating from the ordeal they had been through. Then when the butter had been worked and washed to free it from the milk and at last was packed into tub or firkin, what a picture it was! How much of the virtue of the farm went each year into those firkins! Literally the cream of the land. Ah, the alchemy of life that by means of the bee can change one product of those wild, rough fields into honey, and by means of the cow can change another into milk!"

Grading Chute for Potatoes.

Cull potatoes are absolutely worthless in the market; they are even worse, because they reduce the price of the good ones. They do not increase the measure because they lie in the "chinks," and they are too small to increase the weight enough to make up for their "measly" appearance.

The illustration shows a grading chute that fits under the rear end of the wagon box. It is eight feet long



Potato Grading Chute.

and a little wider at the upper end than the wagon box. The slats are spaced one inch apart at the upper end and two inches apart at the lower end. The slats are about two inches wide, slightly rounded at the corners and planed smooth.

The chute should be placed at the proper angle to let the potatoes roll down slowly, but steep enough to prevent their piling up. The potatoes should be pushed out of the wagon box so that they will slide the whole length of the slated chute. If thrown from a shovel they will bound or skip the openings. If the chute is properly made and carefully used, it will practically do away with hand-picking.—Herbert A. Shearer in Orchard and Farm.

Keep Pumpkins All Winter.

It isn't so very difficult to keep pumpkins, squash, etc., all winter if they are stored properly. Of course, only well-ripened pumpkins or squash, with thick rinds, and which are well colored, should be stored. They should be gathered carefully before hard frost. Any that are injured in gathering or otherwise should be discarded, and only the perfect specimens retained. Be sure to leave the stems on all the pumpkins. The ideal storage place is a dry room or dry basement where the temperature will average around 65 degrees or above. Place the pumpkins or squash on shelves, or at least keep them off of concrete floors or other places where there may be too much moisture. Do not pile them up, but keep the individual pumpkins separated from each other. With such care either pumpkins or squash should keep several months.

Times to Study Gardening.

Fall and winter are good times to read and study advanced methods in gardening and growing truck crops for the market. Many new bulletins treating all of the various subjects on gardening have been published recently by agricultural colleges and departments of agriculture. The bulletins will be sent free.

Feeding the Lamb.

Extra feeding increases the lamb yield in two ways—it puts the ewes in better condition to make sure of their getting in lamb and it increases the proportion of twin lambs.

In some parts of India sheep are used as beasts of burden.

CARE OF THE HENS WHILE WEATHER IS COLD.

Successful Production Is Largely a Matter of the Regular Care and Feeding of the Pullets—Responsibility of Person In Charge Cannot Be Over-estimated.

Poultrymen are generally agreed that egg production is the most popular branch of the poultry business. Too much stress cannot, therefore, be laid on rigid individual selection and intelligent flock management, resulting in a high producing flock. While high winter egg production is largely brought about by a combination of such factors as feeds, method of feeding, strain, housing, cleanliness and the attendant, poor results can usually be attributed to general carelessness in all these details, months before the eggs are required. Mixed ages in the laying flock, such as two-year-olds and over, yearlings, early pullets and late pullets, is another primary cause of low winter egg production. The early hatched pullet is the most dependable layer at this season, and the thoughtful breeder must consider this problem during hatching, as yearling hens and older birds are very rarely producers of merit during November and December, and cannot be relied on even in January and February. As most pullets commence laying at from six to seven months, the birds should be hatched during March or April if a fifty per cent. egg yield is desired in November. Pullets hatched as late as May can only be counted upon for a forty per cent. daily egg yield during November.

The responsibility resting with the attendant cannot be over-emphasized. As a pullet matures she naturally commences laying. It is the attendant's duty to keep her laying, as once she stops laying she has received a set-back very difficult to overcome. Dry, clean quarters, free from direct drafts, and well-lighted, safeguard health and promote necessary comfort. The drinking material must be kept clean. The feeding problem is as interesting as it is important. Large birds eat more than small birds, and heavy layers require more feed than poor producers. The heavier, general purpose breeds—Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, etc., will average nearly 7 lbs. of grain per month, while Leghorns, Anconas, etc., require up to 5½ lbs.

It is generally conceded that the male has more to do with high egg production in the daughter than has the female. Frequently high-laying hens are capable of transmitting the high-laying character to their sons, but they have no influence in this respect on their daughters. The problem of producing high-laying pullets is therefore solved (other things being equal), by mating a proven male able to transmit this high-laying character to his progeny, with high-laying hens and also thereby securing desirable cockerels for future matings.

Intelligent individual pullet selection must be the basis of production of the present flock. The art of knowing what and where to look for indications of high egg yield can only come by practice. In order to lay well, a bird must have health and vigor, as shown by a bright, clear eyes, a well set body, a fairly active disposition and good circulation, besides being absolutely free from all physical defects such as scaly leg, crooked beak, overhanging eyelids, etc. Conforming to type, indicates the degree of intensity with which a bird can lay throughout the year. A heavy layer has a large body capacity for digesting large quantities of food rapidly. The body must be relatively deep, the underline fairly straight, and the back comparatively horizontal and flat, with lots of width carried well out to the tail. The breast should be full and prominent. The keel bone is long and generally curved. The comparatively fine head, carrying large, bold and prominent eyes set in oval-shaped eye sockets must be wide and flat on top, and set on a fairly short, well-set neck. The legs are desired of only moderate length. Long, loose featherin is not to be confounded with real body depth, yet it is relative depth that counts, not actual depth, as a big bird may be actually deep and yet relatively shallow.

A laying bird is readily told on close inspection. The vent is large, moist and dilated, and the pelvic arch is wide spread, as the entire abdomen is also dilated. Heavy production is indicated by the quality of the skin, as skin and body fat is utilized in production by the laying bird, leaving a soft velvety skin, easily distinguished from the layers of hard, fat, common to the skin of non-producers. In good layers the comb, wattles and ear lobes are full, bright, of good size, and waxy to the touch.

Laying birds utilize the surplus body fat, especially fat from the skin. This is shown very clearly in the yellow-skinned breeds where the identical pigment or coloring matter that gives the yolk its color also colors the skin, shanks and beak. As the pullet commences laying, her body loses this pigmentation. The vent changes color first and rapidly with egg production, leaving a moist white or pink vent in a layer. The eye ring is the next to bleach. The color then leaves the beak, beginning at the base, and spreading until it gradually reaches the front point of the upper beak. A bleached beak would indicate heavy production during the past four to six weeks. The shanks are the next and last part to follow suit, indicating a high producer over a great length of time.

Good laying birds are active, friendly, and intelligent and will submit to handling much more readily than low producers. The latter are timid, flighty, and will squawk when taken up.

Some Changes That Have Come About In Canada.

In the early eighties, when Canadian markets began to take some prominence in the handling of our surplus stock, F.O.B. buying performed a real service to the producers, and indirectly to the cossumer. The local shipping point facilitated the deliveries of one, two or more animals, to the drover or commissioned buyer, at a minimum of cost, while the collection of stock into car loads for shipment materially reduced transportation costs.

The "f.o.b."—or "free on board"—buying appeared at first as a "bogey," but was later patronized by the farmer—first cautiously, then to a considerable extent. Stock sold "f.o.b." would in a few hours provide cash with which to pay grocery bills, taxes and other current expenses. Gradually the farmer began to accept the drover as the only and legitimate market for his stock, forgetting that the real market was at the wholesale house. Immediately following the expansion of f.o.b. buying came the shrewd, close-dealing, speculative buyer, who first gained the confidence of the farmer and then bought at his own price, such prices being made authentic by the clever manipulation of newspaper reports on market prices. For it was these live stock dealers who supplied the papers with their market information.

The farmer nibbled at such bait, dangled by these Shylocks of the live stock market until the Department of Agriculture stepped in with the organization of market intelligence branches at each stock yard throughout the Dominion and installed wire and cable communication with American and European markets. This ended the irregular market quotations. The newspapers now obtain this information from an official source, which guarantees it authentic and on actual transactions. The farmer can now look upon market reports as being accurate to a considerable degree.

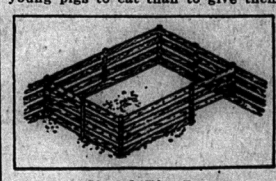
Such degree of accuracy is determined by the percentage of stock delivered and sold on a common market. For example; Ontario farmers sold for slaughter during 1921 3,300,000 head of cattle, sheep and swine; of this amount only 40 per cent. was sold at stock yards; their market quotations being determined on such amount, the f.o.b. prices are in reality determined upon 40 per cent. of the marketable stock. In other words, the minority rules. The farmer is largely responsible for this situation. Stock yard facilities are available where there is sufficient yardage space to accommodate all classes of live stock. Stock offered for sale on such a mart follows very nearly the fashion of those famous old stock markets such as Smithfield, Dudley Fair, etc., quality always determining the range of prices, while quantity and demand sets the level of prices.

The annual heavy delivery of live stock is over for another year, with the usual erratic seasonal price fluctuations. The year 1923 will bring new problems and new opportunities. Altered markets will present new fields of endeavor in the live stock industry. Values will always be determined by supply and demand. The level of those values will always be arrived at on a quality basis. It seems more reasonable that the comparative or true value of live animals can be arrived at more fairly on a common market than when sold f.o.b. at prices which frequently bear only remote relation to the actual market trend and are irrespecuve of quality.

Teach Little Pigs to Eat.

The owner makes more profit when his pigs learn to eat at an early age. It is customary to wean pigs when they are about six weeks old, as that is about as long a time as the sow can afford to suckle them. If the young pigs learn to eat before weaning, they do not suffer a setback at the loss of the mother's milk.

There is no better way to teach young pigs to eat than to give them



A Useful Pig Creep.

the run of a small pen where they can find appetizers such as apple parings, sprouted grains, alfalfa meal and warm separator milk in a small, clean trough.

The drawing shows such a pen in the corner of the barnyard or hogyard. The bottom board of the fence is removed, which leaves an opening large enough for a six-weeks-old pig, but not large enough to permit the entrance of the sow or other large hogs.

Avoid Soft-Shelled Eggs.

The cause of soft-shelled eggs usually is that the hens are too fat or do not have sufficient food of a lime nature, or have been worried, or the oviduct is not in a good healthy condition, which may be caused by inflammation brought on by overproduction, disease or injury. If fowls are too fat starve them down, furnish them with material for shells, keep dogs, children and male fowls from chasing them, provide perches near the ground, feed lightly and use large quantities of greens and vegetables rather than grain.

Potatoes.

Upon an acreage of 683,594 in 1922, as compared with 701,912 in 1921, the total yield of potatoes in Canada is estimated by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics at 99,665,000 bushels. Last year the larger acreage yielded 107,346,000 bushels. In 1920, the record year, the total yield was 133,831,000 bushels.

Peerage Is Thing of Slow Growth and Is Still Growing.

The oldest title held by members of the British peerage is that of "earl," which was first used during Saxon times. Earl Godwin was perhaps the most famous of these old Saxon earls. When the Danish King Canute became ruler of England he appointed "jarls" to control large districts of the country, and these were known in English as "earls."

It was then considered as a title more of office than of rank; but, later, earls definitely occupied a place in the peerage, coming next to marquesses, and the title became hereditary.

The highest title in the British peerage—namely, that of "duke," was first introduced to England by Edward III., who made his son, the Black Prince, the first Duke of Cornwall, a title which has been held ever since by each Prince of Wales.

Next in order of precedence to a duke comes a marquess. The first British marquess was created by Richard II., who made his favorite, Robert de Vere, the first Marquess of Dublin, just forty-eight years after the creation of the first duke.

The title of "viscount," which ranks after that of earl, was introduced from France, the first viscount being created in 1446. The title signified one who represented an earl or count, but later definitely became a title of nobility.

The title of "baron" was used in Britain after the Norman Conquest, but the first actual baron to be created by letters patent was so appointed by Richard II., in 1387, two years after the introduction of the title "marquess."

Baronets hold the lowest of hereditary titles. The first baronets were created in 1611 by James I., when the titles were granted on the payment of one thousand pounds. This easy method of obtaining a title naturally led to large numbers of applicants coming forward, but the king limited the number of baronets to two hundred.

To-day there are about 1,500 baronets, and the number tends continually to increase. The first holder of the title was Nicholas Bacon, of Redgrave, Suffolk.

During the Middle Ages knights were only created for deeds of valor, and the title then was much more respected than it is to-day.

Henry VIII.'s Gunfounder.

Henry the VIII.'s gunfounder at the time of his accession was one Humphrey Walker, whose name appears English enough. He is described as one of a firm of brass founders of the parish of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, Bishopsgate Without, and was appointed gunner in the Tower in June, 1509. An inventory of guns in the Tower of London, drawn up in 1514, mentioned culverins, demiculverins, minions, serpentines, and fawcons of Humphrey Walker's making; bombards, curtows, serpentines, and fawcons of Herbert's making; and culverins, demicurtows, serpentines, and fawcons of Symond's making. The double curtow fired a shot of 68 pounds, the curtow of 25 pounds, the culverin 17½ pounds, demiculverin 9½ pounds, and the bombard of 80 pounds and over. The inventory, therefore, shows that some progress was already being made in the manufacture of the large types of ordnance in Britain. Walker carried on his work at the "Belle House in Houndsditch beside London," in the parish of St. Botolphe Without, Aldgate, and there in 1514 he cast the king's Great Basiliscus, a gun firing a shot of 15 pounds.

Stationery.

A stationer originally meant a man who had a regular station or stall at a market, and as in days gone by such a stall was often placed outside a church, the word in time acquired the distinct meaning of a man who sold religious articles, often manuscripts.

Then the stationer became regarded as a man who copied manuscripts, whether religious or not, and so he became definitely identified with the book trade.

Gradually, however, men specialized in different branches, the bookseller going one way and the man who sold papers, pens and the odds and ends of literature, another. The latter kept the old name and sold "stationery," a word which became officially approved with the opening, nearly a century and a-half ago, of "H. M. Stationery Office."

Flashes.

The best age to marry is later on.

Perhaps somebody will tell us what used to encourage all the crime in the rays before the cinema.

Just when we are beginning to poke fun at women's hats along comes that new style in men's bowlers.

The wise man never worries. In the daytime he is too busy, and at night he is too tired. Get that habit. —From "Flashlights," by T. Jay.

Told by Ruskin.

Turner, the great artist, by way of a joke, once sent a picture to an exhibition so cunningly executed as to occasion some doubt which side should be hung uppermost. The committee hung the painting upside down, but, having a doubt about it, wrote to Turner, stating what they had done, requesting an immediate reply. In due time it came to hand, and consisted merely of two words, "Turn her."

Arsenic Mines.

Men who work in arsenic mines have to take every care to prevent themselves becoming poisoned. They work with bandages over their noses and mouths to keep away the arsenic dust.

The Largest Animals.

After the elephant, the common hippopotamus is the largest land animal, fine specimens weighing from four to five tons.

He Is a Maker of Picturesque Wayside Shrines.

All visitors to the Province of Quebec have been struck by the picturesque wayside shrines—Calvarys, [illegible] the Cross, and other religious figures—which seem an essential part of the life of the people. Few, probably, have stopped to discover their origin; they likely have concluded there was some central source—maybe a church department; or, perhaps, they came from France or Italy.

Now it is disclosed that mostly they are the work of a quaint old wood carver named Jobin, who lives in a back street in Ste. Anne de Beaupre — most fitting of environments, amid the thousands of pilgrims who come yearly to this shrine. Victoria Hayward, writing in the Canadian Magazine, tells how she stumbled on the shop of Jobin from first seeing a statue of Napoleon Bonaparte on a roof. It was John's sign, for he once was a carver of figureheads, such as may still he seen on the bow of an occasional ocean sailing vessel. When figureheads went out of fashion and Red Indians disappeared from in front of cigar stores, the wood carver's market was substantially reduced, but, happily, Jobin found a new and increasing demand for religious figures, and now he has orders ahead for some time.

Those who have journeyed up the Saguenay remember the figure of the Blessed Virgin perched high on Cape Trinity. Jobin told Miss Hayward that he carved it in 1880 for a man whose life had been miraculously saved when a carriage in which he was driving tumbled over a steep cliff. For this reason he selected Cape Trinity as a suitable spot on which to erect his thank-offering. The figure is 25 feet high, and around the head of Mary the artist carved thirteen stars.

As wood is not the most durable of materials, Jobin now sheaths his figures completely with sheet lead or sheet copper. From lack of this precaution many a fine work of the past has been lost.

When Jobin was asked if, in his boyhood at Pointe aux Trembles, above Quebec, he was much given to carving or whittling, he answered: "Ah, oui, I cut up all the firewood into something. There was a good deal of wood in all my figures then. Their bodies were what you call—clumsy. Clumsy! Yes." He worked for a time in Montreal, then for a year in New York, and later in Quebec, before settling in Ste. Anne de Beaupre. He is now over 70.

How Ships Salute.

Tramp steamers have not much time to waste on politeness. They are too busy getting the most out of their coal or oil. When the cargo steamers pass there is not usually any flag wagging unless there is real need for it.

If the respective vessels belong to the same line, then they will of course salute each other, and in this case the junior captain dips his ensign to the senior.

In the case of liners there is rather more ceremonial, though it does not follow that one liner always salutes another. If the captains happen to be acquainted, then the flag is hoisted and dipped, and again it is the junior captain who dips it to the other ship.

Nor is there any definite practice when liners of two different nations meet on the high seas. But foreigners are usually polite, and as a general thing the foreigner meeting a big British liner dips, and is of course saluted in turn.

If a tramp meets a liner she may salute or not, as she pleases. No one will be rude about it if she should fail to do so. But if there is any saluting it is the cargo boat that takes the initiative. The liner must then at once acknowledge the courtesy.

But in the case of warships it is different. All British ships, whether liners or tramps, dip their ensign to men-of-war, whether the latter are British or foreign. And the warship in every case makes haste to respond. Indeed, liner captains declare that the battleship generally has her colors flying almost before she is well in sight.

A few months before the war a German battleship neglected to reply to the salute of a British cargo vessel in the Baltic, and her skipper was so angry that he reported the incident. But this is almost the only case of the kind on record.

Turkeys In the West.

Turkey raising has become a real industry in Saskatchewan and Alberta, and it is making its influence felt on Toronto and Montreal markets. Several carloads of turkeys from the western prairies have already arrived, and more are on their way. One Toronto packing house bought five carload of these turkeys and reports the quality very satisfactory. The transportation charges on these birds, based on one shipment to Montreal, was 3¼ cents per pound, which brought the cost of the turkeys up to around 40 cents per pound laid down. The supply in the west is such, however, that it is probable this price will be cut considerably on succeeding shipments. George Cormie, Poultry Promoter of Alberta, is taking an active part in making these shipments.

Drunk on Tea.

In his recent book of reminiscences, Lord Dunraven tells a curious tale of how he once became drunk on tea. "I had come out of the woods in Nova Scotia one very cold winter's day," he says, "and had a long stage journey to make to Annapolis. A large pot of strong green tea had been simmering on the hob for an hour or more, and I drank cups of it. When I got up I could not walk straight—I was as drunk as drunk could be, but funnily drunk: I could not manage my legs at all; but my brain was quite clear, only I could not get my tongue round the right word."

Has Been Known to Alter a Man's Whole Life.

Music can have such a tremendous effect on character that it has been known to alter a man's whole life. In some unaccountable way it has played on a hidden chord in his memory and brought it to life. And with the stirring of this chord an inspiration is born—often an inspiration that the man would never have dreamed could have come from his brain at all.

I once knew a man who was "in the gutter," and so completely down and out that he had lost all interest in life. He had even lost the desire to fight his way to the surface again. It was useless to argue with him—he was beyond argument, and didn't want help, because the desire to help himself seemed dead.

It wasn't dead, actually, for nothing that is in the brain can be dead, though it may require a deal of waking up.

And then, one day, that man who was down and out heard a tune played in the street. It wasn't a particularly good tune, nor was it played well, and it would probably have left you or me quite indifferent.

But not that one man. Something inside him suddenly responded to it—something which he thought did not exist—and with it he found his manhood again, and the desire to live.

The very first thing he did (as he told me later) was to pull his tie straight—the significant symbol of a new-born ambition.

That was the start, but from that day he never looked back. And all because of a tune that had made something inside him respond to it, and awaken to life his crushed desires and hopes.

One cannot explain how some particular air, picked out at random from a bunch of other tunes of the same class, will suddenly affect one of its hearers more powerfully than a potent drug. But most of us have experienced the sensation at one time or another—and have wondered at it.

One theory put forward regarding this mysterious happening is that certain bars in the air played are similar to a series of bars in another air you have heard years ago, or even one that one of your parents has heard before you, and the subconscious memory has passed on.

But the fact remains that, knowingly or unknowingly, this chord of memory has been awakened, and with it the particular feeling of happiness or resolution that was associated with it.

Sneezing Superstitions.

At this time of the year, when everyone seems to be sneezing, it is interesting to recall the many queer superstitions which have been associated with sneezing from the earliest times.

The Greeks always regarded it as lucky to sneeze between noon and midnight, but most unlucky to sneeze between midnight and noon. In fact, it is said that they used to get back into bed for a while if they happened to sneeze whilst getting up in the morning.

The old custom, which still survives, of saying "God bless you" to those who sneeze, undoubtedly originated in the days when plagues and epidemics were rampant over Europe. It was noticed that those who sneezed died shortly afterwards from the prevailing epidemic, and they were therefore greeted with the words "God bless you," meaning "God help you." In those days people used to accompany these words with the sign of the cross, but this custom now seems to be extinct.

Another old superstition maintained that to sneeze to the right was a lucky sign, but it was unlucky to sneeze to the left.

Sneezing is even associated with bridegrooms, for it was always thought a sign of coming good-luck if they sneezed on their wedding day.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1922 for services performed in relieving starving persons in Asia Minor and Russia, is known primarily as an Arctic explorer, but is also a professor of oceanography — in Kristiania University—and has figured in Scandinavian history as statesman and diplomat. He took an active part in the separation of Norway and Sweden in 1905, and from 1906 to 1908 was Minister for Norway at the Court of St. James, London, Eng. Dr. Nansen was born near Christiania in 1861, the son of a well-known Norwegian advocate. His first Arctic expedition was to Greenland Sea in 1882, followed by a trip across Greenland in 1888-89. His North Pole expedition, in which he reached the highest northern latitude then attained, was conducted from 1893 to 1896. He is the author of a number of studies of northern life and conditions.

America's Small Towns.

It has been estimated that there are about 12,000 small towns in the United States, half of them with populations of 500 or less. It is these small towns that the rural people are intimately associated with. They sell their produce there, buy the things they need; in fact, these are a part of the rural community. Some of these small towns will become cities, but a very large per cent. of them will remain as they are almost indefinitely.

Prophecy Fulfilled.

The sergeant was having a hard time with a particularly green lot of recruits. They were quite charmed when he stopped drilling. "When I was a little boy," said the sergeant grimly, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day they disappeared, and I was heart-broken till my mother said, 'Never mind, my boy. Some day you'll find your wooden soldiers again.' And that day has come."

The average person speaks about 12,000 words a day.

"Is John J. Public an individual?

"The person I have in mind is a fit representative of the downtrodden masses. He's trying to support a wife, six children and a motor car on $2,500 a year."

NOT EXACTLY

"My son is a bank runner."

"Do you mean he runs a bank."

The Baby Show.

They had a baby show
The baby [illegible] neck and [illegible]
The winning baby's a [illegible]
But the judges [illegible] wreck.

His Modest Wish.

Mr. Dobbs (during quarrel)—When I die you must be sure to marry soon again, Lucy.

Mrs. D.—Why?

Mr. D.—There'll be some one then to sincerely mourn at my departure!

Home Humor.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Mason, seizing a spoon, "Here's a fly in my preserve."

"I'll bet it's the worst jam he ever got into in his life," her husband chuckled daringly.

Just Flattery.

"I understand the photographer praised your beauty very highly."

"Yes, but I've looked in vain for the last six months and he has yet to display in his front window the portrait he took of me."

Fantastic.

Eagle Eye—Heap big artist. Him says he bin lookin' for a Injun like me. Him giv' me a dolla, jus' for lettin' 'im draw my face.

Coiling Snake—Hum, yum. I wish I had a mug like yours.

Couldn't Be a Pleasure.

First Gentleman (bowing)—I believe I've had the pleasure of meeting your wife once before.

Second Gentleman—If it really was a pleasure I doubt very much if it was my wife you met.

Striving to Please.

"I have here some flowers for a murderer."

"We have no murderers in Plunkville jail, madam," said the town sergeant. "We have a wife beater; will he do?"

A Guid Conceit o' Himself.

She—Oh, Jack, will you still love me when I am old and ugly?

He—Certainly, my dear. I shan't always be young and handsome myself, you know.

Might Never See the End.

Willson—Dubb is certainly an optimist.

Billson—How's that?

Willson—His doctor told him he wasn't likely to live very long, yet he started two continued stories this week.

A Real Regret.

Editor—I am obliged to return your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but——

Poet—But what?

Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way, you know.

Not the Right Kind.

She—John, I found mice in the pantry this afternoon.

He—Well, what do you want me to do about it?

She—Couldn't you bring home that kitty from the club I heard you talking about in your sleep?

A Gentleman.

"He's a gentleman of the old school."

"That so?"

"Yes; whenever he calls for you in his car he doesn't sit at the wheel and honk his horn, but gets out and comes to the door and rings the bell."

Modified Sentiment.

"Do you believe that to the victors belong the spoils?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; always allowing for the possibility that I may hit an off year; in which event I am strong for civil service protection."

The Irony of Fate.

She—It is not easy for a girl to get a husband.

He—Nonsense! Why, a pretty girl can make her choice of four out of every five men she meets.

She—But it's the fifth she wants.

AND HE'S RIGHT, TOO

She: Do you like these jazz dances?

He: Yes, I term 'em the freedom of the sieze."

And the Further, Too.

"A standing account
Is a queer thing," said Duns;
"The longer it stands,
The longer it runs."

Explained.

"I wonder, Jinks, why every epitaph begins with 'Here lies?'"

"I dunno, unless maybe they used to bury a lot of fishermen and lawyers and just got into the habit."

Independent.

"This poem," said the timid caller, "is free verse."

"I don't care whether it's free or not," said the editor of the Chiggerville Clarion. "My paper this week is crammed full of paid-in-advance political advertising and I wouldn't publish the best piece of poetry ever written."

Something to Consider.

"Always remember, my boy," said the man who was fond of giving advice, "that Caesar, having made up his mind, went ahead. He crossed the Rubicon."

"I know," the boy replied, "but the way he dressed there wasn't any danger of gettin' his pants wet."

HE WAS WISE

He: Darling, I wouldn't swap you for any ten other wives.

She: Oh, George.

He: No, sir! Living's too high these times.

Present Realities.

The heroes of a classic age,
Oh, why should we their deeds recall?
We read upon the sporting page
Of live ones who can hit the ball.

Discouraging a Helpful Spirit.

"I don't understand that new woman next door," remarked Mrs. Gadder.

"What's the trouble?"

"She calls herself a seeker after the truth. I've told her everything I know about the people around here, but she doesn't seem to be the least bit interested."

The Prize.

"Then you wouldn't let him propose?"

"Not last night."

"Why not?"

"We were at a bridge."

"Hasn't he won you?"

"Yes, but I didn't want it said that he won me at a bridge party."

Getting Square.

"You don't mind if I leave my hat on, do you?" asked the sweet young thing of the short man in the seat behind her at the pictures.

"Not at all, miss! Not at all!" replied the little man. "I enjoy looking at bargains."—London Tit-Bits.

FRUIT-A-TIVES SAVED HER LIFE

This Fruit Medicine Always Gives Relief

917 Dorion St., Montreal.

I suffered terribly with *Dyspepsia*. I had it for years and all the medicines I took did not do me any good.

I read something about *"Fruit-a-tives" being good for all Stomach Trouble and Disorders of Digestion*, so I tried them.

After finishing a few boxes, I was entirely relieved of the Dyspepsia and my general health was restored; and I am writing to tell you that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives"

Mlle. ANTOINETTE BOUCHER.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

NOT INTERESTED

The profiteer was buying books.

"Here's one you should have, sir," said the assistant. "Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'"

The profiteer drew himself up.

"I am not interested in the careers of colored pugilists," he said, and continued to turn the pages and look at the illustrations of the various books on the shelves.

Inefficient Office Boys.

"Where's your office boy, Dave?"

"Fired him Saturday—never did anything but stand around looking wise."

"Well, he won't be in your way any more, I reckon, now you're rid of him."

"Don't be so sure about that. He may turn up here some day as an efficiency expert."—Everybody's Magazine.

Explained.

"What is your regular business?" asked the judge of the man who had just been convicted of selling a gold brick to an unsuspecting citizen of New York city, which is the only place they can be sold nowadays.

"Your honor," answered the man, "being honest is my regular trade and I was on my vacation."—Farm Life.

BANNED

"When I was engaged to her I used to call her 'Cutie.'"

"When I was engaged to her I called her 'Hon,' now no girl'll let you call her either 'Cootie' or 'Hun.'"

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All orders promptly attended to.

THE REVIEW

Phone 49

Don't Wait Use the Phone!

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Everyone who wants to own a Ford this year *must* be given the chance to buy at the low figure, whether for immediate or future delivery.

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Repeat This Twenty Times TO-DAY

"Every Day and in Every Way We Are Paying Up Our Subscriptions to The Rewiew."

Then Remember to Do It To-Day

HOCH! DER KAISER.

Famous Piece of Verse Was Written In Montreal.

That celebrated satirical poem, "Hoch! der Kaiser," which has amused millions of people in the English-speaking world and angered the minions of the ex-Emperor of Germany, was, it is now revealed, written in Montreal. Thus it is joined with another noted bit of satire, "A Psalm of Montreal," in owing to that city its place of authorship. The "Psalm of Montreal," with its hopeless refrain, "O God! O Montreal!" was written by Samuel Butler in the '60's to voice the distress of the writer at finding a replica of a celebrated statue hidden in the attic of a natural history museum because its nudity conflicted with the sense of propriety of the curator.

The writer of the satire on the kaiser was Alexander MacGregor Rose, whose performance is reviewed and his story told by Burton E. Stevenson in the New York Herald. This poem received its principal introduction to the world through being recited at a banquet in New York in April, 1899, by Capt. Joseph Bullock Coghlan of the cruiser Raleigh. Coghlan was moved to recite the poem because of the insolent behavior of the German squadron toward the American ships in Manila harbor a year earlier. He did not claim to be the author; said it had been familiar "in the East."

The recital of the poem and its publication in the New York papers created a great stir in German circles, and even Berlin instructed its ambassador to take notcie. An item was published, stating that the Navy Department had administered a reprimand to Capt. Coghlan, but Mr. Stevenson's researches have failed to find it recorded in the department.

Rose, the author of the poem which had caused such a stir, was a native of Scotland, and, after graduation from the University of Aberdeen, became licensed as a clergyman, serving for some years in this capacity. He had, unfortunately, a tendency to intemperance, and in 1879 he began to wander, going over much of the United States and Canada, and at different times was employed by newspapers. In the middle '90's he started to walk across the continent from the Pacific coast, stopping to work whenever he ran out of money, and then starting on again. He was in Toronto in 1895, and here he had a severe attack of typhoid fever. Then he went to Montreal, joining the Gazette staff, and later moving over to the Herald. He had a decided knack of writing humorous and topical verses, and one day in 1897, after a characteristic outburst by the German Emperor, the city editor of the Herald asked Rose, who then went by the name of Gordon, to write some verses about the kaiser. An hour later he turned in a set of 15 stanzas, entitled "Kaiser & Co.," which were published the same day in the Herald. The trend and strain of the poem will be recalled by a quotation of the first verse:

Der Kaiser of dis Faterland
Und Gott on high all dings command,
Ve two—Ach! Don't you understand?
Myself—und Gott.

Six Fine Pictures.

Thanks to Miss Edith Wilson, of Ottawa, and the heirs of the late Senator and Mrs. W. C. Edwards, the National Gallery has been enriched with six unusually fine pictures, three by Cornelius Kreighoff, and three by Franklin Brownell, R.C.A. The Brownell pictures are familiar to most visitors to the gallery, as they occupied important places in his recent retrospective exhibition. They consist of the large "Beach, St. Kitts," which hung in the center of the gallery; "The Market," a study of the Ottawa market place under snow, and "Springtime," a delightful picture of the Gatineau river country, with the Laurentians in the distance. The Kreighoffs are also of the very first importance and make the National Gallery collection of the work of this early artist, who lived from 1812-1872, and was the first painter to record the life of the Quebec habitant, one of considerable importance and very high quality. The pictures include the large and unusually broadly painted "Winter Landscape," another winter picture, which might well be called "The Habitant Farm," and "The Chaudierre," a sunset study of the famous Ottawa falls before any vestige of man's handiwork had marred its primitive wildness.

More Freighters on Lakes.

With the opening of the 1923 navigation season, the fleet of Canadian freighters on the Great Lakes will be augmented by ten new freight ships with a total deadweight capacity of 24,000 tons, representing an expenditure of $1,500,000. Orders for the construction of the vessels have been placed with five English shipbuilding concerns. The ships, which will sail under the colors of the Eastern Steamship Co. of Canada, are promised for delivery in May. Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo capitalists are interested in the new steamship company, of which John G. Boland, of Buffalo, is general manager, with headquarters at Port Colborne.

56,882 Immigrants.

During the period from April first to November 30th, 1922, 56,882 immigrants entered Canada, of whom 27,262 were British subjects, 18,040 from United States, and 11,580 from other countries. During the corresponding period of the previous year a total of 76,575 entered, 35,903 of whom were British subjects, 23,279 from United States, and 17,393 from other countries.

Theater wigs are generally made from Chinese hair, split by machinery, since it is coarse in texture, bleached and dyed.

The Downfall of a Giant

Snap, snap! clapped General Moose's cloven hoofs as he trotted awkwardly over the frozen snow. As he moves, these hoofs open and give a broad foot, but when he lifts them they come together with a clap, reminding one of the sound made by the wooden clappers of the boy who frightens the crows away from the harvest.

General Moose was a fine big creature, standing seven feet high at the shoulders, and he and his kind inhabit the northern parts of Europe and America, being built to endure severe cold.

After General Moose galloped a pack of wolves, hungry, eager, and with their togues lolling out. Tireless they were, yet they knew that the hunt was in vain unless the General happened on a big patch of soft snow, over the surface of which he could not run.

But the frost had not broken, and the General kept to the open where the surface was hardest.

He was the only survivor of a herd which had been found by the hunters, who had made light of the fortress that had been constructed by huge animals.

This had been made by the herd trampling down the snow inside a considerable area, so that a barricade was left, over which no wolf dared pass, for the elk has a way of striking out with its great forefeet like a skilful boxer, knocking foes over and then trampling them to death, when he has solid ground under him.

Inside the barricade the ground had been scraped clear of snow in places, so that the animals could feed; and there were paths, through walls of snow, like trenches, and the whole of the Elkyard, as it is called, was nearly four miles in diameter.

When once the elks are within their yard they feel so secure that they will rarely leave it; and this trait the hunters took advantage of, so that it was only by chance that the General had escaped. A bullet had struck the base of his horns and stunned him, and the hunters, thinking him dead, had passed on in the pursuit of others of the herd.

As the General fled he took all obstacles in his stride. Even fallen trees of five feet in diameter did not check him.

But General Moose had not escaped the notice of one of the hunters. He was a young man from England, who longed to take back with him as a trophy those spreading antlers, so he followed after the runaway alone.

He was strong and active, and although he knew that he could not compete with the great deer in swiftness, he had heard many stories from the hunters of running down the moose by dogged hunting.

The trail was plain, for the pack of wolves had added to it, and for two days and the best part of two nights he followed it, over the plains and into the dark forests beyond.

Here he lost it, for the wolves had swept back to where they had left the hunting party, and fortunately for him they did not encounter the solitary hunter, or it would have been a bad job for him.

The young hunter prided himself upon his knowledge of the hunter's craft, and, aided by his compass, he began to make a wide circuit.

He was so intent on looking for the lost track while he did this, that the first thing he knew of his success was the sound of the clap clap! of the great hoofs as the moose charged down upon him.

He had just time to dodge behind a tree, when a sweeping forefoot missed his head by inches. Then for two hours the hunter learned what it feels like to be hunted.

Twice he shot at the huge deer, but a good aim is not easy when hunter and hunted are dodging round a tree trunk. Neither shot took effect, and the man was so weary that he could run no more.

Brought to bay, he stood with his back to the tree, his hand trembling with fatigue.

General Moose, feeling particularly vicious, reared and came for him, meaning to pound the life out of his enemy.

Then the hunter fired and fell, and the giant missed his aim. But the bullet had scored a wound in his side from which the blood soon dripped, and General Moose, thinking discretion the better part of valor, turned and trotted away.

The wound in General Moose's side was not severe, and he soon halted, and uncovering some lichens, began to feed.

But a wolf smelt the split blood, and howled the news to his friends, and again the General was obliged to run.

Then that night the thaw came. A soft south wind melted the snow, and in parts melted it just below the hard frozen surface. The wolves knew that their time had come.

Sometimes he would charge upon them, when they scattered and fled, but always they returned and howled their song of death.

Then came the expected disaster. General Moose's long legs broke through the surface of the snow, and in a moment he was floundering about, finding no solid footing, while the light-weight wolves drew near.

Suddenly one flew at his throat, bit hard, and dropped, then another and another. The great forelegs of the hunted animal were useless now, and a wolf tore at his flank.

Then forty wolves were at him, and in a minute or two General Moose fell, with a sob that tore through his lacerated throat.

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Young chickens, per lb.	30c.
Fresh eggs, per dozen	35c
Butter, per lb	45 to 48c
Beef hides, per pound	9c
Calf skins	10c
Horse hides	$1.75
Sheep hides	40c
Beef, hind	10 to 11c
Deacons	50c
New potatoes per bag	$1.00
Flour—	
First patents	4.25
Second patents	4.00
Pastry Flour	$3.60 to $3.75
Graham flour	3.75
Feed—	
Bran	$1.25
Shorts	1.40
Middlings	$1.65 to $1.75
Feed Flour	2.00
Ground barley	2.00
Oatchop	2.00
Crushed oats	2.00
Corn chop	1.75
Barley and oat chop	1.85
Prices at mill	
Old wheat	$1.00
New wheat	90c
Wheat screenings	$1.75 to $1.80
Mixed grain	
Oil cake	
Special hog feed	1.5
Corn per bushel	1.00
Bulk Grain—	
Rolled oats 40 lbs	1.30
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Oats	45c
Buckwheat	60c

North Hastings Review

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NOTICE

MARCH TENTH IS THE DATE

From the Office of

CROSS & CO.

Our fiscal year is closed. All accounts on our books of **THIRTY (30) DAYS' STANDING** at the date of **MARCH 10th** are due and payable.

There are several reasons why the above is imperative. One is: to-day the merchant who does not pay for all his purchases within 30 days is not working for himself—he is working for the **BANKS**, the **MANUFACTURER**, or the **WHOLESALER**, or somebody else. And remember, please, the 30-day payment is from the day the merchandise is **SHIPPED**, and not 30 days after it is **RECEIVED**. We feel that once a year at least our office should start out with a clean sheet.

Any parties having accounts against us will please render them at once.

Thanking you for your consideration.

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T.R.Cs

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late Mrs. Diamond desire to take this opportunity of thanking their many friends and neighbours for the many acts if kindness shown them in their recent sad bereavement.

Allan, Jim and Ella.

HARTS FARMERS' CLUB

This Club will meet in Harts School House on the second Tuesday of each month.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Elizabeth Dougan

After a lingering illness of four years' duration, there passed quietly away at the residence of her daughters in Madoc, Elizabeth Golway, relict of the late William Dougan, in her 74th year. She had been as well as usual, but was stricken suddenly while sitting in her chair, and although medical aid was at once summoned, she drifted quietly away to the world beyond, where there is neither illness nor sorrow, just 'Peace, perfect peace.' She leaves behind her memories of a life well spent in unselfish devotion and service, also a beautiful example of mother-love and self-sacrifice for her large family of children.

Besides her daughters Margaret and Emma in Madoc, she leaves to cherish her memory two daughters—Sara, Mrs. George Jose of Davidson, Sask., and Carrie, Mrs. (Dr.) Kay of Schomberg; four sons—William Johnston and Murney G. of Davidson, Sask., Perry P. of Birsay, Sask., and Rev. Harry L. Dougan, B.A., B.D., of Red Deer, Alta., and twenty-one grandchildren, of whom Mrs. F. E. Houston of Tweed is eldest. Her husband predeceased her twenty-four years ago and a son, Orin Gibson, died nineteen years ago in South Africa, where he had gone during the Boer War as Y. M. C. A. secretary of the last Canadian Contingent. She is also survived by five sisters, namely, Mrs. Margaret Wright, North Battleford; Mrs. Maria Dougan, Mrs. Matilda Rollins and Mrs Emma Tumelty of Madoc; Mrs. Albert Cassan of Toronto; and one brother, Mr. Robert Golway of California.

Mrs. Benjamin Spurr

A former resident of this village, Mrs. Benjamin Spurr, died at the home of her daughter at Stetler, Alta. on February 8th, in her 80th year. Her maiden name was Margaret Frederick, and after her marriage to John, a brother of the late Barnabas Vankleek of Madoc Township, she lived in the township of Faraday, where she underwent the many hardships attending pioneer life in that district.

She was a woman of strong personality, and while a devoted wife and mother, she was always ready to help those of her neighbors needing her services. Some years after Mr. Vankleek's death she married Benjamin Spurr, of L'Amable. Later on they moved to this village, but after Mr. Spurr's death she went out to Westeern Canada to be with her two children. While in Madoc she made many warm friends who will regret to hear of her passing.

ANNUAL MEETING OF MADOC EGG CIRCLE

The annual meeting of the Madoc egg circle was held in the Town Hall last week for the purpose re-organization and the election of officers for the year 1923. This organization has been in operation for the past two years and has created the feeling that when it has reached a higher degree of efficiency in every department that it will be a great improvement upon the old methods of selling eggs. As a result of the influence of these egg circles which are scattered all over Canada many acts have been passed by the Ottawa Government protecting poultry men of Canada from unfair and unjust competition. Both the Ontario Government and the Dominion Government had their representatives in the persons of Mr. Buker and Mr. Fennel. These men have spent many years in the organization and management of egg circles and were thus able to give those present much valuable information on the management and handling of egg circles.

Mr. Reid who was last year manager stated that while there were one hundred and forty-one shippers only eighteen signed the contract. Both speakers pointed out to the meeting the absolute necessity of signing the contract if they expected the movement to meet with that success to which it is entitled.

Before the meeting adjourned twenty of those present signed the contract, which speaks well for a strong organization for this year.

The method is for the buyer to pay the local market price and at the end of every three months pay to each member of the circle a dividend which in some egg circles in Ontario amounted to five and six cents a dozen and even higher. Only those who sign the contract will be entitled during the year 1923 to share in the dividends. The shipper who does not sign the contract will receive only the price paid for his eggs at the time of selling in Madoc. Every one will thus see the advantage of signing the contract and sharing in the dividends.

Mr. Fennel intends to spend some time in this section, canvassing for the Madoc egg circle.

REVENGE

Madoc ended a perfect season without a loss as a result of a 6-5 victory over Marmora. With the exception of the players themselves and a very few others the result was expected to be otherwise but the "never-say-die" spirit of our boys carried them safely home again victorious. Marmora was severely trounced on their own ice, for the firs time this year, thereby failing in their boast that they would triple the score as they did with Tweed and Stirling. Even with much assistance from the referee they failed miserably.

The firs period was fast throughout and most decidedly Madoc's. The locals found lit le difficulty in scoring three goals, the result of dazzling combina ion on the part of the forwards and only the breaks of the game kept the scoring as low as it was. Mr. Thornbeck kept the game very clean in this period making the boys play hockey, much to the discomfort of the Marmora people.

The second period was a decided contrast to the first, rough play began to creep in and the referee after being hard pressed by his friends allowed the Marmora boys to escape many deserving penalties. An instance of this was when he refused point blank to the Madoc captain when urged to enforce the rule against the Marmora boys for kicking the puck, but let a visitor drop his stick and he would receive five minutes. This is only one instance where he displayed unsportsmanlike qualities. In this period the home team scored two goals but Madoc came right back with two more the score standing 5-2 when the bell rang.

In the third period, blood sparked in the losers' eyes; with might and main, they cut, tripped, slashed kicked and wanded to fight but the Madoc boys elected to play clean hockey. After the referee succeeded in handing us the worst deal of the season his hopefuls managed to tie the score and great joy was heard from the Marmora camp. It was at this stage of the game that Burnside's stick was knocked from his hands and Mr. Thornbeck making the best of the opportunity decreed upon him a five minute penalty. During those fateful moments Marmora slipped in two goals and tied the score 5-5. No sooner had Burnside returned to the ice, when the enraged Brady, after losing possession of the puck, deliberately cut him down in the most cowardly manner by striking him on the knee from behind, yet a two minute penalty was deemed sufficient for such an offence The period ended with both teams fighting desperately for the winning goal.

After ten minutes rest, play was resumed but the hard game was beginning to show telling effects on the Marmora boys, two having to quit the ice. Madoc quickly showed their superiority by adding another goal while their rivals were held at bay for the remainder of the game.

Line-up—Marmora—Neal, goal; J. Brady and Hughes, defence; R. Neal and Auger, wings; McWilliam, centre.

Madoc—Henderson, goal; Rupert and Burnside, defence; Watson and Blue, wings; Moorcroft, centre.

Score—1st period Blue 2 Moorcroft 1. 2nd Watson 2, McWilliams 2 3rd McWilliams 1 Brady 2, overtime Watson 1.

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CO-OPERATION IN MILK.

American Experiment Will Interest Canadians.

Persons who are interested in the establishment of co-operative milk-marketing plants as well as those already engaged in marketing milk co-operatively will find many of their problems handled exhaustively in Department Bulletin 1095, Producers' Co-operative Milk-Distributing Plants, just published by the United States Department of Agriculture. The bulletin is based upon studies of the experience of a large number of plants of this type in various parts of the country, mostly in small cities where a satisfactory system of distribution was not previously developed. Details are given on contracts, financing, organization, by-laws, location and equipment of plants, investment, management, sales methods, distribution costs, and accounting systems.

Lists are given of equipment needed for small plants with less than 250 gallons capacity, for plants handle from 250 to 1,000 gallons, for large plants and more than 1,000 gallons a day. Figures obtained from 27 co-operative plants show

A Milk Distributing Plant.

that the average investment in the plant itself per gallon capacity is $25.97 when the capacity is 500 gallons or less; $22.77 when the capacity is from 500 to 1,000 gallons; $11.69 when the capacity is 1,000 to 2,000 gallons; and $19.14 when the capacity is from 2,000 to 8,000 gallons. In the same order, the investments per gallon capacity in equipment were $28.73, $31.79, $11.89, and $12.34. Estimates are given of the total amounts of money needed to establish and operate plants of these various capacities.

The three principal problems that confront the milk plant manager are, according to the bulletin, the securing of an adequate and proper milk supply, efficient and economical plant operation, and sales policies and methods of market distribution.

Woodlot Trees.

Of the hardwood trees in the farm wood lot, says an Experimental Farm Note, the hard or sugar maple is the most valuable. Besides supplying sap for sugar making, the wood is good for fuel, the manufacture of agricultural implements, furniture, hardwood flooring and distilled products. Other valuable hardwoods are birch, beech, brown and white ash and elm. Basswood and poplar grow more quickly than other deciduous trees and are useful for reforestation. Among the conifers spruce is the most important wood, supplying the bulk of the timber and rough lumber for building purposes. Besides, it is useful for pulpwood and pit timber. Pine is not often found in farm woodlots, but is useful for manufactured lumber. Fir and hemlock are used mainly for building lumber and pulpwood. Cedar makes the best shingles and is also used for telephone and telegraph poles, cross-ties and fence posts. Tamarack, although not a common wood, is very durable and is valuable for fence posts, ties, mine and crib work timbers.

Value of Manure Reduced.

Surprising results have been obtained by soil and crop experts at Geneva, New York, in a series of tests recently completed, from the use of wheat straw with horse manure. When fresh straw was added to manure and applied to growing crops, a pronounced detrimental effect was noted as compared with crops where fresh manure was used alone. It was further observed that when straw was added to the manure, together with some preservative, a marked loss of the organic matter of the manure resulted. The loss of organic matter amounted to 53 per cent. during an interval of four months where peat was added to manure-straw mixture and only 32 per cent. where the peat was added to manure alone.

The best results appear to follow the use of acid phosphate with manure in the stables. A couple of handfuls of the acid phosphate is scattered in each stall each day and the animals are allowed to trample it into the manure. The manure can then be stored in a covered shed, or pit, until it can be spread in the field.

Bonuses Paid by B. C.

The Game Conservation Board of British Columbia estimates that by the end of the year bonuses were paid on 70,000 crows, 9,000 eagles and 6,000 owls. The bonuses amounted to $14,000 (or 20 cents each) for crows, $9,000 for eagles, and $6,000 for owls, or a total of $29,000 for 85,000 birds of prey in two years. There are still supposed to be seven million crows left in British Columbia.

France Wants More Wheat.

Measures to increase wheat production in France were strongly advocated by the National Wheat Committee of France, in recent session.

MUST CHANGE METHODS

BEEF RAISING WILL BE DONE DIFFERENTLY IN WEST.

Dominion Live Stock Commissioner Thinks That the Brandon Conference Will Produce Good Results —Farmers Advised to Go In for Finishing Cattle — Hog Grading Endorsed.

That the decisions reached at the recent meeting of the Western Canada Live Stock Union will materially affect the live stock industry of the Prairie Provinces was the view expressed by H. S. Arkell, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner. "The Brandon conference was a success," said Mr. Arkell. "There was no beating about the bush, but a lot of good straight-from-the-shoulder discussion."

The main point dealt with at the conference was the western cattle situation. It was generally realized, stated the commissioner, that a radical change had to be made in the present methods of beef raising, and farming generally, on the prairies before better conditions could arise. The prosperous days for straight grain farming are past. With the high tariff wall erected against Canadian cattle, it does not pay to raise rough feeders for United States farms nor does the raising of old heavyweight range cattle. Heavy freight rates and low market returns were two factors which must soon kill out this kind of beef-raising business.

"The western farmer must turn his attention to finishing young, lightweight beef," stated Mr. Arkell. "This will necessitate a big change in western cropping methods. Grain must to a large extent give place to the growing of succulent crops for ensilage and winter feeding. Not only does the finishing of young beef on the western farm provide the only prospect for better times in the cattle business, but this type of animal will fit in well with the requirements of the British farmer. With good prospects opened up by the embargo removal, the most careful attention must be given to the wants of this new market."

The question of marketing live stock was another big item discussed at the conference. The common practice of dumping the great bulk of cattle and sheep on the markets in the fall came in for a lot of hard knocks. "It was generally agreed that this practice was unprofitable, wasteful and, be the product good or bad, suicidal to the industry. The winter feeding of steers and finishing on the home lot will do much to change this form of marketing.

According to Mr. Arkell, many western farmers have found the sheep business bringing in good returns this year. Those who realized the benefits and profits resulting from proper care and feeding have made good. Prospects are brighter for sheep for the coming year. The swamping of markets at various times throughout the year has played havoc with the returns, but this matter will adjust itself in the same way as the cattle marketing question. With the flock receiving proper care in management and feeding, the rush of sheep and lambs to the slaughter-house when feed is scarce will cease.

Horse breeders throughout the west are confident that this branch of farming will soon see better days. Prices have been for some time past pitifully low. The shrinkage in numbers of young stock must eventually, however, force prices higher.

"The west is going to stick closely to hog grading," said Mr. Arkell. It is realized that this venture is not any fad, but a necessity. The number of hogs grading select in the western provinces is not very encouraging to the farmers, but it has been proved that with right breeding and feeding the top grade can be raised. One novice sold 22 out of 25 hogs as select. There are many instances where men have tackled the problem intelligently and have had splendid success. A resolution brought before the union meeting called upon the Government to institute a system of inspection and grading prior to export. This shows the serious attitude which the west takes regarding the export bacon trade.

"The Boys' and Girls' Clubs are one of the brightest developments of recent years in the Western Canada live stock situation," said Mr. Arkell. "Splendid work is being done through this medium. The principles adopted by these clubs should in time become the general farm practice."

Bovine Tuberculosis.

Washington is expected to be the first of the 48 states to make definite plans to wipe out all bovine tuberculosis within its borders. In 20 of the 29 counties area eradication work has already been conducted in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture.

The light infection of the cattle herds in the state and the fact that most of the cattle already have been tested make the outlook particularly promising. An indication of the low percentage of tuberculosis was found in Spokane County last summer. The veterinarian in charge tested 469 herds, containing 2,754 animals, and condemned only 4.

Ninety-five per cent. of the pure-bred herds in Washington are already under supervision.

Alfalfa Is Preferred Crop.

Sweet clover is not recommended in preference to alfalfa for heavy, fertile, well-drained soils that are well supplied with lime, and free from quack grass, or June grass, unless the cost of seeding must be considered. It will grow to perfection on such soils, but alfalfa usually produces heavier crops of hay per acre.

Do not plant too deep. Let upper roots be set an inch lower than before.

MACHINERY NOT POPULAR.

British Indian Peasant Has Proved Very Conservative.

From time to time during the last twenty years attempts have been made to introduce motor or steam-driven agricultural machinery into India. Thousands of pounds were spent by one English firm before the war in an attempt to introduce modern threshing machines. Threshers were set up at several points throughout India in charge of mechanics employed by the importing firm, and the peasants were invited to bring their grain to be threshed free of charge. The scheme proved to be a thorough failure, as the ryots would not bring their grain to the thresher. The chief reason for the failure is said to be the intense conservatism of the Indian peasant, whose farming methods have not changed in a thousand years. It has also been said that the ryot thought that this new fan-dangled machine was only a ruse on the part of the zemindar (large landowner) or Government to get more money out of him. The Indian peasant is loth to let a third party get control of his grain until he has received his money for it. Other firms have made efforts to introduce modern threshing machinery, but it is said that they have all met with failure, says Trade Commissioner H. A. Chisholm of Calcutta.

The situation is different, however, with the tractor-driven ploughs. A few tractors have been used in India for several years by companies operating tea, sugar and rice plantations. Company-owned plantations form a comparatively small fraction of India's total agricultural area, but the peasant in some sections of the country is thus becoming accustomed to the tractor, and it pleases him to see how easily hard ground is turned over by the tractor plough. The use of the tractor is again complicated, however, by the prevalent custom of cultivating land in tiny patches—a tenth to a quarter of an acre in extent, separated by low embankments of earth which serve as "line fences" for the delineation of ownership and also for the retention of water. Under such circumstances the use of the tractor plough is out of the question.

On the other hand, every province in India contains considerable areas of culturable waste land of excellent quality in excess of the cultivating capacity of the existing village population by ordinary methods. Most of this "culturable waste" had been at one time sown to rice, but as it is customary to abandon rice fields after a certain period of cultivation such lands soon grew heavy grass and reeds. When the ryot wishes to bring this land under cultivation again, he finds that his primitive oxen-drawn plough is not strong enough to break this heavy sod, and that it requires the most laborious hand digging to bring it back. As agricultural labor in India has in recent years not only been scarce, but also extremely inefficient, owing to fevers and insufficient nourishment, the area of land in "culturable waste" and "current fallow" is now very large. Agricultural statistics compiled by the Government of India show that the net area sown to crop in recent years has averaged between 200 and 225 million acres, while "culturable waste" amounted to over 110 million acres, and current "fallows" to some 60 million acres. Between 1918 and 1920 the net area sown dropped about ten per cent., while the areas in "culturable waste" and "current fallows" increased ten per cent. In other words, out of India's cultivated total area of 390 million acres some 40 per cent. is now out of cultivation.

Sweet Potatoes.

Something new has been done in the horticultural line by Sanford Carpenter, florist and gardener of Stony Creek, Wentworth county, Ontario, in growing sweet potatoes in commercial quantities. This crop has always been considered a Southern product, but Mr. Carpenter has found that the warm sand soil and mild temperatures of the Niagara Peninsula are quite suitable for its production. The cultivation is simple; tubers are planted in hot-beds early in the spring, and the numerous shoots are transplanted to the open in the same manner as tomatoes. Early cultivation is given, but the vines soon cover the ground, stopping any further attention. The potatoes are dug before frost penetrates the ground.

It is yet too early to speak of this new crop becoming commercially important. Further individual trials will have to be made. Vineland Experimental Station is not enthusiastic about the commercial possibilities. But Canada imported in 1921 some 50,000 bushels, and could a few favored sections of our country undertake to supply this amount it would be, perhaps, worth while. There is also always the possibility of increasing the appetite of Canadians for this vegetable, and of extending the sales by lower prices, made possible by closer location to markets.

Bees In Manitoba.

The suitability of Manitoba for beekeeping is demonstrated in the experiences of a member of the Beekeepers' Association, who secured from six hives a yield of 2,150 pounds of extracted honey during the past summer. The bees increased to 19 colonies, with sufficient stores for winter. Another member reported a crop of 2,470 pounds of honey from seven hives, or an average of 353 pounds, and an increase of 18 colonies.

Land for Ordinary Family.

Three or four acres of alfalfa, with an acre devoted to garden truck and another acre to poultry, and cow pasture, with a few cows, a hundred chickens, and three or four brood sows will support the ordinary family of five, with enough left over to pay taxes.

RECLAIMING GULLIES.

Methods Recommended for Increasing Acreage of Farm.

Gullies are a source of great loss to the farmer. They ruin fertile land, interfere with farm operations, undermine buildings, encroach on public roads, endanger the life of stock and mar the beauty and lower the market value of the farm. They can be prevented by increasing the absorptive capacity of the soil by tilling, protecting the surface from erosion by proper cultivation, and by conducting the surplus water from the field at a low velocity. Gullies can be reclaimed by ploughing-in and seeding to grass or timber, or by building soil-saving dams that check erosion and cause the filling of the gully with silt.

In checking gullying, the first thing is to stop it at the head. If possible, the water should be turned into a natural water-course before it reaches the head of the gully. In shallow gullies, a dam built close to the head will give a fill of soil in a short time. In deeper gullies, a longer time is necessary according to the condition and amount of washing. Brush and straw, firmly fastened down, make a good dam for stopping erosion.

In regions where timber and brush are plentiful good results in filling gullies have been obtained by the use of brush dams. In hill-side gullies where the flow of water is small the dams are commonly built of loose brush sometimes weighted down with logs. Where the flow is enough to overtop the dam the brush can be held down by crosspieces and stakes. Simply dumping the brush into a gully will not give good results.

Before beginning to reclaim a gully with soil-saving dams, the entire work of reclamation should be planned. If only a part of the work is planned it may not fit into the complete reclamation work which may be undertaken later. After the head dam is in place and erosion checked, a number of low, temporary dams can be used in a wide, shallow depression that will gradually fill. If the gully ends in the side of a deep drainage channel, the lower end must be built up with a high dam. The higher the dams the fewer will be required, but several low dams are less costly than one high one and are more easily constructed. A low dam also requires less care and attention than a high dam.

Potatoes In Tobacco Barns.

In sweet potato areas in tobacco territory, farmers who grow both crops can save in building equipment by using their flue-heated tobacco barns for the storage of potatoes. Many farmers who do not raise a large acreage of sweet potatoes feel that the expense of a special storage structure is not justified, although

The Tobacco Barn.

through the use of pits, banks, or cellars they have been losing a large part of the stored crop. But if some building which serves another important purpose can be remodeled so as to meet both needs a greater part of the sweet potatoes produced can be saved at a small outlay of money. On farms which have flue-heated tobacco barns or similar buildings that serve their main purpose before the potato harvest, this saving is practical.

Chopped Stuff.

A monument was recently unveiled at the old Rennick farm in Ohio, where the first public sale of Shorthorns in America is said to have been held.

Dairying was the mainstay of farming in the Vermilion district of Alberta last year. Between May 1 and October 31 approximately 600,000 pounds of butter were shipped to Vancouver.

Brookside Colantha, a British Friesian cow, recently completed a record of 3,000 gallons of milk in less than 365 days. A British Friesian heifer in her first period gave 2,004 gallons in 358 days.

It is estimated by the Federal Government that last year over 600 pairs of live foxes were exported from Prince Edward Island, and that 6,000 pelts were sold, the average price of which was $275 per skin.

A large mining company located at Johannesburg recently requested of the Virginia Holstein-Friesian Breeders' Club a list of the prices and pedigrees on five highly bred Holstein females and a good young bull to head the herd.

Alfalfa.

More than 100,000 pounds of alfalfa seed of the Grimm variety will be available from the Brooks district, Alberta, for seed purposes this year. This is twice as much as was ever produced in that district before. The product has taken second place in the alfalfa exhibit at the International Live Stock and Grain Show, Chicago. Fifty per cent. of this amount is eligible for registration.

Proved to Be a Useful Brute

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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A tricksy wind blew up the street, plundering golden maples and setting fleets of fairy argosies a-sail through the sunlit distance. Mischief enough, one would think, but tricksy winds miss no chances. This one caught Clare fairly midship, wrapping her skirts so close about her that stepping was impossible. In the effort to loosen the clinging things she let go the sheaf of blossoms so lately ravished from Miss Penny's garden. The next minute dahlias, asters, loose-leafed, heavy-headed roses, jewel colored zinnias, cosmos of rainbow hues, ever-blooming honeysuckle sprays, all fell at her feet, to be scattered by the wicked wind all along the pavement.

"Lucky I'm here; know you want me to—well, say things for you," Top Rainey said behind her. Improperly he was Sorrel Top—his hair a sufficient reason for the name. "You ought to have been wiser than to refuse me yesterday," Top went on serenely. "You surely understand I can use language more forcibly than any other beau you've got."

"Thank you for nothing. I can do my own swearing in a pinch," Clare flung back. "Run home, or I may have to begin."

"There is a time for all things. This isn't one for running home straight off," Top said rather disjointedly. He was half bent, picking up the flowers. "Lucky for you I'm a Christian, doing good to them that despitefully use me. If I were not—"

"Go home, I tell you!" Clare said, so low he knew she was murderous—almost. If tears came she would be quite so. Banter fled from him—in a twinkling he retrieved the last blossom, huddled the mass delicately in his arm, and said in a voice of profound respect: "I'll take these on to the church, Miss Darcy. Who shall I give them to—Mrs. Angell, or Miss Gray?"

"I don't care what you do," Clare burst out, wheeling to run away, but in the act checked herself, sighing: "Oh, neither—Miss Penny hates both."

"All for sweet charity!" Top bubbled, then relapsing into his high manner: "In that case, hadn't you better overlook hating me for half an hour or so, and see that your plunderings are rightly bestowed?"

"Come on," Clare said, recklessly, darting past him. He went on—but so soberly she was soon yards ahead. At the next corner she stopped short, saying viciously: "Aren't you ridiculous enough without playing footman? Keep up—if you insist upon coming with me."

"Oh, certainly—if you invite me," Top returned with a slow, hovering smile. Once beside her he touched her bare hand very, very lightly, saying, half under his breath: "Who'd think anything so little and soft could knock out clean a big hulking brute?"

"Dear me. Are you a brute? I never thought you'd admit it," Clare said lelly, but with a hint of thawing underneath. Top nodded, saying, thoughtfully: "Brutes, after all, have their uses. Consider the elephant. But for him raging tigers, roaring lions, leopards and things might rule the world. Consider, too, the camel—the only thing before autos that knew the way across deserts, not stopping to hunt water. Bears, too—what were Wall street without 'em? Bulls are not worth skinning at the present price of hides—"

"Shut up!" from Clare.

Top went on serenely: "And even real men now and again justify their existence—if only by contrast with the near-Brummells of today."

"Give an example," from Clare, demurely. "Needless. You have one all ready to your hand."

"There's Roy Gordon," suggested Top.

"So you're really jealous!" from Clare, with a twinkle.

Top shook his head. "Of a man—I might be," he said. "But that—good Lord, who would be jealous of a necktie and a silk shirt!"

"Do you think silk shirts are dreadfully immoral?" Clare asked, the twinkle strengthening. "And is it the reason you want me to cut Roy dead?"

"No—because pitch sticks. He's a lump of the blackest, stickiest sort—hardly safe even to let alone," Top broke out. They were on the church steps—from within came the sound of many babbling voices in high key. Under cover of the babblings Clare said clearly: "Roy will take me in his car to the reception after the wedding—"it's only five miles from town—but we'll go the longest way round, so as to get a beautiful ride."

"You have a—nice night for it," Top said, bowing, as he handed over the flowers. He looked quite as usual—but somehow Clare had a feeling that his voice had grown suddenly gray.

It haunted her all through the wedding, despite the medley of flowers, lights, music, gay garments, gayer chatter. She might have been maid of honor—even, were truth told, the bride herself, had she so chosen, but had preferred to stay in the background. Roy, a radiant usher, had seated her well to the front. Top she could not see without craning her neck, but she felt his eyes upon her all through the service. Then, when she looked for him, meaning to wave him a gay defiance, he had vanished. That astonished her; he was no quitter. But there was no sign of him. She tried not to think of him—helped to such oblivion by a sudden darkness of two minutes' duration, which bred much merry confusion and many blundering encounters. But, in spite of it, she was soon seated beside Roy, the soft wind in their faces and their lights making radiant pathways down the long, white turnpike. She scarcely noted that, instead of his roadster, Roy drove a sedan, conspicuously new and snug, with a litter of robes in back.

"A bird—that's what she is," he said, shifting into high. "Nothing in the county can touch her by a mile. Just right for an elopement—"

"On a trial spin! Who's the lucky lady?" Clare asked, smiling bravely, though her heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"You ought to know it; she's close kin to you," Roy retorted, smiling inanely; then, with sudden fierceness, "Haven't you guessed yet?"

"What?" Clare asked, her eyes shooting sparks.

"Why—that we are going to get married soon as we're ten miles over the state line. We are, I tell you!" at her cry of protest. "You've had your day, playing me for a softy—thinkin' you could fling me away when you tired of the game. Well, now—you can't! See? You're with me—of your own free choice—a hundred witnesses to that—you'll stay with me all night, at least—unless you go home married to me—you ain't likely ever to have a chance of marrying anybody else. What you goin' to do about it?"

"Kill you—then myself—if you keep your word," Clare cried, making a frantic clutch for the wheel. As Roy flung off her hand, another hand fell heavily upon him—Top's big hand, indeed—and Top's voice said, still gray and cold: "Of course you needed room for luggage, eloping this way, Roy—but you provided a little too much—I've been quite comfortable since the start." Then he half lifted Clare to the seat beside him, saying sternly, but with a grim, humorous smile: "Turn back, Roy—and drive like h—ll. We don't want to miss the wedding supper," adding, as Roy tried to go forward: "It will look better, to the wedding crowd, if I don't have to take your place." Then he sat closer to Clare and whispered: "You see a human brute even comes in handy—sometimes."

MADE HIS NAME IMMORTAL

Mount Whitney, Highest Point in the United States, Could Not Be More Worthily Designated.

Mount Whitney is named after Prof. Josiah Dwight Whitney, who was born at Northampton, Mass., 1819, and died 1896. Professor Whitney was for some time engaged by the United States government in geological survey work and earned later a most enviable reputation as one of the greatest American philologists. From 1854 he was professor of Sanscrit, and from 1869 professor of comparative philology at Yale university. One of his outstanding works was the compilation of the Century dictionary, 1888-91. Mount Whitney is the highest point in the United States. Its summit is 14,898 feet above sea level, and rises in the Sierra Nevadas, east California. This mountain is not an isolated peak like Mount Shasta, Mount Rainier or some of the Canadian peaks, but is a summit in the great tilted block of the earth's crust forming California's sawtooth range, the Sierra Nevadas. Clarence King, director of the first geological survey in 1870, climbed to the top of Mount Whitney, as he supposed, only to find he had really climbed a neighboring peak. He made a successful ascent of Mount Whitney two years later.

"Skinners" of Revolution.

"Skinners" of the Revolution was a name given during the Revolutionary war to bands of American marauders that infested the territory—known as neutral ground—extending along the east bank of the Hudson river for a distance of about 40 miles north of New York city.

In the zeal of service both (cowboys and skinners) were apt to make blunders, and confounded the property of friend and foe, according to Washington Irving. Neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity, nor when they wrung the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for congress or King George.

How Expression Originated.

The use of the expression, "get the sack," when one means "to be discharged," originated through the impression made upon people in this country when stories were brought to them of the way the sultan of Turkey disposed of members of his harem of whom he had tired. When he wanted to get rid of one of his harem he was said to have had her put in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus. People who heard of this report repeated it to others, and they became so used to telling the tale that they slipped quite naturally into the habit of saying "to get the sack" when they meant that they expected to be put out of a position suddenly.

Ended That Love Affair.

I liked a boy in school. He was a "perfect gentleman" (I thought). So nice and gentle with the girls! One day I carried home from school lots of books. I met him. I looked at him and then said shyly: "You may carry my books if you wish." He gave me a disgusted look, and with these words, "I'm no human express wagon; carry 'em yourself," he sauntered off.—Chicago Journal.

SOME SMILES

A BIT SKEPTICAL

"Who is that important-looking stranger?"

"He styles himself the advance guard of prosperity. He is here to address the business men of our town."

"The hotel proprietor doesn't seem to believe he's the advance guard of prosperity. He has just refused to cash the stranger's check."

Lions.

Little Mary (watching cubs play)—Mamma, will they be men when they grow up?

Mamma—No; what makes you think that?

Little Mary—I heard uncle yesterday say to papa, "You were some lion when you were young."

Significant Gesture.

"You have some large, heavy paperweights on your desk."

"Yes," said the editor of the Chiggersville Clarion. "By laying my hand caressingly on one of these weights I have frequently cooled down an irate subscriber who came in here with the intention of using me for a floor mop."

Up Against It.

"Smith," said the visiting artist, "if you can't make your studies and landscapes sell, why don't you try working in the nude a little while?"

"I'm right on the verge of it," said Smith dolefully. "I don't think this last suit of mine will stand much more wear!"

Accommodation.

"Do you expect that bill you have just introduced to become a law?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "If I thought it had a chance I wouldn't have introduced it. It was one of those occasions on which it seems perfectly safe to oblige a friend."

LOOKS SERIOUS

"Me brudder wanted me to see if you'd be engaged dis evening?"

"What a funny way for him to propose?"

A Little Bit of Blarney.

Mistress—Maggie, I can't have you entertaining policemen in the kitchen.

Maggie—Sure, mum, an' it's a big heart ye have. I was sayin' to Michael O'Flinn only last night that if I'd spake th' word ye'd let us have th' drawin' room.—London Answers.

Possibly So.

Her Second Husband—No, I can't go out with you this evening. I have some work to do at the office.

Mrs. Pstinger—You've neglected me shamefully ever since we've been married. If my first husband was alive you wouldn't dare to treat me so.

Why He Lost Appendix.

"Say, Bill, they tell me you've just had your appendix taken out," said a friend.

"That's a fact," replied Bill.

"Serves you right! You should have had it in your wife's name."—London Tit-Bits.

An Advocate of Simplicity.

"Do you like bridge?"

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "It looks to me like one o' them games where they put in a lot of arithmetic so's to take a regular card player's mind off'n the run of the deck."—Washington Star.

ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY

She: Pop says you have no brains.
He: I figured I wouldn't need any with your money.

Accommodating.

"Man wants but little here below,"
Quoth the Rev. Jabez Squinches.
Straight home Miss Phoebe Potts did go
And raised her skirt three inches.

Just Flattery.

"I understand the photographer praised your beauty very highly."

"Yes, but I've looked in vain for the last six months and he has yet to display in his front window the portrait he took of me."

The Difficulty.

"He's kinder to his second wife than he was to his first."

"Yes, but his second wife keeps insisting that he's not nearly so kind to her as her first husband was."

Artists.

"Who are these girls?"

"Members of our Pen and Pencil club."

"Some of them are very strong with the eyebrow pencil."

Her Speaking Terms.

Kriss—Talk is cheap.

Kross—I don't know about that; my wife talked me out of $20 last night.

Proud of It.

"Are you aware that Mr. Grabcoin is a self-made man?"

"Not being stone-deaf, I am."

"Eh?"

"You can't converse with Mr. Grabcoin more than five minutes without being informed of the fact."

Going Afield.

"What are you hunting for, girlie?"

"Subject matter for an essay on the Perfect Woman."

"Eh?"

"I have discussed it with the other member and she evidently does not belong to our club."

Filled Specifications.

Applicant—I've called in answer to that advertisement of your'n for a handy man, sir."

Employer—Well, what qualifications have you?

Applicant—I live next door, sir.—London Weekly Telegraph.

Ominous.

Crawford—Have you found a place to suit your case where there's no hay fever?

Crabshaw—I thought so, and was just going to sign up when the hotel proprietor started in to sneeze himself.

A Wise Choice.

Oldbatch—Weren't you rather reckless to marry a widow? She's heard all the old classic excuses before.

Gaysport—That's why. I knew her first husband and know just the line of fiction she'll fall for.

Holding Out for the Legit.

"Do you think motion pictures are educational?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes; "although I won't say they have gotten so far along as to teach people how to act."

FRESHNESS OF THE PAST

Wifey: The eggs are stale. Why, I asked the grocer if they were fresh.
Hubby: What did he say?
Wifey: Absolutely.
Hubby: You must have misunderstood him. He probably said: "Obsoletely."

Wretch.

The barnyard golfer had no shame,
Nor sense of right and wrong.
He played a ringer in a game
And boasted loud and long.

At the Concert.

Mrs. Billtop, Sr.—Do you know that beautiful song she just sang? It is one of the old classics.

Mrs. Billtop, Jr.—Yes, indeed, I've jazzed to it many a time.

A Polite Driver.

Traffic cop (signaling)—Come on! What's tha matter with you?

Truck driver—I'm well, thanks. But my engine's dead.

ONE 50c BOX BROUGHT HEALTH

Years of Constipation Ended By "Fruit-a-tives"

The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tortured with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

A Candidate for Art.

"What makes you think your boy Josh might be a motion picture actor?"

"Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, "Josh must be good for something, and he has tried 'mbst everything else."

No Help Yet.

"Did you telephone the plumber that the hot water pipes are leaking?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd put us on his waiting list."

The Help Problem.

Crabson—So you can't get along with the cook, eh? Why don't you treat her as an equal?

His Wife—I tried to, but she warned me that I was getting too familiar.

A Roundabout Way.

Missus—Why do you always ask me to sing when Mr. Smathers comes here?

Mister—Well, you see, I don't like that fellow; yet I don't feel like telling him outright to go.

Struck the Right Combination.

Edith—So you are going to marry for love, are you? Don't you think that is foolish?

Maud—Oh, no. You see I had sense enough to fall in love with a millionaire.

No Sale.

What was that man cursing about I just met coming out of your office?

He had a book he was offering only to our best people, and I suppose he was revising my place on the list.

Too Busy to Grumble.

First Business Man—I hear your new manager's a hustler.

Second Business Man—Yes, thank goodness. He hasn't got time to grumble.—London Answers.

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds.

All orders promptly attended to.

THE REVIEW

Phone 49

We have what people have been waiting for

Durant and Star Cars

It has been an old saying that the best is saved until the last—and that's true.

Just think, that at last you can buy the latest and most accessible light weight car on the market, delivered for **$710.00** Tax and Delivery Charges included

Special Features of the STAR Car

Red Seal Continental Motor
Water Pump, Oil Pump
Gas Tank on rear
Vacuum Feed
Semi-Elliptic Springs
Streamline Body

and last but not least, a real Lock Steering Gear, which is so essential to insure comfort in driving on sandy or muddy roads, etc.

You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

WELLMAN & ELLIS - Madoc

Autos Painted

Get your autos brightened up for the coming season.

We have for sale a large and varied assortment of

Paints, Oils and Varnishes

always on hand.

We have also the very finest quality of

WALL PAPERS

that we have ever handled, at prices to suit all purchasers. Wall Paper samples may be seen at my shop, first door east of grist mill, or at Dominion Express Office.

A. ROBERTSON

Phone 91 **Painter and Decorator**

To Cream Producers

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that as early in the Spring as the roads will permit, our trucks will cover territory around Madoc within a radius of ten miles more or less as cream offers itself. There is no doubt that a truck will pass your door. We want to give you the same good service as in the past, only better. We will have an auxiliary plant right in Madoc. Remember we want your cream and we will come after it. It is our intention next season to erect an up-to-date creamery in Madoc.

Belleville Creameries Limited

Box 59 : : Belleville, Ontario

Paint Your Auto with

Carmote Auto Color Varnish

A Practical Product for the Automobile Owner
Ready for Immediate Use
Sets slowly, permitting even the novice to secure an even, satisfactory job.
Dries in about 24 hours with a beautiful lustre that will stand weather and wear
Comes in 10 Popular Colors. Put up in Quarts, Pints and Half-Pints. Ask for Color Card

FRANK DAFOE

Butter Wrappers Printed or Plain at the Review Office

Turkey Has Its d'Annunzio

Abdul Medjid has been one of the mainstays of the Nationalist movement whose military exponent is Kemal Pasha. If Turkey ever has another Sultan, he will probably be the man. It would seem likely that the various Turkish factions would unite under him, and probable that he would make the wisest and most civilized ruler the country has ever had. From what is known of Abdul Medjid, it seems highly improbable that he would sanction massacres of Christians, but of course these massacres depend [illegible] as much upon the passions of the turbulent [illegible] upon the good or evil intentions of the rulers. While Medjid is a loyal Turk, he admits many imperfections in the Turkish character, and confesses that his nation has been incapable of taking in hand its internal administration. This was true of finances, the postal and telegraph services and above all of the educational system. Turkey, he said, had always been pre-eminently a nation of soldiers, and, he added significantly, "She is that to-day."

He made the remark in the course of an interview with L. C. Walters, an American newspaper correspondent some time ago, and the interview was as much concerned with the latest developments in art as with international politics. The prince, it appears, is something like d'Annunzio, in that he is celebrated in peace time as a poet and painter, and in war time, while not leading troops in the field, tunes his lyre to patriotic tones and sings of the great victories of the Turks in the past. That was his course in the great war, and while he was not able to quite sing his fellow-countrymen to victory, he was regarded as a great help to them. Since the end of the war he has been harping on the Nationalist string and has provided the Angora Government with wise advice and strong encouragement. He was also a powerful factor in the movement which led to the overthrow of Abdul Hamid in 1908.

Of late, his position has been a most difficult one, but he seems to have occupied it with a good deal of tact and self-respect. On the one hand he was the crown prince and heir presumptive to the Sultanate, and there was acute antagonism between him and Mohamed VI. But he always referred to the ruler in terms of the greatest respect, and vigorously denied that he or his intimates were concerned in any of the "red flag" plots which have occupied so much of the attention of the Allied police since the latest Nationalist movement was inaugurated. He had to attend the Sultan's privy councils, and yet all the time was in communication with the Angora Government which repudiated the Sultan and refused to offer any obedience to whatever recommendations or orders might issue from the council. Yet he is said to have played the game fairly between the two, betraying to neither any confidence of the other.

Before he dedicated himself to the politics, the prince's poetry concerned itself with passionate love tales, dug up from the old Turkish legends, and when his pen was not inspired his brush was employed in the painting of graceful portraits. Patriotic enthusiasm caused him to abandon these subjects in the Balkan war and later in the Great War, and to become the depicter of the heroic age in Turkish history, if indeed it had a heroic age. Quite recently he finished a large canvas representing Osman entering Constantinople in 1453. This was designed as a gift to the Nationalists and by this time is no doubt one of the prizes in the Angora City Hall. Of the merits of this and other canvases one is in no position to judge, but it is safe enough to say that Medjid is one of the greatest artists that Turkey has ever produced, and that his comparitive greatness is equalled by the popular applause that has been his.

Medjid is described by the correspondent as being "exquisitely refined in manner and speech, tall, looking young for his more than fifty years of age, and every inch a European." Throughout Turkey he is credited with holding moderate views, but of course one cannot tell whether the general belief is correct until he has had a chance to assert himself. He is at least not a Sinn Fein Turk. He says that his country needs outside help in establishing itself, and should be sympathetic to foreign capital in developing the resources of the country. He says that his people recognize the fact that the Dardanelles are an international highway and should be kept free, but insists that in the discussion, Turkey should be heard as a sovereign people entitled to an equal voice in the settlement.

Japanese Advertisements.

There is something of a poetic touch about the following Japanese advertisements: "My products are forwarded with the speed of a bullet." "My marvellous paper is as solid as the skin of the elephant." "My vinegar is sourer than the spleen of the worst mother-in-law."

Marriage Rate In Germany.

The marriage rate in Germany was 8.4 per 1,000 in the first quarter of 1922, as compared with 10.4 in the same period of last year. Births were 25.6, as against 27.7, while the deaths increased from 15.6 to 18.5 per 1,000.

Wet Rope.

A rope is stronger when wet than dry. A new rope which has absorbed 50 per cent. of its own weight in water will be increased in strength ten per cent.

THE LOVE OF COLOR.

An Observer Fears That It Has Been Lost.

"Color, in the long run, may have an influence upon the spiritual system profounder even than music, though its effects are not so immediately intoxicating," says Mr. H. Leach in Chambers' Journal.

"These are two rare spiritual charms, essences of sound and shade, distilled from nature for the delight of the better man. Music in latter days has been degraded, but ascends again, as it must. Color has hardly ever been properly understood, and, as one might say, partaken of by the people. One of the richest delights the world can offer to the spirit of humanity has hardly been fairly accepted. Women, in their clothes, have exploited color more than any other class of persons; more vulgarly, the advertisers on hoardings have perhaps come next to them. But the true charms of harmony in color, in infinite tone and shade, as pointed by nature in every minute of every hour, have been considered only by a few—the artists.

"Now every man should be at least a little of an artist; he was meant to be, and was born like that. The reason why in maturity he is no longer an artist is that he has forgotten and neglected that which certainly was born in him, the gift that nature gave him upon the dawn of his intelligence. Let him remember the box of paints that delighted him so much when he was just a toddler. Alas for that early box of paints! Now is the time for a new beginning, the purchase of a new box of paints, and a first serious consideration of the colors of the world. Britain is magnificent in her color effects at all seasons of the year, but this one, of the summer lapsing languidly from the heats to the autumn, with the change from rich greens to sparkling yellows, golds, and crimsons, is that of all the year when our islands can challenge the world to contest in the splendor of the effects of nature's colors.

The ordinary person walks through the country at such times experiencing a sense of pleasure. He notices the lingering greens, the supplanting yellows, and the fiery glow of the reds that now begin. Only vaguely. He catches, perhaps, a tenth of the effect, and loses all the rest, wherein are all the greatest charms. Did he but take with him a little box of paints, a block of paper, and then, looking at these colors, really see them in all their differences and majestic harmonies, and try to imitate them, he would experience, if a person of any sensibility whatever, such a shock of pleasure as he may not have known in life before. For this he need be no avowed artist. He may have had no lessons, read not a single book on art—though soon afterwards he will do that. The instinct is enough. Rodin, the great sculptor, once said, 'You just look at nature, and the rest happens according to your temperament.' He was not thinking, perhaps, of such adventures as are here suggested, but still his formula will most exactly apply.

"For the most perfect and absorbing recreation at this season of the year, the most restful, fascinating occupation conceivable, let a man or woman who has never paluted, and knows not what painting is, take a small box of water-colors—very few of them, say gamboge, Prussian blue, cobalt, vermilion, burpt sienna, and alizarin crimson—and go out into the country with them to make a trial. A revelation is before such person."

Seeds and Age.

It is, of course, a well-known fact that the capacity of seeds to germinate tends to decrease with age. In some cases germination capacity falls rapidly; in others it remains high for several years after seed has been harvested. Among vegetable garden crops, parsnips afford an example of seeds whose germinating capacity soon deteriorates, even so short a period of one year sufficing to reduce the percentage of germination to a relatively low figure. Plants of the cabbage tribe, turnips, etc., retain their germinating capacity longer, but at the end of two or three years it will be found to have become less than it was in the year of harvesting. The seeds of peas and beans suffer less from the effects of keeping, and may give quite good results after three or more years. Needless to say, the power of seeds to retain their capacity to germinate varies not only with the variety but also with the nature of the harvest and with the conditions under which the seeds are stored. A poor harvest year generally means in England one in which seed does not ripen thoroughly; that is, does not dry off completely, and such seed generally shows a relatively low initial power of germination and poor "keeping" properties. Conditions of storage also affect the keeping properties of seed. If the air is either uniformly damp or subject to marked alternation of dampness and dryness, the germinating capacity falls off rapidly.

Ancient Mexico's Houses.

That the present civilization cannot claim entire credit for inventing the large apartment-house may be inferred from the discoveries in Chaco Canon, New Mexico. Excavators removing the covering of sand from this buried civilization have found remains of a number of great houses, each built around a central court and containing several hundred, and in one case nearly a thousand rooms.

New Lamp for Miner.

A new miner's lamp has been approved by the Secretary for Mines for Great Britain. It is worked by electricity, and fits on the miner's head, the accumulator being strapped to his body.

Kins of Bamangwato.

King Khama of the Bamangwato, a tribe in South Africa, will not allow intoxicating liquor to enter his territory, and travels about in an automobile, driven by a white chauffeur.

Special

We have in stock one set of

New Sleighs

to clear at a bargain.

If you need a good set of sleighs you will do well to see these.

We will accept wood as part payment.

C. G. Reid & Son

Madoc

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

How the Habits of Little Folk Are Moulded.

"A study of the naivete of children throws much light upon the opinions they form of their parents, and their early insight into parental weaknesses is clearly evidenced in their behaviour and in their discovery of the easiest way of reaching desired ends by playing up to the weaker points of their parents' armor," writes Dr. C. W. Kimmins, the well-known educational authority in Pearson's Magazine.

"For the successful criticism of the parents in early childhood much depends upon the presence in the family group of other young children. The only child is at a great disadvantage in this respect, and is generally a far more docile creature, yielding readily to discipline and retaining for a much longer period that feeling of dependence on the mother, which is a severe handicap in after life.

"The conspiracy of a small circle of children to work together for a common object against the rigid rule of authority is a wholesome influence in the home, and encourages a fighting and critical attitude of mind which will prove of great value in the struggle for existence. Moreover, the parents in the presence of a more or less organized opposition are conscious of being under constant observation, and if they are wise they will attempt to become worthy objects of scrutiny.

"'Go and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him he mus'n't,' is often the attitude of the easy-going mother to whom an unnatural silence on the part of Tommy clearly indicates mischief. Nothing can prevent a child observing his parents and drawing his own conclusions on broad general principles, and he pays little effective attention to talks from parent or nurse on the inexhaustible subject of good behavior. It is nothing short of a tragedy for an intelligent, thoughtful, observant child to be present when an ill-tempered father and a neurotic mother have what is technically known as 'a few words.'

"The details of such a scene will live long in the memory of this child and will effectively counteract any subsequent exhortations to good conduct. It is no good to appeal to children to live up to a standard of morality and self-control which parents have so obviously failed to reach themselves.

"The mother who, in the presence of her child, welcomes a visitor with extravagant expressions of delight and gives the impression of being on terms of the closest friendship with her, and who, after she has left, criticizes her in an unfriendly manner, completely neutralizes the moral instruction she may previously have given.

"A mother is judged by her child by what she does, not by what she says. It is not possible for the mother to prevent a child arriving at very definite opinions with regard to her own conduct."

The European Bison.

At one time the European bison ("Bison bonasus") or Aurochs, as the Germans term it, was common throughout the continent and in England, as is shown by the numerous fossil remains which have been found in association with those of the mammoth and the extinct rhinoceros. Its last refuge in Europe was the primeval forest of Bialowice in Lithuania, and here, under Russian administration, a considerable herd was maintained until the outbreak of the war. When, in 1915, the Germans took possession of that part of the country, the herd had been reduced to about one hundred and fifty, and steps were taken by the invaders to protect these in an absolutely wild state. With the departure in December, 1918, of the troops of occupation, the fate of the bison was sealed. Scarcely had the last military train disappeared before the slaughter was commenced, and in September, 1919, the last of the mighty wild bulls, famous in history, legend, and story, succumbed to the bullet of a poacher.

A Starlight Motor.

A motor driven by starlight has been invented by a scientist, Dr. W. W. Coblenz, says the Mentor Magazine. So sensitive is the instrument, which measures heat radiation from the stars, that it will detect an electric current of one-billionth of an ampere. Or, to put it more graphically. It is possible to measure the heat given off by the most distant star by means of electricity generated by its heat. If the heat from a certain nebula composed of 105 stars, hundreds of millions of miles from the earth, were concentrated on sixty drops of water for 100 years, the temperature of the water would be raised one degree only, Dr. Coblenz says.

SPEAKING ILL OF AN INN

"If I owned this hotel," said the irate guest, I'd,—I'd—"

"Well, what would you do?" asked the proprietor of the Eagle house.

"I'd turn it over to a friend of mine who's an entomologist. Know what that means?"

"No."

"A bug expert. I believe he could study all the known varieties, and some new ones, without getting off the premises."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Appearances.

"Your constituents say you are overconfident with reference to the coming election."

"That's the impression I desire to create," confided Senator Sorghum. "But you may rest assured that my personal nonchalance is an outward appearance to which my busy campaign managers will pay no attention whatsoever."—Washington Star.

What It Meant to Her.

"How strange," murmured the sweet young thing, as she looked the interior of the bank over with a critical eye, "how strange."

"What is strange."

"What is strange?" asked a bystander.

"That sign over there. Why don't they make it read 'Information' instead of 'Teller'?"

One of Canada's best Life Assurance Companies is desirous of securing a live representative for Madoc. Attractive proposition. Apply Box 230, Review office.

TENDERS WANTED

For putting away ice supply in the Village of Madoc. Amount and instructions for putting away on application. Apply to Belleville Creameries Limited, Box 59, Belleville, Ontario. Phone 37.

AUCTION SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction on the premises of Kenneth B. Chambers, Lot 22, Third Concession Madoc Twp., on Tuesday, March 13th, the following: 2 horses, 1 mare 9 yrs. old, 1 colt rising 3 yrs., 1 colt rising 2 yrs., 7 cows (grade Holstein), 4 heifers (gr. Holstein) 2 years old, 6 yearlings (grade Holstein), one brood sow, 11 shoats, 50 hens; 6-foot Massey-Harris binder, 5-ft. Massey-Harris mower, 8-ft. Massey-Harris rake, Dain hay loader, sulky gang, No. 21 Verity; National walking gang, Verity; No. 9 Verity walking plow, flexible harrow, scuffler, 6-ft. disc with fore carriage, Peter Hamilton cultivator, Gray buggy, cutter, wagon, root cutter, Renfrew cream separator with power drive, International gasoline engine 8 h. p. with saw and Fleury 10 plate grinder, set single harness, set heavy harness, set of breeching, 200 bu. barley and oats 60 bu. seed oats, 15 tons clover hay, Doherty high-oven range, 150 sap buckets, sap pan 6 ft. long, No. 3 churn, 2 milk cans, 1 set Renfrew scales, stiff-tooth cultivator, Massey-Harris 10-hoe drill, pantry cabinet, cook stove, sheet-iron heater, gasoline hanging lamp, B. H. parlor hanging lamp, chains, shovels, forks and other articles. As I have sold my farm, everything must be sold without reserve. Sale to commence 2 sharp.

Terms—$10 and under, cash; over that amount, 9 months' credit on approved joint notes with interest at the rate of 6% per annum.

E. C. TUFTS, Auctioneer KENNETH B. CHAMBERS, Owner

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntington, known as the D. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross Barrister Madoc

January 30 h, 1923.

FARM TO RENT

¾ of Lot 11 Con. 1 Madoc Tp. This property is 7 miles from Madoc well cultivated, fenced and has good buidings convenient to school church and telephone. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to John E. Craig Belleville R.R. No. 6 or Edmond Plane Madoc.

FOR SALE

6 h. p. Fairbanks-Morse Gasoline Engine. Apply to

D. JOHNSON,
28 O'Hara's Corners

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair, good garden space with fruit trees. For terms Apply Gavin. M. Walbridge, Madoc.

FOR SALE

At G. A. Rollins, Madoc one cook stove at $15. One cook stove $20. One range, with high shelf $35

FOR SALE

Any person wanting to buy apples would do well to see James H Parks as I can supply them with the best varieties in bushel hampers on short notice. James H. Parks, Madoc, Box 151 tf

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain at The Review office.

The most active time of the year

is now on

FOR

Ginghams, 36 in. wide, at per yard.....19c to	38c
Ratines, popular shades and prices	
Prints, 36 in., dark and light, at per yard.....	25c
Madras, 44 in., in ecru, at per yard.....	50c
Other lines Curtain Nets and Madras at per yard.....	35c
Curtain Scrims ranging in price per yard . . . 15c to	25c
Cretonnes, different patterns, from	23c up

1 lb. Batting 35c, or 3 for $1.00.

UNDERWEAR SPECIALS

Ladies' Underwear, reg. $1.25, this week.....	89c
Children's (Turnbull) Underwear, reg. $1.00 and $1.25 special per garment	35c
Other lines in Children's Underwear range from 29c to	35c

Gents' Underwear this week at Half Price.

McINTOSH

BROS.

WE ARE WELL PREPARED TO SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS

A Better Chance.

"Why did you change doctors, Mr. Belfast? I thought that Doctor Blin was one of the best in the city."

"He said I had six chances in ten to recover," said the race track addict, "and I went to a doctor that offered better odds."

A Safer Place.

"The death-defying performance is over. Why does the lion tamer remain in that den of ferocious wild beasts?"

"His wife is waiting outside to resume a little family quarrel where she left off. He prefers to linger among the lions."

A Sending Station.

Mrs. Tuttler—Have you heard that story about Mrs. Fiftiers?

Mrs. Gozippe—Yes; that's old stuff by now. Mrs. Chatterton has broadcast it over her 20-party telephone line.

JUNK

The time is coming without fail
When men will cease to fight and plot,
And subs and things will be for sale
With no one bidding on the lot.

New Days.

A country life has many charms
The city feller thinks,
And all the once abandoned farms
Are busy links.

Smartness.

"Is Mrs. Flimgilt in the smart set?"

"Modernly speaking," replied Miss Cayenne, "she is. Her husband must have been pretty smart to make all that money."

In Kentucky.

The Major—Over there is the colonel; a fine judge of horseflesh.

City Visitor—So am I—I've dined at restaurants for the last twenty years.

Just Looking On.

"What was the name of that horse you bet on?"

"Spectator."

"An odd name for a race horse."

"Not appropriate in his case. He watched the others go by."

Prince Charlie. Tradition shows him as a handsome and gallant soldier fighting against cruel fate for a kingdom. Really, he was neither handsome nor dashing. A contemporary describes him as having a long face, a pale complexion, a large mouth, and a broad forehead.

As to the gallant soldier part, the prince himself did no fighting. And, if truth must out, he beat his wife, and finally left her.

The famous "Marseillaise" is always associated with the beginning of the French Revolution, but the real revolutionary tunes with which the terror started were the "Carmagnole" and the "Ca ira," of either of which not one man in a thousand has ever heard. The "Marseillaise" came later. Thus one more "bubble" of history has been burst.

The Right of Way.

An automobile came dashing round the corner, and an old gentleman in the road jumped hastily aside. But his wife stepped out of the way more leisurely. "Why do we have to get out of the way for every road-hog that comes along?" she protested grudgingly. "It's the obvious thing to do," suggested her husband. "Nonsense! The right of way is ours, isn't it?" "Undoubtedly," he answered. You're correct there. But when I hear an automobile rushing towards me, I think of the epitaph which run—

"'Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way.
He was right, dead right, and his case was strong,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.'"

The Arctic Sea Cow.

An authentic writeup of the Arctic sea cow now extinct) was made about the middle of the eighteenth century by George W. Steller, who was shipwrecked on Bering Island, 1741, with the Russian navigator, Captain Vitus Bering. This 'cow' was not unlike the manatee or dugong of southern waters, weighed 8,000 pounds, and was from twenty to thirty feet long. Steller and his companions ate its flesh.—Detroit News.

Had to Be More Careful.

The newly-appointed manager of a banking branch was being introduced to his employes. He singled out one of the men at the cashier's desk, questioning him in detail about his work. "I have been here for years," said the cashier's assistant, with conscious pride, "and in that time I have only made one slight mistake." "Good," replied the new manager. "But hereafter be more careful."

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

Local and Personal

Mr. Malcolm Bristol is on the sick list.

Mr. Tom Gunn, of Vancover was in town last week.

Wanted—A young lady to learn Millinery. Apply Quinn & Quinn.

Mr. and Mrs. D.E.K. Stewart are on the sick list.

Mrs. W. P. J. Alexander is visiting relatives in Toronto and St. Catharines.

Mrs. Ralph Hicks, of London, is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Bristol.

Mrs. Oliver Wilson and little daughter are visiting the former's sister in Belleville.

Mr. Walter [illegible] Buffalo is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. Dingman.

Mr. Hough who has been on the sick list has so far recovered as to be able to resume his school duties.

Mr. Borton, of Listowel, has been engaged as tinsmith in Mr. Frank Dafoe's store.

Mrs. R. Vanderwater, of Foxboro is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alexander, and other Madoc relatives.

Mrs. G. Alcombrack, of Toronto, was visiting her brother, Mr. John Allen, and other Madoc relatives.

The Anglican Ladies' Guild are holding a sale of Home Cooking in E. C. Tuf s store on Saturday afternoon, March 3rd.

Miss Hughson, of Wiarton is head lady of the millinery department of Quinn and Quinn.

Mr. Ed. Brown has purchased the property owned by Dr. Harry Whytock and at present occupied by Mr. Munroe.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will hold a sale of Home cooking in Hoard and Moorcrofts store on Saturday March 10th.

"Country Folks", a three-act comedy play, will be given in the Orange Hall Queensboro, on Friday evening March 9th under the auspices of Epworth League of United Church.

Mr. Frank Bouck has returned to his home in Bancroft after spending the past three weeks in town in connection with the Belleville Creamery, who are starting a plant here.

The monthly meeting of Allan's Farmers Club will be held in the Orange Hall Cooper, on Tuesday evening, March 6th, at 8 o'clock. Special speakers will address the meeting. Refreshments will be served.

Mr. E.C. Tufts and son Kenneth, left on Wednesday, for Ottawa to attend a meeting of the officers and members of the advisory council of the Eastern Ontario Liberal Association, held at the Chateau Laurier.

Services in St. Peter's Presbyterian Church next Sunday, March 4th, promise to be of special interest. Rev. Dr. Colin Young, formerly of the West and now of Toronto will speak morning and evening on "New Canadians—the Church's Problem and Opportunity".

The third musical service was held in St. Peter's Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening last, and was attended by a large congregation, although the prevalent sickness kept many away. The Rev. S.G. McCormack gave a very interesting and instructive address on Church Hymns and their origin. Mr. Hocking, the organist played "Fanfare" (Dubois) "Au Matin" (Godard). The local numbers were; duet, Mrs. Hocking and Mrs. G. Whytock, The Gift of God's love; Solo, Miss Lightherness, "God will take care of you". Five well known popular Hymns were sung during the service illustrating the address.

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ashe spent the week end in Stirling with he latters brother, Mr. Jno. Cuttle.

Mr. L. Cooney of Moira spent Wednesday afternoon at Mr. Wm. Ashe's.

Quite a severe storm passed here Wednesday last.

Miss Mabel Williamson visited her sister, Mrs. John McGuire on Thursday.

Mr. Sandy Ashe a tended the Fox sale at Moira last week.

A few from here attended the Allen sale at Madoc Thursday.

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. John Masters of Peterboro on Feb. 5, a daughter Mary Prudence.

TREASURES IN A TOMB

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY MADE IN EGYPT.

It Is Believed That the Contents of This Burial Place of the Pharaohs Will Throw New Light Upon Old Civilization — Some Rare Works of Art Disclosed.

That the recent unearthing of a royal tomb near Luxor is the greatest archaeological discovery in Egypt in modern times already is certain in the opinion of the London correspondent of the New York Tribune. How great, in the light which it throws on the vanished civilization that has made the wisdom of Egypt proverbial down all the ages, the discovery may prove to be—this remains for the secret of the still unopened inner chamber to reveal. The story of the discovery made by the Earl of Carnarvon, whose wealth has enabled him to devote himself to the costly hobby of Egyptology, and Howard Carter, perhaps the finest living archaeological draughtsman, reads like a romance. The Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, where the find was made, is a desert ravine lying behind the barren cliffs and hills which form the mighty walls of the Nile Valley, on the western bank of the river, some 450 miles above Cairo.

Here the Pharaohs of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, covering the period from about 1550 to 1090 B.C., were laid to rest in sepulchres cut into the sides of the hills, the burial chambers being deep down in the solid rock approached by flights of steps and corridors, generally ornamented by rich wall paintings and basreliefs. The existence of these tombs has been the common knowledge of all the centuries, though the precise location of each has not been known. For two or three thousand years robbers have been busy with their treasures. But for more than a generation past Mr. Carter's faith that tourists in Thebes were stepping over priceless treasures in the bowels of the earth has not faltered, despite all that is known of the past rifling of the famous site. The beginning of the story of the discovery goes back thirty-three years, when he began searching the Theban necropolis for a key to ancient Egypt. During that period he found a number of minor prizes, but, since Lord Carnarvon joined forces with him seventeen years ago, the discovery of the Hyksos tablet was their greatest reward—up to the present.

Recently after four days' work in the heart of the small sacred basin, he and his party unearthed a step. Continued digging resulted in the excavation of a stairway which led right beneath the tomb of Rameses IX., an unimportant king who lived some 3,000 years ago. At its foot was a door inscribed with the protocol of another Pharaoh, Tutankhamen, one of the most important kings of Egypt. It was the one remaining tomb which there had been any hope of finding in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. But the opening of the tomb showed that the excavators had stumbled upon a discovery of unprecedented importance. No other royal tomb that has been opened in Egypt has contained such treasures as the tomb of Tutankhamen revealed. The lights of the searchers shone upon an age-old collection of gems and gold and alabaster—a collection which would fetch upward of $15,000,000 in any salesroom. But the value of the discovery was not to be stated in terms of money.

The tomb was a treasury of the glories of the Egyptian Court of 1350 B.C. There were gilt couches inlaid with ivory and jewels, there was the King's throne and the King's robes. Two statues showed him in his habit as he lived. Chariots were there for the dead Pharaoh's riding, masses of food for his eating, musical instruments, documents. The state of the outer chambers showed that the tomb had been disturbed at least once in the past. In the third chamber may, and it is hoped does, rest the mummy of Tutankhamen himself. This third chamber has not yet been entered. The tomb has been sealed again until Lord Carnarvon, who had returned to England, goes back with a picked band of experts to supervise the removal to the museum at Cairo. Then the secret of the inner chamber will be disclosed.

Tutankhamen's throne in itself must be classed as one of the art treasures of the world, but upon the customs and social organization as well as the art, of ancient Egypt the discovery must give much light. "There are in that tomb of Tutankhamen's," says Lord Carnarvon, "many objects whose very existence prove that modern knowledge of the ancient Egyptians is very incomplete. We have, however, every reason to believe that when the investigation of the tomb is concluded we shall have evidence which will facilitate an authoritative revision of the archaeologists' knowledge." Not least in interest from the historical point of view is the light which the discovery will throw upon Tutankhamen himself, who has his place not only in the history of Egypt, but also in the history of thought. He was the successor of Akhenaten, the so-called Heretic King, who replaced—or tried to replace—the traditional worship of the Egyptians, which had been observed for at least a couple of thousand years before, by practically pure monotheism. With the overthrow of the Heretic King, Tutankhamen, who had originally been an adherent of the heretic religion, returned to Thebes and resumed the worship of his forefathers.

A thickness of nine feet of vegetation is required to make one foot of coal.

Dead Musician Used in Novel

Those who have read Willa Cather's fine novel "One of Ours"—and those who haven't should repair the omission without delay—cannot have forgotten the picture she gives of David Gerhardt, the young American soldier, who was a musical genius, and who laid aside the promise of a brilliant career to become a doughboy when the United States entered the war. It now transpires that, like others of Willa Cather's characters, David Gerhardt was drawn from life, and that the portrait was so exact that the original of it has been revealed. It was of David Hochstein, violin virtuoso, that Miss Cather wrote. He gave every promise of being a great musician, but all his promises crumpled under a shell in the Argonne. In the New York Herald magazine, Miss Cather tells of the real Hochstein, who was a particular friend of the Hambourgs, and whom she first met when he played his violin in Harold Bauer's apartment in New York in an unforgettable quintet, Schubert's "Die Forelle," with Boris Hambourg taking one 'cello part. It will interest Canadians to know that Willa Cather, was living in Toronto, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jan Hambourg during the writing of "One of Ours." Accordingly Toronto has been closely connected with the writing of her masterpiece.

She was impressed with Hochstein's musicianship, and anyone who has read Miss Cather's "Song of the Lark" wil gather that she knows not less about music than George Moore indicated of himself in "Evelyn Innes." Hochstein didn't care much about talking, and was extremely reticent. She did not see him again until the United States had entered the war, and then she learned that he had been drawn for military service. He was depressed, and loathed the prospect of military service. For one thing, he was a nephew of Emma Goldman and a Socialist. For another, he had received his musical training in Germany, and his name suggests a Teutonic origin. He was not naturally pro-Ally, for his mind was not of the kind that would enable him to blind himself to the important contributions Germany had made to art and civilization, and he had thought deeply about economics and systems of Government. He had no notion that a war could end war, and doubted if much would be changed after the Great War. He saw no utopia ahead, and was deaf and blind to the inspiring things that President Wilson was delivering himself of.

His friends urged him to secure exemption. He was reluctant to do so, but eventually did apply on the ground that he was the sole support of his mother. He was exempted. But he was still dissatisfied. Once more he presented himself, and said that he had made suitable arrangements for his mother, and was ready to join the army. As Miss Cather says, "He was too proud not to fight." So he entered the army, and the drill, the wooden discipline, the apparent waste of time, the absence of congenial friends almost broke his spirit. When the author saw him in this phase he seemed almost drugged. His face showed a sort of bitter resignation. Three months later Miss Cather saw him again. He was transformed. He was no longer dejected. He looked keen and penetrating and confident. His uniform even seemed to have a different appearance. His eyes were enthusiastic as he spoke. He said he wouldn't have missed it for anything. He had found something in the army life that he had missed before, just as Claude Wheeler, the hero of "One of Ours," found something with which he would not have parted for worlds.

Some one asked him if it was the exercise, the regularity, the lack of personal responsibility. He said it was partly these and something more. It was inferred that what he had gained was his relationship with the other young men. He didn't mention the war. Perhaps he didn't yet believe that the world was to be made safe for democracy. He said that at first he had missed lots of things, such as food, freedom, comfort, the society of artists to which he had been accustomed, but now there was something in the new life, something that he always had wanted. The men were of the kind he had never known before, but they were supplying something he had always wanted.

His career in France was to his credit. He braved shell fire to bring up food to men who were to make an important attack in the morning, and then one day when he was in charge of the headquarters runners a shell destroyed him, and sent his gift of music back to the Infinite. His letters to his mother reveal something of what he felt after joining the army and of the development of his soul. He did not rate himself as an orthodox believer, but he did profoundly believe that "for all the heroic souls gone to the beyond there is some future. But those who die, be is recklessly, or by the most unexpected exploding shell, have a compensation more than a mere title of hero or a posthumous service cross. You don't try to explain it, but you know it in France." Miss Cather says that lately several of the non-commissioned officers who served under Hochstein have taken a good deal of trouble to look her up and ascertain whether Hochstein "amounted to much" as a violinist. They seemed, she says, "to need this fact to complete their memory of him, to pull their mental picture of him together, though it was merely as a soldier that they had admired him."

The Japanese are said to be the cleanest people in the world.

THE PINK-HEADED DUCK

ELEPHANTS TO BE USED IN GREAT HUNTING TRIP.

The Jungles of Nepal Are Thick With Tigers and Other Dangerous Animals But Extensive Plans Are Being Made For a "Hunting Outing de Luxe," Which Will Be Partly Scientific.

One of the most remarkable of hunting expeditions will be that in which men mounted on elephants will endeavor to bag a specimen of a pink-headed duck that resides in Nepal and in no other part of the world. Such an expedition will leave for India in a short time under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. It will be headed by two sporting Englishmen, Arthur S. Vernay and Col. J. C. Faunthorpe, British Commissioner at Lucknow. They are also financing the expedition. The quest of the pink-headed duck is an indirect result of the visit Col. Faunthorpe paid to Washington as a member of the British Mission. He visited the Museum of Natural History and noted that India was poorly represented. So he said that when the war was over he would be glad to co-operate with his friend Vernay in providing a proper collection. So the hunters will kill tigers and many other animals in the course of the hunt, but the pink-headed duck will be the gem of the collection they are in search of.

This duck lives far in the jungles of Nepal, and will have to be hunted with elephants, because the jungle is thick with tigers and otherwise dangerous for a man on foot. The way to scare the duck up from the water is to drive the elephants after him and then trust to the shotguns. A man with a moving picture outfit will be along, and it is expected that some unique pictures of wild animals will be taken. The British Government has given its support to the expedition, and it is expected that the local governments will also co-operate, although it is said that in India game is getting so scarce that even tigers get protection. The great native princes preserve their game, but they are famous sportsmen, and usually co-operate generously with white hunters who visit them in quest of excitement.

The party which will consist of the two Englishmen, a Denver taxidermist, a moving picture operator and a native ornithologist, in addition to an array of native servants and beaters, will start from Bombay and will go to Lucknow, whence it will proceed to Nepal in the foothills of the Himalayas. The hunters will then be in one of the greatest sporting grounds in the world. Tigers are to be found in abundance, and there is other noble quarry to be found nowhere else. There is the one-horned rhinoceros, for instance, one of the most dangerous of living beasts. Here specimens of the pink duck will be collected if the hunters have luck, for the bird is rare even in Nepal. They will then go on to Mysore, traveling by automobile, and here they will try to get a specimen of bull bison. This animal is as ferocious and as difficult to kill as a rhinoceros, and perhaps more dangerous, since it has better eyesight and moves more quickly when it charges an enemy.

The bison is a solitary creature standing six feet high at the shoulder and with a horn spread of forty inches. He is wary and wicked, and to bag one of them is the crowning exploit of an Indian hunter. Tigers are also plentiful in Mysore, and it is believed that they are a distinct species, or at least that there is a kind of tiger in Mysore that differs considerably from the tiger of the north. A few skins properly preserved should settle this question. In Mysore two elephants will be shot, a bull and a cow, the Maharajah having given his permission. Elephants are common here, being protected, and Mr. Vernay says that he has seen as many as twenty-two of them in one day. They are extremely mischevious animals, and the hunter says that when they sight a tent they make for it and playfully pull it to the ground. When shooting in this district he has often found it necessary to burn a wide strip of jungle around the camp to prevent it being overun by elephants.

In Mysore the water buffalo will be hunted in an almost impenetrable jungle. These animals are becoming scarce, and a ten-day march will be necessary to reach their haunts. It is hoped that a specimen of the Indian lion will be secured in the Gir Junagdh Forest, north of Bombay. It is estimated that there are only about ninety of these animals in existence, and without government assistance one could not be obtained. Cheetah, barking deer, hog deer, wild boars, wolves, wild dogs, and smaller cats will be trapped by the party. It is expected that as a result of the expedition the American Museum of Natural History will be supplied with the finest collection of Indian game animals in existence.

Auto-Suggestion In Smoking.

Some years ago M. Maurice Maeterlinck was forbidden to smoke by his physician. The author of "Wisdom and Destiny" has, however, found a way out of the difficulty. He discovered that by filling his pipe as usual and placing it unlighted in his mouth, the required inspiration comes as formerly.

Roman Catacombs.

The Roman catacombs are 530 miles in extent, and it is estimated that something like 15,000,000 dead are interred there.

Storks, gulls, and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

The hat worn by women in 4,000 B.C. is stated to be very similar to models worn to-day.

Daisy's Tricks and Excuses

By JANE OSBORN

(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

As private secretary to the managing editor of the magazine, Daisy Jones was the go-between that invariably appeared between that important personage and aspirants to literary honors who thought that a personal interview with an editor was one of the rungs on the ladder to success. Almost never did one of the callers whom Daisy Jones met in the reception room of the magazine office get to see Mr. Stockbridge, the editor. Yet they never felt that they were being turned down or that they had been sent away empty—that is, not until they had got out of the warmth of Daisy's radiant personality, her sympathetic smile and her understanding brown eyes. If they had manuscript she took it and referred it to one of the readers. If they begged a personal interview with Mr. Stockbridge she made excuses; if they had criticisms to offer she listened patiently and thanked the critics.

Harold Rogers when he called with a brief case of manuscript at the editorial office was no ordinary caller. That is, he was not to be sidetracked by Daisy Jones' interested smile or sympathetic eyes. Harold had sold books one summer as part of his scheme for putting himself through college and he was immune to all of Daisy's tricks and excuses.

"I want to see Mr. Stockbridge—I'm going to see him somehow," he said doggedly but with perfect good nature.

"But Mr. Stockbridge expects me to attend to callers with whom he is not personally acquainted. If you have manuscript I'll be very glad to take it and have it carefully read by one of the assistant editors. Mr. Stockbridge never considers manuscript until it has gone through the hands of his assistants. He is so very busy. You surely understand."

"Yes, but this manuscript has already gone through the hands of your editorial readers, and it has come back with a rejection slip. I didn't write it, you understand. If I had I wouldn't be so keen about praising it. But it is the work of an old friend of mine—Alden Bangs. I undertook to place it for him. He is especially eager to get you people to take it. I know your readers weren't impressed by it, but I also know that a man like Mr. Stockbridge might sometimes come to a different decision from that of his assistants. I want Mr. Stockbridge to read this himself. That's why I want to meet Mr. Stockbridge personally. Now you say that he never sees writers personally, that he never reads manuscript until it has been passed on by his readers. I happen to have heard how he took the first story from John Brandige. His readers turned it down. Then he read it personally and recognized it as one of the best short stories of the year."

"Of course, John Brandige was different," assured Daisy. "Mr. Stockbridge's sympathy was aroused. Mr. Brandige, you know, is blind. When other men who try to beg his personal interest come he says: 'They are strong, healthy. Why don't they become doctors or engineers or lawyers or carpenters? There are too many fiction writers as it is.' You know Mr. Stockbridge is not very enthusiastic about fiction writing as a profession. Tell your friend that Mr. Stockbridge thinks that for nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand who aspire to fiction writing, it would have been the part of wisdom to have taken up some other calling. That is what Mr. Stockbridge would tell you if he saw you. Of course, with John Brandige it was different. He was blind—"

Harold Rogers had been listening intently. He interrupted Daisy now:

"There may be just as good reason why this friend of mine should be encouraged as John Brandige. The fact is—the fact is he broke his neck once when he was trying—trying to save a girl from drowning. He has to support an invalid mother and a tongue-tied sister—"

"Tongue-tied?" queried Daisy.

"Yes; tongue-tied—that's what I said, isn't it? You see she studied to be a singer and then she became tongue-tied so she can't help support the family. Really it is a very sad case, quite as sad as that of John Brandige. Of course, this manuscript may not be available, but if Mr. Stockbridge would only look it over he might be willing to write to this friend of mine and offer him some helpful criticisms. You see he has to lie flat on his back—he dictates to—to his tongue-tied sister—'

"That is pathetic," said Daisy, sympathetic concern written on her vivacious face. I'll tell Mr. Stockbridge about it. Just leave the manuscript and I'll see what I can do."

Mr. Stockbridge was not in a very amiable mood nor a sympathetic one and Daisy did not feel that it was an auspicious time to present the sad case of the broken-necked author and his tongue-tied sister. But she could not bear to disappoint them. So she read the manuscript very carefully herself. She could see why the readers had rejected it, still she could also see traces of merit that might make this Alden Bangs a second John Brandige.

She pondered long over the story and then in a letter she wrote she brought to bear all the literary criticism she had learned from her long association with Mr. Stockbridge. A second manuscript followed after two weeks. This showed, as Daisy thought, enormous improvement; still, it was hardly up to Stockbridge's standard. So she wrote another letter as full of tactful encouragement as if it was of unsparing criticism. A month followed and Daisy often feared lest she had been too severe. Or perhaps poor Alden Bangs' poor life had come to a close, his ambition still ungratified.

In a month and a day, however, the third manuscript from Alden Bangs arrived and with it a brief handwritten letter expressing the deep gratitude of the writer for the sympathetic interest that Miss Jones had taken.

One quick reading gave Daisy courage; a second reading and she knew that she had a really great story in her hands. She did not hesitate to take it to Stockbridge. Stockbridge was enthusiastic—more enthusiastic than Daisy had ever seen him before.

"Send for the author," bawled Stockbridge. "He's got the real spark of genius. Wherever he lives we'll pay his expenses. Don't let any one else get ahead of us. Get him up here at once."

"But I'm afraid he can't come," said Daisy sadly. "He's a bedridden invalid."

"The devil," stormed Stockbridge. He mused for a moment. "Lives in Stoneton? That's 300 miles away. I could go—no—I say, Miss Jones, go home early this afternoon and tomorrow start out bright and early for Stoneton. Have a talk with this fellow. Look over whatever other manuscript he has on hand. Find out what stories he's got simmering in his head. Size up the situation. We want to get a contract with him for a smashing big serial."

The next evening Daisy Jones was ushered into the old-fashioned drawing room of the old-fashioned house of the Bangses in Stoneton. She had asked to see Mr. Alden Bangs and she expected to be ushered upstairs to see the broken-necked author and his tongue-tied sister. Instead she was kept waiting for a few minutes and then a stalwart young man of about thirty, wearing rather rusty riding togs, came into the room.

"Miss Daisy Jones!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand in a firm and vigorous handshake. "You know I was afraid you were going to be—well—a sort of a blue-stocking—horn-rimmed spectacles and all that. But after those wonderful letters I really couldn't believe that you were—But how does it happen that you are in Stoneton?"

"You are not Alden Bangs?" gasped Daisy. "You didn't write that story—you—why—I thought you had a broken neck and a tongue-tied sister and an invalid mother—"

For a moment Alden Bangs felt sure that his caller had suddenly taken leave of her senses, then when she assured him that, broken-necked or not, he had written a story that Stockbridge declared a work of genius, he listened with eagerness.

"Mr. Stockbridge sent me to see you because we thought you were an invalid—that you broke your neck to save a poor girl from drowning—"

Alden Bangs looked puzzled and then gradually a smile came over his face.

"That villain Rogers," he said, laughing heartily. "You see I had an idea that I could write a little, but I couldn't get up my nerve to find a market for my manuscript. Harold Rogers is a born salesman. He is my best friend too, and more eager for me to succeed than I am myself, and—well, I guess he thought if he told a hard luck story you'd be more interested—which of course, shows how little he knows of the literary game."

Six mouths later when the first installment of Alden Bangs' great serial had appeared the newspapers reported the quiet wedding of the much talked about young writer to Daisy Jones—and Harold Rogers was the best man.

VIRTUE IN PRECIOUS STONES

Magical Attributes Accorded Jewels Since the Earliest Days of the World's History.

Stones more or less precious have been used as ornaments from Paleolithic days. In Egypt the art of making jewelry reached its height about 2500 B. C. The necklace, which was a favorite ornament of the Egyptians, had developed in different forms: Tubular beads, such as drilled pebbles, etc., and disk beads made from ostrich egg shells cut into small disks were pierced and strung. But these crude forms began to be rapidly replaced by attractive stones to which certain magical virtues were also attributed. One of the earliest of these, and one of the most commonly found right up to the climax of the Egyptian period, was the carnelian. The carnelian was used as a cure for red eyes and for certain other sores, and was very highly prized. Another stone greatly admired and widely used was the turquoise. Throughout the East even today there exists an intense, though still unexplained, love of the turquoise. It has been so admired since some time prior to 5000 B. C., and was intimately associated with Hathor, goddess of motherhood, one of whose names was "The Lady of the Turquoise."

Hard at It.

Daughter—The young man sticks to his purpose so, mother.

Mother—Always proposing, dear?

Daughter—No, he's so doggedly determined not to do it.

Uses of Language.

"What's on the carpet, professor?"

"My dear young lady, they are going to sing 'Mozart and Handel' tonight. Will not that be edifying?"

"I'll say it will. Ain't we got fun?"

WHEN ARABS WED

Quaint Ceremonies Mark the Long Drawn Out Festivities.

WEEKS OF FEAST AND FUN.

And at the End the Bridegroom, If He Be Lucky, Escapes Without Having Received a Beating at the Hands of the Friends He Has Entertained.

Arab weddings begin on Monday—that is to say, the first preparation commences on that day, when the bridegroom sends to the house of the bride the canopy under which she will walk in state on the following Thursday to his home. Along with this, if he is rich, he sends her a sack full of leaves of the henna plant, so much in use among the Arab women for toilet purposes, and two or three lambs and sacks of grain—in fact, everything necessary for the marriage feast for the women, which takes place in the bride's house. Musicians playing the tomtom and the zummara (pipes) accompany the gifts.

Then a quaint ceremony takes place. The bride, covered with a rich silk barracan, and held by two women attendants, who grasp her firmly on either side of the waist, advances stiffly and solemnly, preceded by a third, who walks backward, holding a looking glass in front of the bride's face so that she must gaze into it as she walks. When she reaches the sack of henna, still with the utmost solemnity she sits down upon it seven times in succession to bring good fortune to her future home. This is a very ancient custom, never omitted on the Monday.

On Tuesday, the henna leaves having been crushed by the women, the paste is put on the head of the bride and a little on her hands. Then she remains seated while her women and girl friends gather round her. Each in turn places her hand on the bride's head, extolling her many virtues, saying how charitable she has been, how generous, that she has given oil and bread and clothes to the poor, etc. Whether true or not is of the least importance.

On Wednesday evening her hands are covered with henna, the whole of the palms and the back of the hand as far as the knuckles, so that they look almost black. The feet are treated in the same way, the whole of the soles, and the rest of the foot in the shape of a shoe.

Thursday is the great day. Now, after these ceremonies, after all sorts of preparations and much feasting with her friends, the actual marriage day arrives. In the morning the bride is perfumed with rich, strange oriental scents. At 6 o'clock in the evening she is taken in procession under the canopy to the house of the bridegroom.

Before entering the room where she will be attired for the marriage she stops outside the door to throw and break an egg against the top of the lintel. As soon as she gets inside the room she breaks a jar of water, both old customs, to bring good luck. The women dress her in fine silk clothes, with many gold ornaments and a rich silk barracan, all provided by the bridegroom. As a matter of fact, only two or three of the rich gold bracelets and so on are given, the rest being hired by the bridegroom for the occasion.

The bride is then left seated in the room covered with a great piece of silk or cloth all over her and hiding her entirely from view. By this time her women and girl friends have all arrived and are feasting and rejoicing in one of the rooms. Now the bridegroom, who in the meantime has been to prayer in the mosque, comes to his house, accompanied by all his friends, singing and making merry.

They all go into a separate room to feast, leaving the happy man to enter alone into the room where his shrouded wife awaits him. Each places a piece of sugar between the lips of the other as a symbol of the sweetness of the married life which lies before them, and the bridegroom offers his bride a gift of jewelry or gold coins. The guests remain till late in the night, very often till the next morning. Endless feasting and music entertain them, for the Arabs have an extraordinary capacity for enjoying both for hours and hours at a time.

For seven days afterward the bride, richly dressed, receives innumerable visits from her friends. Really this is the time of her life, and she makes the most of it. On the seventh day she offers them all yet once again a great feast. After another forty days they come once more to eat at her house. Then the wedding festivities are really at an end.

All these customs are in vogue also among the Bedouin Arabs, but they have others. For instance, the Bedouin bridegroom for seven days after the wedding enjoys himself, wandering through the gardens of the oasis, doing no work, always accompanied by a group of his friends. But on the seventh day he must keep a sharp lookout, for on that day his friends will try suddenly to play a trick on him. If he escapes them well and good. Then he can run to his house and be safe. If not, they snatch his clothes from him and beat him, which seems a poor return for the feasting and entertainment. But it is the custom. These people will not omit the smallest ceremony handed down to them by their forefathers. — "The New Tripoli, and What I Saw in the Hinterland," by Ethel Braun.

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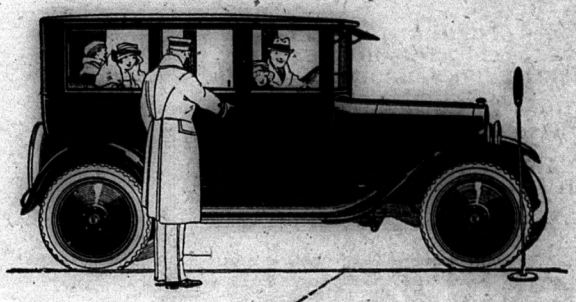

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Irrigation Old as Man

Australia Is an Example Of How Moderns Use It

American have a mistaken idea that reclaiming arid lands is something new. It isn't. The Egyptians were probably the first peoples to reclaim arid lands. They got the idea from the overflowing of the Nile. Reclamation gave them their start in civilization. It took fixed habitation and co-operation to irrigate the lands. Then came law and order, long before the man in the great rain belt organized his methods of living into a civilization.

The Babylonian, Assyrian, and other civilizations that grew up in the Mesopotamian Valley were based on irrigation. The Chinese started it early in the Valley of the Hun. There is more land under irrigation in China to-day than in any other country. Way out in the Desert of Gobe, the Chinese are driving back the wilderness at the rate of five miles per year, tapping immense underground water supplies by means of lifts. In the valley of the Po, the Etruscans practiced irrigation. They were the forerunners of Rome.

The Hindus learned reclamation early. To-day they have 15,000,000 acres under irrigation. They are second only in reclaimed area to the Chinese. With reclamation the Hindus have abolished famine.

Did you ever read in Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" how the Peruvian Indians, before white man came, had extensive systems of irrigation? They carried water in underground aqueducts and terraced the mountain clear up to the snow line. On one slope from the snow to the sea they had every variety of grain and fruit, ranging from tropical products to those of the temperate zone. The Spanish conquerors were not the type of man to keep those systems up, and they destroyed the Peruvians' works.

In Coolgardie, in Western Australia, water was carried 320 miles in a pipe to wash placer mines. The mines soon worked out, and the water was used for reclamation. They make bigger profits with it in irrigation farming than they did in hydraulic mining.

The "Hearts of Australia" is enclosed in a circle of a 400 miles' radius, an area of over 500,000 square miles, the circumference of which passes through Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide.. The country enclosed in this circle abounds in agricultural and mineral wealth. It represents one-sixth of the area of the continent, and is about 30,000 square miles larger than the combined areas of France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. It supports 70 per cent. of Australia's population and produces 74 per cent. of the total agricultural, mineral and industrial wealth. The six European countries I have enumerated support a population of approximately 127 millions, as against 3,300,000 Australian people on the circled space.

There is but one problem for man to overcome, and that is to provide for the supply of a sufficiency of water. Much has been done in this respect by unlocking natures reservoirs. A colossal illustration of this description exists in the widespread artesian lowlands of Southern Queensland. In one pastoral property in that part of the world there are three artesian bores from which water flows for a distance aggregating 148 miles. Imagine an estate in England with rivulets of beautiful pure water rushing out of the earth, flowing from London to Huddersfield. The number of artesian and sub-artesian bores in operation is roughly 5,000, of which 3,700 are in Queensland.

Thirty-five years ago the state of Victoria adopted an irrigation policy. To-day 14,000,000 acres out of the 56,000,000 acres in Victoria are being artificially supplied with water for domestic and stock use. The water is conveyed partly by natural watercourses, but chiefly by artificial channels, asgregating over 3,600 miles in length, over farming districts, comprising about 8,500 square miles, approximately one-tenth of the whole state.

Victoria's irrigation schemes play an important part in the resources of the great land described as the Heart of Australia. They are now constructing weirs and enormous reservoirs so that they may be assured of sufficient water for the navigation of the Murray river—which is some 1,500 miles in length — and also have sufficient water to irrigate the lands in the vicinity of the river system.

Hon. Reginald McKenna Was Once Friend of Lloyd George, But They Became Rivals

Bonar Law caused a great deal of comment when he made his unsuccessful attempt to induce Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna to enter his Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for Mr. McKenna is not only a Liberal but a Free Trader. Nevertheless, he is a great banker and, as the Irish members in the House used to say, he is a man of the treasury mind. Though he has been chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, one of the most important financial institutions in Great Britain, it has been intimated for some time past that he would not be averse to the entering politics. When Mr. Balfour retired from the Commons, McKenna was mentioned for the constituency, but at that time it was said that the independent Liberals would not welcome him back. Certainly nothing was hinted about him being a welcome addition to the Unionists. But below the surface there has been a keen rivalry between Lloyd George and McKenna.

As his special mathematical abilities suggest, Mr. McKenna is a product of Cambridge, and not of Oxford. In the mathematical tripos he took a first class, standing about tenth. He was also a first-class oarsman and rowed bow on the University team in the University boat in a year in which Cambridge rather distinguished itself afloat. Mr. P. W. Wilson, who sat with him in Parliament, says, "It means that in his year there were only about nine men who were fonder of logarithms and calculus than he was. In those days McKenna could tell you at a glance whether a 'serie's of formulae converged or diverged and the why and the wherefore of the nine-points circle. He could cut cones like carrots into sections and even negotiate the formidable hyperbola. Thus equipped for the battle of life, he ate some dinners in London and became a lawyer. And after a few years, Monmouthshire, where there are miners, elected him to Parliament (the Tories being then in power with a big majority); but as McKenna soon discovered with very little arithmetic. On entering the House of Commons, McKenna realized, like Cardinal Newman, that he had a work to do in England."

Figures, statistics and arithmetic were his particular province, and he always found them full of the keenest interest. Balfour used to say that he lacked breadth, but as Mr. Wilson says in the New York Times, there is not much actual breadth to the edge of a razor, and McKenna's mind was razorlike. He was always a dangerous critic when he had any statistics to study and expose, and when, in 1906, the Unionist Government fell it was only natural that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should have made him financial secretary to the Treasury, a sort of squire or armor-bearer for Mr. Asquith, who was Chancellor. In this post he proved himself quite as competent as he had been as a critic, and was able to solve many of those little posers which had formerly decorated the order paper in his name. Really, as they say of actors, sometimes with little justice, Mr. McKenna gave a really satisfying performance.

At this time he and Lloyd George were bosom friends, but it is suspected that they were not quite so cordial when the death of Campbell-Bannerman left the Premiership to Asquith, and the latter, instead of promoting his valuable assistant, called on Lloyd George to become Chancellor, while McKenna was made First Lord of the Admiralty. After this there was real antagonism between the two, for in those days Lloyd George was certainly no particular friend of the navy, and it was his business to cut down McKenna's estimates whenever possible. But the First Lord, like nearly all other First Lords, however great an economist he may have been before, now desired to spend money liberally on the navy. Mr. Wilson says that to cope with the Admiralty, Lloyd George devised the following rule: "Whenever McKenna wants another million for the navy, I shall give two millions to the poor." The Lloyd George doles sometimes benefitted the unemployed, sometimes the old folks, and sometimes the sick and injured. So when McKenna dropped around for his million, he learned that unfortunately there was no million, it having been handed out a half-hour earlier.

After the war had been under way for some months, Lloyd George decided that it could never be won by saving money in the Treasury, and that, therefore, the Chancellor was not likely to emerge as one of the great heroes of the conflict. So he proposed himself as Minister of Munitions, and Mr. Asquith put McKenna in the post for which he had the most native abilities. Both men distinguished themselves in the new positions, and it is said that never were budgets more clearly presented thana the budgets of Chancellor of the Exchequer McKenna. It was some time after Mr. Asquith fell from power that Sir John Holden, chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank died, and the position was offered to Mr. McKenna. He accepted it, and it is suggested that Lloyd George offered no obstacles to the severing of relationship. Hon. Mr. McKenna has no great political following, but it can be said of him that his reputation has increased, rather than faded, since he quit politics, and this is perhaps a unique thing to be able to say about a politician.

In Mexico there are certain localities where rain has never been known to fall.

FINES FOR M.P.'S.

When Absence From the House of Commons Was Expensive.

The legislator of to-day may count himself lucky that he did not live in a former century when, if he failed to attend to his Parliamentary duties, he had to pay heavily for his omission.

Thus we read that when, one October day in 1647, it was found that a hundred and fifty legislators were absent, the House, after long deliberation on the appropriate penalty for such delinquency, "ordered that such members as have not appeared according to summons shall pay the sum of twenty pounds"—a very substantial sum indeed in those days.

In Elizabeth's time, too, we find that when a Knight of the Shire failed to present himself at Westminster, unless he had some very sufficient excuse for his failure, he had to hand over twenty pounds to the Exchequer; while a defaulting burgess escaped with a penalty of half that sum, which still might easily represent a month's income.

Even absence from prayers was considered just cause for punishment. Thus in Charles I.'s reign the member who failed to put in an appearance until the "Amen" had been spoken was called on to put a shilling in the poor-box.

Even Mr. Speaker himself could apparently claim no immunity from this penalty, for when the Speaker, in 1641, strolled into the House after prayers had been said, "Sir H. Mildmay stood up and said to him he did hope that hereafter he would come in time, which made Mr. Speaker throw down twelve pence upon the table."

Moreover, in those olden days a legislator only received payment for such days as he actually spent in attendance at the House or in traveling to and from it. When the House was not sitting he received nothing.

In the early centuries this payment probably fell short of twenty pounds a year, for in the fifteenth century the rate was two shillings daily, a sum which in the following century had grown to five, or in rare cases ten shillings.

Not a few legislators elected to give their services for nothing, while in some cases a member was content (possibly thankful) to take his payment in kind, as in the case of Sir John Strange, who, we learn, represented the electors of Dunwich for a fee of, among other things, "half a barrel of herrings."

THRIFTY PRINCESS MARY.

Young Royal Housewife Is Keeping Up a Fine Tradition.

Princess Mary, according to the court gossip, is ably carrying out the royal tradition of good housekeeping started by Queen Victoria and preserved by Queen Mary, although it was badly broken by Queen Alexandra. The princess, it is said, is following the general principles of housekeeping she learned under her mother's tuition.

She allows a certain sum to her housekeeper for the running expenses of Chesterfield House. Once a week she holds a domestic council in her boudoir, checking up the housekeeper's books to see if any items can be cut down or cut out.

One of Queen Mary's favorite maxims is running royal establishments is "It is unwise to be parsimonious; it is foolish to be extravagant." And the princess adheres to this sentiment.

For instance, she is very particular that lights shouldn't be burned in rooms not being used. In many big London mansions the main living rooms are lit from dusk to bedtime whether occupied or not. Consequently Princess Mary's lighting bills are said to be 15 per cent. less than those of other great social establishments.

She is fortunate in having a first-class housekeeper, who was the assistant at Buckingham Palace and with the Queen's permission, went with the princess on her marriage.

The princess frequently visits her kitchens. She then follows the Queen's practice, her mother having often said to her:

"When you have a household of your own you mustn't neglect the kitchens. A well-conducted kitchen is the basis of good housekeeping."

Didn't Play 'Em.

A prominent American banker told of a conversation he had with Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna two years ago and another he had a few months ago. In the chat two years ago, he says, Mr. McKenna was by no means cheerful in his view of the British banking outlook.

"You Americans hold all the high cards," is the way he expressed himself.

In the chat a few months ago the American referred to that statement.

"Ah, yes," Mr. McKenna remarked. "You held all the high cards, but you didn't play them."

Lucid Explanation.

Mrs. Tombley: "Our cook says those eggs you sent yesterday were quite old, grocer." "Very sorry, ma'am. They were the best we could get. You see, all the young chickens were killed off for the holiday trade, so the old hens are the only ones left to do the laying." Mrs. Tombley: "Oh, to be sure! I hadn't thought of that."

Charge by Weight.

A thin man resented the lateral pressure of a fat man on the same seat in the street car. He said: "They ought to charge by weight in these cars." "If they did,' said the fat man, "you'd have to walk. They couldn't afford to stop for you."

The Australian Crane.

The Australian crane, one of the heaviest of known birds, has the smallest wing surface, yet it flies the longest and most arduous journeys, and, with the exception of the eagle, rises the highest and sustains itself at the height longest.

FUR AS TRIMMING

Bands of Peltry Add to Attractiveness of the Wrap.

Winsome Decoration for the Winter Coat May Be Had at Slight Expenditure.

Fur is the accepted trimming for the longer coats, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. By using this for a trimming you can have the most luxurious sort of a wrap with the slightest expenditure of money. If you were to have a fur wrap of this distinction, this width and this length, you would find yourself involved with hundreds—no thousands—of dollars. But you can have a cloth wrap with the wide bands of fur trimming and the price will not be too startling for a winter costume.

There is one very economical way of cutting up an old fur coat and using it for trimming on a newer one. You may have a short one or a three-quarter length coat which would never do to be worn as it is, but which could be cut up advantageously for the trimming of a woolen coat made to accompany some very smart frock or a series of fashionable dresses.

There is the coat made on strictly straight lines. Its material is a light bluish mauve broadcloth suited to the lines of this particular coat in an admirable manner. In the front there is a flat panel and the belt around the sides and back is made of some composition material in a deep purple, touched with spots of green. The fur is black—a deep, rich seal, and the wide collar repeats the design of the straight cuffs as well as the band at the end of the long panel in front.

A band of the fur is added about a draped turban of the same material, and the coat with its hat makes an

Straight Lines and Black Fur Trimming Distinguish This Coat of Blue Mauve Broadcloth.

arrangement of which any woman could be justly proud. The color of the coat is not by any means too light and airy. It is a deep tone of mauve that almost verges upon gray, and the contrast of that soft and exquisite shade against the thick black fur is something that makes the loveliest sort of a winter effect. At the same time the youthfulness and charm of the light color and the soft material are kept intact.

A three-quarter coat with a cape is made of one of the homespun tweed materials that are so soft and thick and so extraordinarily warm. Its color is gray with a band of blue running through it, lined with a soft blue satin that repeats the tone of the wool crepe dress worn with it. The cape is lined with the same tone of blue and the effect of the costume is excellent.

Gay Linings for Fur Coats.

Linings in the new fur coats are a revelation of the wonderful work that is being done in the silk industry. There are linings of matelasse, of heavy silks brocaded in metal, heavy silks bordered in beautiful color tones that glitter with metal, moired metallic fabrics, metallic clockis, silver lames, all-over prints showing Byzantine tracery and Persian designs. Among the velvets, those printed in Eastern designs, stand out along with lovely chiffon velvets in Paisley patterns interwoven with gold and silver threads.

New Shape in Fans.

Among the novelties in dress accessories are the square fans of painted silk, mounted on tortoise-shell frames. These are big, the square measuring perhaps eighteen inches.

JACKET FOR MORNING WEAR

The short jacket allows freedom. This model is chic in every line from the smart cut of the sleeves to the close fitting hip-line. Brown astrakan is used in this.

CAPE STILL HOLDS FAVOR

Flowing Wrap Has Countless Friends Among the Women; Many Are in Bright Coloring.

"What about capes?" was an oft-repeated question at the beginning of the season. For the cape has many a friend and no enemies among women. True, it seemed to be holding an over-long reign in the fashion world, the designers agreed that it was time to displace it with some other wrap, but the fact that women bought the capes and asked for them insistently gave them a place in the fashion world. For evening the cape is supreme; it is fashioned in fur, in velvets, brocades, metal cloth and fur, in matelasse, in duvetyn and all kindred soft pile fabrics.

A great many velvet capes have yokes shirred or smocked in deep points. A lovely green one seen recently was shirred to represent a chrysanthemum, another black velvet cape was shirred yoke depth and finished by a padded roll about the hem. Short capes (meaning hip-length and knee-length capes) are often a part of the smart coat-dress costume. The cape of metal brocade is trimmed in deep fur bands, as this fabric does not take the soft folds of velvet.

The bright shades of velvet capes, orange, purple and green, give a delightful dash of color to evening affairs. These capes are lined with silver cloth veiled in chiffon or crepe of contrasting hue. Matelasse, too, is one of the much-chosen fabrics for evening wraps. Capes appear in many variations from straight ones gathered very full to circular capes of graceful line, and capes that gather into a band, giving the effect of being gathered into a puff at the hem line.

FASHION NOTES OF INTEREST

Canna, Venetian blues, beaver shades, brown and black are colorings of interest in smart little rolled brim velours hats for girls of six.

A cape effect in one coat style has the cape section secured through hand-worked scallops to the coat body, the under portion and sleeve tops being of silk.

Persian influence is noticeable in the colors utilized for trimmings, and also in the printed duvetyns used for linings or, in some instances, for an entire wrap.

The brims of hats are wide at the sides and the trimming shows a decided preference for big pompons of soft shaded ribbons or ostrich tips curling over the brims and resting on the hair at the left side.

Bunches of cherries, in black velvet appliqued on the coat front and sleeve, is the trimming idea on one peach coat, with cherry stems and leaves embroidered in a light delicate green. Large pearl buttons and buttonholes form the trim on another.

The broad brimmed, perfectly round, straight crowned sailor has returned, and is as yet only seen in the most exclusive salons. This sailor may be made of heavy canton crepe lined with self-color chiffon over a metal tissue, of taffeta, of chiffon velvet or of fine felt. The brim is perfectly straight and flat and corded around the outer edge with two rows of narrow soutache, cords of the same material as the hat or fine metal braid. The crown is swathed in fine turban folds of the same material or some metal or figured brocade.

Straight Lines Now.

Further manifestations of straight-line silhouette favoritism are shown in the prize award in the fashion contest of the Fashion Art league convention in Chicago. Straight lines won the day in a dress of navy milanette, with slashed sides revealing a foundation of platinum-gray canton crepe.

The Kidnaped Peasant Girl

By R. RAY BAKER

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It was all very well, this being kidnaped, until the masked man at the wheel of the auto tried to kiss her. Then the girl let out a scream that the valley walls hurled back and forth through the pine woods.

The kidnaper had drawn up beside the road, and without a word had placed his arm around the girl, implanting a smacking kiss full on her red lips. Until now it had seemed like a grand lark, but after that—well, she really was frightened now.

The man was in garments evidently intended to proclaim him as a knight, but it was rather inconsistent attire. He wore army leggins over blue trousers, and a striped blouse of red and yellow. A sword with a dented scabbard hung from his waist, and a pink domino with a red hood surmounting all. The face was clean-shaven and the part that showed was not at all repulsive.

The girl appeared to be a peasant of central Europe. Her face—well, the red lips and dimples were all that could be seen, because she was masked, too, with a thin strip of white.

When the girl screamed the man released her and appeared taken aback.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, astonishment in the voice, which decidedly was not gruff.

"Matter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Don't you think you are carrying this escapade a little too far?"

"Too far?" he echoed. "You don't mean to say that a man hasn't the right to kiss the girl he is eloping with, do you?"

She laughed scornfully.

"Eloping? Seems you're taking a lot for granted. Perhaps you're insane. Yes, I think that's it. No man in his right mind would talk and act like you."

Garvin Haskell really was puzzled by the girl's behavior. What was the matter with Maxine? Hadn't she agreed to elope from the costume ball with him Had she changed her mind after all the carefully arranged plans? Well, he knew she was fickle, but it did not seem reasonable that she would back out now.

There was no good reason for an elopement, anyhow. Maxine's parents were dead, and Garvin's folks never had displayed an inclination to meddle in his affairs of the heart. He had enough money in his own right to care for a wife, and in fact his father and mother were rather anxious for him to settle down.

But Maxine had insisted on eloping, in order to have a taste of romance. She wanted to surprise her aunt, with whom she was staying while visiting in Sarendac, for one thing, and she wanted some excitement when she took the marriage vows.

Garvin had been trying ever since he became acquainted with her two months ago to induce her to have him. She had put him off, laughing until the time came for the masked ball.

"Yes, I'll marry you, Garve," she said, "but it's got to be an elopement. You dress as a knight and I'll be a peasant girl. After the fifth dance I'll meet you under the big oak tree on the lawn and we'll elope. The arrangements for a minister, of course, are up to you."

"And I'll call when?" inquired the elated Garvin.

"You won't call at all," she said. "I'll go to the dance with some of the girls, and you go alone. That'll make it more romantic."

Garvin made the necessary arrangements, which included marriage by a minister in the neighboring town of Charlotte. He dressed as a knight to the best of his ability and went to the dance alone. And there was his beloved, dressed in the peasant costume, exactly fitting the description Maxine had given him. Yes, she had met him under the oak at the appointed time, and he had carried her off in the auto. And when he pulled up beside the road to claim a kiss as his just due she screamed.

They sat in silence for a few moments after the conversation that followed the scream, and it began to dawn on Garvin that there must be a mistake somewhere.

"Would you mind removing your mask?" he asked the girl.

"Not if you will do the same," she answered.

For reply he removed the domino and at once the girl lifted the cambric. Yes, it was Maxine. In the pale moonlight her countenance showed up as lovely as ever, except that it seemed a trifle older, but, no doubt, that was due to the shock of being almost kissed. That was not quite consistent either, for Garvin never had supposed Maxine to be that unsophisticated. He scrutinized her closely, and she returned the stare. Yes, it was Maxine's eyes, and the nose and hair were hers. But why the change in her attitude?

"Maxine," he began, clearing his throat, "I don't——"

"Maxine!" she exclaimed. "I'm not Maxine. What made you think I was?"

The moon's rays became brighter now, due to the shifting of some clouds, and the girl's face showed plainer. Yes, there was a difference, though not much older.

"Well, how— what—" he stammered.

"That's what I say," she exclaimed. "How—what——"

"It's got me beat," he declared. "Do you happen to know Maxine Brooks?"

"I certainly do. She's my younger sister. But she left town yesterday shortly after I arrived to visit Aunt Sarah."

Garvin's heart sank. So this was the outcome of the carefully laid elopement plans. He stepped on the starter and turned the car out in the road, heading it for Sarendac. For some time as they rode along no words passed between them.

So Maxine had gone back on him! Well, he didn't understand it, but he wasn't going to play the fool by asking questions.

But the car took a hand in the game. A rear tire went flat and Garvin had to mend a puncture because the extra was at a vulcanizing station undergoing repairs. It was fully an hour before the car was ready, and then, after going the distance of a block, it stopped and could not be induced to move. With a flashlight Garvin explored in the hood, but was unable to remedy matters. The girl tried to help and got dabbed with grease, but she didn't seem to mind.

"I'm just a peasant, anyway," she said, smiling.

No, she was not Maxine. She was too willing to help and too patient. Maxine would have fretted and fumed and made no effort to help matters. Garvin was beginning to like the girl.

"Well, I can't fix it," he finally admitted as he walked away from the hood and tripped for the fourth time on the dangling scabbard. While she laughed merrily he detached the sword and threw it on the car floor. "We're miles from any habitation, and this is an unfrequented road. It's more romantic than the main thoroughfares, that's why Maxine wanted—why I chose it."

"Then there's nothing to do but spend the night here," said the girl. "It isn't very proper, but circumstances don't recognize proprieties."

She curled up on the seat, while Garvin tried to make himself comfortable on the running board. Yes, Maxine's sister was extremely likeable. Why hadn't he met her first?

They stayed awake by conversing on various subjects, which became more and more personal as the hours passed.

"Please tell me how it happened—my kidnaping you instead of your sister," Garvin finally urged.

"Before I left home," said the girl, "I had a talk with Maxine's former fiance, with whom she quarreled some time ago. He gave me a message and when Maxine received it she went back to marry him. She asked me to substitute for her at the ball and said she would arrange for me to meet a very nice man under the oak tree. I didn't know about the elopement plan, of course, and I thought it would be just a lark. And it seems I thought right."

They became better acquainted, while the frogs warbled in the nearby marsh and Luna sank beneath the western horizon. When dawn crept up from the east the girl yawned and had an idea.

"Did you look at the battery wire?"

Garvin had not, but he did, and found it loose. Remedying the trouble, he stepped on the starter, then paused to remark:

"Love at first sight is—wonderful, isn't it? Shall we do it now?"

Her answer was inaudible, but when the machine rolled along the road it carried two elopers toward Charlotte.

MEN NO LONGER PAINT FACE

Newspaper Makes Cruel Assertion That Custom Is Now Exclusively Confined to Women.

Relics of Indian art are shown in profuse quantities at the Field museum in the form of stone or clay saucers like the "nests" in which painters mix their water colors.

One of the many uses to which these bits of stone or clay were put was to hold the pigments with which the original residents of Chicago bedaubed their faces.

Although there frequently ran through all the color designs applied to men's faces and breasts certain lines characteristic of a tribe, there was a wide latitude for individual choice.

If Chicagoans of the pale and pasty-faced variety now wear evening clothes or frock or cutaway coats on formal occasions, the original male leaders of local society wore vivid dashes of paint on their faces to distinguish important scheduled moments of either peace or war.

In the whirligig of time this aboriginal masculine custom has been appropriated by the women of today as their exclusive practice—and the men are well satisfied with the radical change in fashion.—Chicago Journal.

Big Irrigation Project.

The Greater Wenatchee Irrigation association is planning to spend close to $5,000,000 in irrigating a tract of 40,000 acres in the neighborhood of Lake Wenatchee, Wash. It is expected that work on the canals and ditches will be started next year. The land that is to be irrigated is now worth from $10 to $50 per acre, while adjoining property that is irrigated and under cultivation is worth $2,000. The cost of irrigation is estimated at $100 per acre. Much of the land will be planted in apple orchards but large sections will be used for general agriculture.

SINGING CREATURES.

Remarkable Curiosities Found In Animal Life.

One commonly speaks of animals as "dumb creatures," yet with the exception of a few, such as giraffes, kangaroos, and armadillos, the majority of mammals are endowed with vocal powers.

Even the house-mouse frequently displays considerable ability as a vocalist; certain individuals, known as "singing mice," being able to modulate their voices to an extraordinary degree.

One specimen kept as a pet was able to run up an octave when singing, and would often finish its vocal performance with a trill. When thus engaged it would vibrate and inflate its throat in the manner of a bird in song, and usually sit upright upon its hind feet.

There is an impression that whales are unable to utter any cry. Certain of these aquatic mammals, however, are endowed with the power to produce vocal sounds; while the dolphin is able to emit a low, murmuring noise.

It is also recorded that some porpoises, having ascended a river in Dorsetshire, England, and finding their return barred by a fencing placed in the water, gave voice to most distressing cries.

Among fish, even, there are a large number of different kinds that possess voices. The American bow-pin is an example; it is able to produce bell-like notes.

A fish known as the dog's tongue, a kind of sole about four inches long, which is in the habit of attaching itself to the bottom of boats, produces a sound like that of a Jew's harp struck slowly, though sometimes it increases in volume and resembles the full tone and sound of an organ.

Darwin reported that a catfish found in Rio Parana and called by the name of Armado gives a grating sound when it is caught by hook and line, and the noise can be heard distinctly even when the fish is in the water.

The sunfish, a large fish sometimes found in British waters, is said to utter a distinct groan when it is removed from its native element; and the carp and the barbel will croak when treated in a similar manner. The Jewfish, found in the Gulf of Mexico, is said to emit a booming sound, and some of the blennies are able to utter a cry that has been likened unto a shriek.

Yet another vocal performer is the meagre, which utters a humming sound, and when a number of the fish are found together the noise they produce is audible through a depth of over 120 feet of water.

Who ever heard of a singing snail? Yet a small species found in the Sandwich Islands has the peculiar power of being able to emit musical sounds which have been likened by one writer to those produced by "hundreds of Æolian harps." It is assumed that the creature produces the sounds by rubbing its shell against the bark of trees.

One would hardly imagine that snakes were endowed with voices, but certain species, notably the bull, pine, or Say's snake, and the Indian rat-snake, are able to produce a considerable volume of sound. So powerful is the former's voice that it can be heard at a distance of 100 feet.

Locusts and crickets, as well as other insects, make sounds. The Indians of the Amazon valley have for long made a practice of keeping the former in cages in order to listen to their chirping.

The Japanese also indulge in a similar practice in regard to crickets, writes Mr. W. S. Berridge in "Animal Curiosities." These curious pets are kept in wooden cages which are hung up in a room in the manner of bird-cages.

Where They Spend Their Salt.

"Salt is more valuable than gold in the Congo and is used as legal tender. That is why," says Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson in "An African Adventure," "one of the native chiefs protested to the Belgian officials at the advance of the cost of salt and other trade goods.

"On returning from the meeting we heard shouting and hissing. We stopped and looked back. There on the crest of the hill were a thousand native women jeering, hooting and pointing their fingers at the Belgian officer, who immediately asked them to explain the cause of the demonstration. After a while a big black woman stepped forward. 'Ask the Bula Matadi,' said she, 'why the franc buys so little now. We get only a few goods for a big lot of salt.' 'Bula Matadi' is the name that the natives give to all officials.

"I had gone into the wilds to escape from economic unrest, yet here in the heart of Central Africa I found the high cost of living provoking a spirited protest from a primitive people. As I proceeded up the Kassai river I found continued evidence of the advance in price of every food commodity. The omnipresent chicken that cost a franc in 1914 now costs from five to ten francs. The goat has risen in price from ten to thirty francs. But foodstuffs are only a small part of the economic troubles in the Congo. Before the war a first-class wife—all wives are bought—cost fifty francs; to-day the market price for a choice spouse is two hundred. Four times as much salt! A young man must hustle to earn it."

On Historic Spot.

The historic spot in the world war, where the Germans surrendered on November 11, 1918, in the big forest near Compiegne, France, is marked by two weather-beaten posters, nailed against trees.

Quality In Beef.

No intermediate step in a packing house can put good quality into beef if it is not first put in by the farmer. Inbred quality is a major factor in consumption, whether overseas or domestic.

SPEED LIMITS.

Snails Travel 4,500 Times Faster Than Glaciers.

Mark Twain once observed that for "downright, honest, slow motion" he would back a glacier—one of the great ice rivers of the Alps—against anything in the world.

He was probably right, because a glacier moves at the rate of a little less than an inch a day. We speak scornfully of a "snail's pace," but a snail can travel 4,500 times as fast as a glacier. The common slug is quite a "speed merchant," for it gets along just twice as fast as a snail.

Ordinarily, speeds are reckoned in miles per hour—generally written "m.p.h."—and some very interesting contrasts are offered by the rates of movement of various means of transport.

"As fast as the wind" may mean anything from 8 m.p.h., which is a "light air" to 90 m.p.h., a terrible hurricane. The automobile which has attained 200 m.p.h. on the track therefore travels twice as fast as the greatest wind, and can keep up with the swiftest airplane.

Speeds are always difficult to estimate. A moderate current in a river, for example, only flows at the rate of one mile per hour, which is just the average speed of a canal barge. A "rushing torrent" only averages 20 m.p.h., though it appears to surge along at a much higher speed.

Cyclists who "blind along" at 15 m.p.h. will be surprised to learn that the average speed of a bicycle is no more than 7 m.p.h., a pace that is almost equalled by a horse and trap, an outfit that jogs along at 6½ m.p.h.

To the spectator standing close to the inner railings of a race course the horses appear to dash past at a terrific pace; yet the record speed of a racehorse is 38 m.p.h. An ostrich, then, which can get over the ground at 60 m.p.h., would leave the fastest horse standing.

Pigeons have wonderful powers of speed and endurance. A blue chequer pied pigeon which, last year, won the Great Northern Marennes 500 miles race, averaged no less than 35 m.p.h. for the whole distance of the race.

A rifle bullet really does "get a move on," for it tears through the air at 2,600 feet per second, or 1,770 m.p.h. But the sound of the explosion creeps along after the bullet at 718 m.p.h.; so that a man who is shot never hears the bang, because the bullet arrives long before the sound has time to reach his ears.

All other speeds, however, sink into insignificance before the astounding velocity of light and electricity, both of which are transmitted from point to point at 186,000 miles per second. That is, a ray of light or an electrical impulse would flash eight times round this world of ours in one second.

Since the consideration of these appalling speeds may leave the reader rather breathless it will be more comfortable to conclude with the facts that a postman averages three m.p.h. when on his rounds; whilst 1½ m.p.h. is the restful pace maintained by the man who trundles a wheelbarrow for a living.

Losing Face.

Chinese workmen would rather endure any amount of physical pain than to "lose face." Mr. San Dean, a prominent American business man, says he remembers a large-bodied Italian contractor who was in charge of the rebuilding of the Pekin south gate. In one spot the coolies were using a tamper made of a large, round iron casting with ropes attached. They held the ropes, and, throwing their bodies backward and forward in time with a song they were singing, raised and lowered it. Meanwhile, however, they were losing face with the crowd, for the Italian contrator was laying his cane to their backs with considerable vigor; so in order to retrieve their honor they began to sing with all their might—"Old foreign devil, old foreign devil; beat, beat him, beat him in the earth!" The Italian did not understand, but the crowd laughed heartily. Although the foreigner was giving the coolies blows with a stick, they were hitting him a mental blow that in the minds of the onlookers made a fool of him. Mr. Dean adds that he himself, after six years among Chinese workmen, does not mind being called foreign devil, and feels quite at home when he enters a shop and hears some one singing—"Tall foreign devil, wonder what's he's looking for; trousers like stovepipes and eyes like an owl."

Gramophone That Telephones.

Seated in his office, the director of a great city's water supply desires to know the state of one of his reservoirs lying miles away among the hills.

He presses a button and places an ordinary telephone receiver to his ear. "Six five half," says a clear voice, and he knows that the depth of the water at that moment is 65½ feet.

There is no human being at the other end of the line. The words that announce the depth of the water are spoken by a gramophone attached to a wonderful automatic device.

The record upon the machine contains strings of figures running in half feet from nought to the maximum depth of the reservoir. The needle is connected by means of a delicate pulley system to a float which rests upon the surface of the water. As the float moves upwards or downwards the needle changes its position, hanging always over the groove in the record which contains the words stating the actual depth.

When the chief presses his button an electric current sets the disc in motion and brings the needle into contact with it. As soon as the message has been delivered the record stops automatically, and the needle is raised.

The best emeralds come from Peru, where the stone was once regarded as sacred.

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THE WILDEST IRISHMAN.

Adventurer Looking for Excitement at Home and Abroad.

His Grace the Duke of Leinster is breaking out in so many places this year that to describe him is not easy. No sooner had he raced an automobile from London to Aberdeen in 14¼ hours than he telegraphed his services to the Dail Eireann. Just why he does not organize an expedition to Mount Everest and another to the South Pole—all in the same week—does not seem clear.

Most young bloods would consider the automobile exploit quite enough for one season. To drive 500 miles by motor-car in slightly over fourteen hours of actual driving time is quite worthy of the idle aristocracy. First of all, the duke made a wager of £3,000 with another member of the peerage that he could make the distance in less than fifteen hours. He left London at 3.7 a.m. The same day he reached Aberdeen at 9.7 p.m., having spent a certain amount of time at meals by the way and in waiting for a ferry across the Firth of Forth. The rest of the day he probably traveled. The distance by road is 518 miles. The speedometer read 557 miles, the road having been lost twice in Yorkshire.

Most motor races are to test and advertise new cars. This was occasioned by an argument as to whether a train could beat a motor-car between two places. Trains make it in twelve hours, but three hours extra were allowed because of the wet roads. It may have seemed a foolhardy feat, but, as a matter of fact, the duke took a perfect cargo of spare tires and he knew that his car could do 80 miles per hour "all out." He had no tire trouble, found the roads perfect, beat the time limit and won the trifling sum at stake. Considering that he got 75 miles per hour out of the car at times, that he had to pass through many towns and that he averaged 40 miles per hour, his grace's stock as a chauffeur has gone up considerably. On a track in the Isle of Man last year, Jean Chassagne won a big trophy by covering 1,302 miles at an average speed of 55.78 miles per hour. Roads are different, and all will agree that Maurice Fitzgerald, sixth Duke of Leinster, Earl of Offaly, Marquess of Kildare, Premier Duke, Marquess and Earl of Ireland, is no slow coach.

Scion of one of those Norman families that brought Ireland under English control, his grace is of very ancient lineage. His fathers have been Barons of Offaly since 1205. Born in 1887, he succeeded his father to all the family titles in 1893, and has been a precocious youth ever since. Although married and the father of a family, he seeks to exchange the boredom of the London-Aberdeen highway for the comparative excitement of the regions beyond his native Kilkree Castle, County Kildare. A-hunting he would go for Irregulars, "as an Irishman." Truly some Irishmen are wild even if they were educated at Eton and are members of the House of Lords.

Beware of These Trees.

There is no foundation for the stories of the upas tree giving out deadly fumes, Lord Frederic Hamilton tells us in his recently-published book entitled "Here, There and Everywhere."

He describes the upas as being a tall, handsome tree, with smooth, whitish bark, and a family resemblance to a birch; and adds that, although one can sit under its shade for hours on end without experiencing any ill-effects, it is unquestionably intensely poisonous.

A scratch made on the finger by the bark has been known to have very serious results, and the emanations from a newly-lopped-off branch are strong enough to bring out a rash, while anyone foolish enough to drink the sap would most certainly die.

Amongst the world's poison trees, however, Lord Frederic awards the palm for deadliness to the West Indian machineel. This is an insignificant tree to look at, but it is so violently toxic that even the raindrops falling from its leaves will raise painful blisters on the skin.

Another terrible poison tree is mentioned by C. E. Tyndale Biscoe, in his "Kashmir in Sunlight and Shade."

This is the ankhor, a graceful tree with vivid green foliage, but so virulently poisonous that a person can be made seriously ill through having merely touched it by accident.

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Flour—	
First patents	4.25
Second patents	4.00
Pastry Flour	$3.60 to $3.75
Graham flour	3.75
Feed—	
Bran	$1.25
Shorts	1.40
Middlings	$1.65 to $1.75
Feed Flour	2.00
Ground barley	2.00
Oatchop	2.00
Crushed oats	2.00
Corn chop	1.75
Barley and oat chop	1.85
Prices at mill	
Old wheat	$1.00
New wheat	90c
Wheat screenings	$1.75 to $1.80
Mixed grain	2.00
Oil cake	2.00
Special hog feed	1.80
Corn per bushel	1.00
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Rolled oats 40 lbs	1.30
Barley	50
Oats	45c
Buckwheat	60c